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SALONS OF THE REVOLUTION AND THE EMPIRE.



THE salons of the Revolution were no longer simply the fountains of literary and artistic criticism, the centers of wit, intelligence, knowledge, philosophy, and good manners, but the rallying points of parties. They took the tone of the time and assumed the character of political clubs. The salon of 1790 was not the salon of 1770. A new generation had arisen, with new ideals and a new spirit that made for itself other forms or greatly modified the old ones. It was not led by philosophers and *beaux esprits* who evolved theories and turned them over as an intellectual diversion, but by men of action, ready to test these theories and force them to their logical conclusions. Mirabeau, Vergniaud, and Robespierre had succeeded Voltaire, Diderot, and D'Alembert. Impelled towards one end by vanity, ambition, love of glory, or genuine conviction, these men and their colleagues turned the salon, which had so long been the school of public opinion, into an engine of revolution. The exquisite flower

of the eighteenth century had blossomed, matured, and fallen. Perhaps it was followed by a plant of sturdier growth, but the rare quality of its beauty was not repeated. The time was past when the gentle touch of women could temper the violence of clashing opinions, or subject the discussion of vital questions to the inflexible laws of taste. No tactful hostess could hold in leading-strings these fiery spirits. The voices that had charmed the old generation were silent. Of the women who had made the social life of the century so powerful and so famous many were quietly asleep before the storm broke; many were languishing in prison cells, with no outlook but the scaffold; some were pining in the loneliness of exile; and a few were buried in a seclusion which was their only safeguard.

But nature has always in reserve fresh types that come to the surface in a great crisis. The women who made themselves felt and heard above the din of revolution were distinguished for quite other qualities than those which shine in a drawing-room or lead a coterie, though by no means deficient in these attractions. They were either women of rare genius and the courage of their convictions, or women trained in another school, who found their true *milieu* in the midst of stirring events.

The names of Mme. de Staël, Mme. Roland,

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and Mme. de Condorcet readily suggest themselves as the most conspicuous representatives of this stormy period. With different gifts and in different measure, each played a prominent rôle in the brief drama to which they lent the inspiration of their genius and their sympathy, until they were forced to turn back with horror from that carnival of savage passions which they had unconsciously helped to let loose upon the world.

Of these Mme. Roland most fitly represents the spirit of the Revolution. It is not as the leader of a salon that she takes her place in the history of her time, but as one of the foremost and ablest leaders of a powerful political party. Born in the ranks of the *bourgeoisie*, she had neither the prestige of a name nor the distinction of an aristocratic lineage. Reared in seclusion, she was familiar with the great world by report only. Though brilliant, even eloquent in conversation when her interest was roused, her early training had added to her natural distaste for the spirit, as well as the accessories, of a social life that was inevitably more or less artificial. She would have felt cramped and caged in the conventional atmosphere of a drawing-room in which the gravest problems were apt to be forgotten in the flash of an epigram or the turn of a *bon mot*. The strong and heroic outlines of her character were more clearly defined on the theater of the world. But at a time when the empire of the salon was waning, when vital interests and burning convictions had for the moment thrown into the shade all minor questions of form and *convenance*, she took up the scepter in a simpler fashion, and, disdaining the arts of a society of which she saw only the fatal and hopeless corruption, held her sway over the daring and ardent men who gathered about her, by the unassisted force of her clear and vigorous intellect.

It would be interesting to trace the career of the thoughtful and precocious child known as Manon or Marie Philpon, who sat in her father's studio with the burin of an engraver in one hand and a book in the other, eagerly absorbing the revolutionary theories which were to prove so fatal to her, but it is not the purpose here to dwell upon the details of her life. In the solitude of a prison cell and under the shadow of the scaffold she told her own story. She has introduced us to the simple scenes of her childhood, the modest home on the Quai de l'Horloge, the wise and tender mother, the weak and unstable father. We are made familiar with the tiny recess in which she studies, reads, and makes extracts from the books which are such strange companions for her years. We seem to see the grave little face as it lights with emotion over the inspiring pages of Féné-

lon or the chivalrous heroes of Tasso, and sympathize with the fascination that leads the child of nine years to carry her Plutarch to mass instead of her prayer-book. She pictures for us her convent life with its dreams, its exaltations, its romantic friendships, and its ardent enthusiasms. We have vivid pictures of the calm and sympathetic Sophie Cannel, to whom she unburdens all the hopes and aspirations and sorrows of her young life; of the lively sister Henriette, who years afterward, in the generous hope of saving her early friend, proposed to exchange clothes and take her place in the cells of Sainte-Pélagie. In the long and commonplace procession of suitors that files before us one only touches her heart. La Blanche-rie has a literary and philosophic turn, and the young girl's imagination drapes him in its own glowing colors. The opposition of her father separates them, but absence only lends fuel to this virgin flame. One day she learns that his views are mercenary, that he is neither true nor disinterested, and the charm is broken. She met him afterward in the Luxembourg gardens with a feather in his hat, and the last illusion vanished.

There is an idyllic charm in these pictures so simply and gracefully sketched. She sees with the vision of one lying down to sleep after a life of pain, and dreaming of the green fields, the blue skies, the running brooks, the trees, the flowers, that made so beautiful a background for youthful loves and hopes. Perhaps we could wish sometimes that she were a little less frank. We miss a touch of delicacy in this nature that was so strong and self-poised. We would rather she had not dismissed La Blancherie quite so theatrically. There is a trace too much of consciousness in her fine self-analysis, and we half suspect that her unchild-like penetration and precocity of motive was sometimes the reflection of an afterthought. But it is to be remembered that, even in childhood, she had lived in such close companionship with the heroes and moralists of the past that their sentiments had become her own. Her frankness was a part of that uncompromising truthfulness which scorned disguises of any sort, and led her to paint faults and virtues alike.

Family sorrows—the death of the mother whom she adored, and the unworthiness of her father—combined to change the current of her free and happy life and to deepen a natural vein of melancholy. In her loneliness of soul the convent seemed to offer itself as the sole haven of peace and rest. The child who loved Fénélon, and dreamed over the lives of the saints, had in her much of the stuff out of which mystics and fanatics are made. Her ardent soul was raised to ecstasy by the stately ceremonial of the Church; her imagination was captivated



MME. DE STAËL. (FROM THE PAINTING BY GÉRARD.)

by its majestic music, its mystery, its solemnity, and she was wont to spend hours in rapt meditation. But her strong fund of good sense, her firm reason fortified by wide and solid reading, together with her habits of close observation and analysis, saved her from falling a victim to her own emotional needs, or to chimeras of any sort. She had drawn her mental nourishment too long from Voltaire, Rousseau, Montesquieu,

the English philosophers, and classic historians to become permanently a prey to exaggerated sensibilities, though it was the same temperament, fired by a sense of human inequality and wrong, that swept her at last along the road that led to the scaffold. At twenty-six the vocation of the *religieuse* had lost its fascination; the pious fervor of her childhood had vanished before the skepticism of her intellect,

its ardent friendships had grown dim, its fleeting loves had proved illusive, and her romantic dreams ended in a cold marriage of reason.

It may be noted here that, though Mme. Roland had lost her belief in ecclesiastical systems, and, as she said, continued to go to mass only for the "edification of her neighbors and the good order of society," there was always in her nature a strong undercurrent of religious feeling. Her faith had not survived the full illumination of her reason, but her trust in immortality never seriously wavered. The Invocation that was among her last written words is the prayer of a soul that is conscious of its divine origin and destiny. She retained, too, the firm moral basis that was laid in her early teachings, and which saved her from the worst errors of her time. She might be shaken by the storms of passion, but one feels that she could never be swept from her moorings.

Tall and finely developed, with dark brown hair; a large mouth whose beauty lay in a smile of singular sweetness; dark, serious eyes with a changeful expression which no artist could catch; a fresh complexion that responded to every emotion of a passionate soul; a deep, well-modulated voice; manners gentle, modest, reserved, sometimes timid with the consciousness that she was not readily taken at her true value—such was the *personnelle* of the woman who calmly weighed the possibilities of a life which had no longer a pleasant outlook in any direction, and, after much hesitation, became the wife of a grave, studious, austere man of good family and moderate fortune, but many years her senior.

It was this marriage, into which she entered with all seriousness, and a devotion that was none the less sincere because it was of the intellect rather than the heart, that gave the final tinge to a character that was already laid on solid foundations. Strong, clear-sighted, earnest, and gifted, her later experience had accented a slightly ascetic quality which had been deepened also by her study of antique models. Her tastes were grave and severe. But they had a lighter side. As a child she had excelled in music, dancing, drawing, and other feminine accomplishments of her age, though one feels always that her distinctive talent does not lie in these things. She is more at home with her thoughts. There was a touch of poetry, too, in her nature, that under different circumstances might have lent it a softer and more graceful coloring. She had a natural love for the woods and the flowers. The single relief to her somber life at La Platière, after her marriage, was in the long and lonely rambles in the country, whose endless variations of hill and vale and sky and color she has so tenderly and so vividly noted. In her last

days a piano and a few flowers lighted the darkness of her prison walls, and out of these her imagination reared a world of its own, peopled with dreams and fancies that contrasted strangely with the gloom of her surroundings. This poetic vein was closely allied to the keen sensibility that tempered the seriousness of her character. With the mental equipment of a man she united the rich sympathy of a woman. Her devotion to her mother was passionate in its intensity; her letters to Sophie throb with warmth and sentiment. She is tender and loving, as well as philosophic and thoughtful. Her emotional ardor was doubtless partly the glow of youth and not altogether in the texture of a mind so eminently rational; but there were rich possibilities behind it. A shade of difference in the mental and moral atmosphere, a trace more or less of sunshine and happiness, are important factors in the peculiar combination of qualities that makes up a human being. The marriage of Mme. Roland led her into a world that had little color save what she brought into it. Her husband did not smile upon her friends. Sympathy other than that of the intellect she does not seem to have had. But her story is best told in her own words, written in the last days of her life.

"In considering only the happiness of my partner I soon perceived that something was wanting to my own. I had never, for a single instant, ceased to see in my husband one of the most estimable of men, to whom I felt it an honor to belong; but I have often realized that there was a lack of equality between us, that the ascendancy of an overbearing character, added to that of twenty years more of age, gave him too much superiority. If we lived in solitude, I had many painful hours to pass; if we went into the world, I was loved by men of whom I saw that some might touch me too deeply. I plunged into work with my husband, another excess which had its inconvenience; I gave him the habit of not knowing how to do without me for anything in the world, nor at any moment.

"I honor, I cherish my husband, as a sensible daughter adores a virtuous father to whom she would sacrifice even her lover; but I have found the man who might have been that lover, and remaining faithful to my duties, my frankness has not known how to conceal the feelings which I subjected to them. My husband, excessively sensitive both in his affections and his self-love, could not support the idea of the least change in his influence; his imagination darkened, his jealousy irritated me; happiness fled; he adored me, I sacrificed myself for him, and we were miserable.

"If I were free, I would follow him every-



MME. ROLAND. (FROM THE PORTRAIT BY HEINSIUS.)

where to soften his griefs and console his old age; a soul like mine leaves no sacrifices imperfect. But Roland was embittered by the thought of sacrifice, and the knowledge once acquired that I made one ruined his happiness; he suffered in accepting it, and could not do without it."

The sequel to this tale is told in allusions and half-revelations, in her letters to Buzot, which

glow with suppressed feeling; in her touching farewell to one whom she dared not to name, but whom she hoped to meet where it would not be a crime to love; in those final words of her "Last Thoughts"—"Adieu. . . . No, it is from thee alone that I do not separate; to leave the earth is to approach each other."

Beneath this semi-transparent veil the heart-drama of her life is hidden.

For the sake of those who would be pained by this story, as well as for her own, we would rather it had never been told. We should like to believe that the woman who worked so nobly with and for the man who died by his own hand five days after her death, because he could stay no longer in a world where such crimes were possible, had lived in the full perfection of domestic sympathy. But, if she carried with her an incurable wound, one cannot

to the protection of her fame. Perhaps, after all, she shows here her most human and lovable if not her strongest side. We should like Minerva better if she were not so faultlessly wise.

The outbreak of the Revolution found Mme. Roland at La Platière, where she shared her husband's philosophic and economic studies, brought peace into a discordant family, attended to her household duties and the training of her



MME. NECKER. (FROM A PRINT.)

help regretting that her Spartan courage had not led her to wear the mantle of silence to the end. Posterity is curious rather than sympathetic, and the world is neither wiser nor better for these needless soul-revelations. There is always a certain malady of egotism behind them. But it is often easier to scale the heights of human heroism than to still the cry of a bruised spirit. Mme. Roland had moments of falling short of her own ideals, and this was one of them. Pure, loyal, self-sustained as she was, her strong sense of verity did not permit the veil which would have best served the interests of the larger truth. It is fair to say that she thought the malicious gossip of her enemies rendered this statement necessary

child, devoted many hours to generous care for the sick and poor, and reserved a little leisure for poetry and the solitary rambles she loved so well. The first martial note struck a responsive chord in her heart. Her opportunity had come. Democratic by reason and inheritance, embittered by class distinctions over which she had long brooded, saturated with the sentiments of Rousseau, and full of untried theories constructed in the closet, with small knowledge of the wide and complex interests with which it was necessary to deal, she centered all the hitherto latent energies of her forceful nature upon the quixotic effort to redress human wrongs. Her birth, her intellect, her character, her temperament, her

education, her associations—all led her towards the rôle she played so heroically. She had a keen appreciation for genuine values, but none whatever for factitious ones. Her inborn hatred of artificial distinctions had grown with her years and colored all her estimates of men and things. When she came to Paris she noted with a sort of indignation the superior poise and courtesy of the men in the Assembly, who had been reared in the habit of power. It added fuel to her enmity towards institutions in which reason, knowledge, and integrity paid homage to fine language and distinguished manners. She found even Vergniaud too refined and fastidious in his dress for a successful republican leader. Her old contempt for a "philosopher with a feather" had in no wise abated. With such principles ingrained and fostered, it is not difficult to forecast the part Mme. Roland was destined to play in the coming conflict of classes. It is not the intention to discuss here her attitude towards the Revolution, of which she represented at least the most sincere side. As she stood white-robed and courageous at the foot of the scaffold, facing the savage populace she had laid down her life to befriend, perhaps her perspectives were truer. Experience had given her an insight into the characters of men which is not to be gained in the library, nor in the worship of dead heroes. If it had not shaken her faith in human perfectibility, it had taught her at least the value of tradition in chaining brutal human passions.

The tragical fate of Mme. Roland has thrown a strong light upon the modest little salon in which the unfortunate Girondists met four times a week to discuss the grave problems that confronted them. A salon in the old sense it certainly was not. It had little in common with the famous centers of conversation and *esprit*. It was simply the rallying point of a party. The only woman present was Mme. Roland herself, but at first she assumed no active leadership. She sat at a little table outside of the circle, working with her needle, or writing letters, alive to everything that was said, venturing sometimes a word of counsel or a thoughtful suggestion, and often biting her lips to repress some criticism that she feared might not be within her province. She had left her quiet home in the country fired with a single thought—the regeneration of France. The men who gathered about her were in full accord with her generous aims. It was not to such enthusiasms that the old salons lent themselves. They had been often the centers of political intrigues, as in the days of the Fronde; or of religious partizanship, as during the troubles of Port Royal; they had ranged themselves for and against rival candidates for literary or

artistic honors; but they had preserved, on the whole, a certain cosmopolitan character. All shades of opinion were represented, though social brilliancy was the end sought, and not the triumph of special ideas. It is indeed true that earnest convictions were, to some extent, stifled in the salons, where charm and intelligence counted for so much, and the sterling qualities of character for so little. But the etiquette, the urbanity, the measure, which assured the outward harmony of a society which courted distinction of every kind were quite foreign to the iconoclasts who were bent upon leveling all distinctions. The Revolution, which attacked the whole superstructure of society, was antagonistic to its minor forms as well, and it was the revolutionary party alone which was represented in the salon of Mme. Roland. Brissot, Vergniaud, Pétion, Guadet, and Buzot were leaders there—men sincere and ardent, though misguided, and unable to cope with the storm they had raised to be themselves swept away by its pitiless rage. Robespierre, scheming and ambitious, came there, listened, said little, appropriated for his own ends, and bided his time. Mme. Roland had small taste for the light play of intellect and wit that has no outcome beyond the meteoric display of the moment, and she was impatient with the talk in which an evening was often passed among these men without any definite results. As she measured their strength, she became more outspoken. She communicated to them a spark of her own energy. The most daring moves were made at her bidding. She urged on her timid and conservative husband, she drew up his memorials, she wrote his letters, she was at once his stimulus and his helper. Weak and vacillating men yielded to her rapid insight, her vigor, her earnestness, and her persuasive eloquence. This was probably the period of her greatest influence. Many of the swift changes of those first months may be traced to her salon. The moves which were made in the Assembly were concocted there, the orators who triumphed found their inspiration there. Still, in spite of her energy, her strength, and her courage, she prides herself upon maintaining always the reserve and decorum of her sex.

If she assumed the favorite rôle of the French woman for a short time while her husband was in the ministry, it was in a sternly republican fashion. She gave dinners twice a week to her husband's political friends. The fifteen or twenty men who met around her table at five o'clock were linked by political interests only. The service was simple, with no other luxury than a few flowers. There were no women to temper the discussions or to lighten their seriousness. After dinner the guests lingered for

an hour or so in the drawing-room, but by nine o'clock the rooms were deserted. She received on Friday, but what a contrast to the Fridays of Mme. Necker in those same apartments! It was no longer a brilliant company of wits, *savants*, and men of letters, enlivened by women of beauty, *esprit*, rank, and fashion. We hear of no dramatic recitations, no reading of new works. There was none of the diversity of taste and thought which lends such a charm to social life. Mme. Roland tells us that she never had an extended circle at any time, and that, while her husband was in power, she made and received no visits, and invited no women to her house. She saw only her husband's colleagues, or those who were interested in his tastes and pursuits, which were also her own. The world of society wearied her. She was absorbed in a single purpose. If she needed recreation, she sought it in serious studies.

It is always difficult to judge what a man or a woman might have been under slightly altered conditions. But for some single circumstance that converged and focused their talents, many a hero would have died unknown and unsuspected. The key that unlocks the treasure house of the soul is not always found, and its wealth is often scattered on unseen shores. But it is clear that the part of Mme. Roland could never have been a distinctively social one. She lived at a time when great events brought out great qualities. Her clear intellect, her positive convictions, her boundless energy, and her ardent enthusiasm gave her a powerful influence in those early days of the Revolution that looked towards a world reconstructed, but not plunged into the dark depths of chaos, and it is through this that she has left a name among the noted women of France. In more peaceful times her peculiar talent would doubtless have led her towards literature. In her best style she has rare vigor and simplicity. She has moments of eloquent thought. There are flashes of it in her early letters to Sophie, which she begs her friend not to burn, though she does not hope to rival Mme. de Sévigné, whom she takes for her model. She lacked the grace, the lightness, the wit, the humor, of this model, but she had an earnestness, a serious depth of thought, that one does not find in Mme. de Sévigné. She had also a vein of sentiment that was an underlying force in her character, though it was always subject to her masculine intellect. She confesses that she should like to be the annalist of her country, and longs for the pen of Tacitus, for whom she has a veritable passion. When one reads her sharp, incisive pen-portraits, drawn with such profound insight and masterly skill, one feels that her true vocation

was in the world of letters. At the close she verges a little upon the theatrical, as sometimes in her young days. But when she wrote her final records she felt her last hours slipping away. Life, with its large possibilities undeveloped and its promises unfulfilled, was behind her. Darkness was all around her, eternal silence before her. And she had lived but thirty-nine years.

Mme. Roland does not belong to the world of the salons. She was of quite another *genre*. But she foreshadows a type of woman that has had great influence since the salons have lost their prestige. She relied neither upon the reflected light of a coterie, the arts of the courtier, nor the subtle power of personal attraction; but firm in her convictions, clear in her purposes, and unselfish in her aims, she laid down her own interests, and, in the end, her own life, upon the altar of liberty and humanity. She could hardly be regarded, however, as herself a type. She was cast in a rare mold and lived under rare conditions. She was individual, as were Hypatia, Joan of Arc, and Charlotte Corday—a woman fitted for a special mission which brought her little but a martyr's crown and a permanent fame.

Another salon which reflected the spirit of this stormy period was that of the young, beautiful, and gifted Mme. de Condorcet. Unlike that of Mme. Roland, it had its roots in the old order of things. The Marquis de Condorcet was not only philosopher, *savant*, *littérateur*, a member of two academies, and among the profoundest thinkers of his time, but a man of the world, who inherited the tastes and habits of the old *noblesse*. His wife was Sophie de Grouchy, sister of the Maréchal, and was noted for remarkable talents, as well as for surpassing beauty. Belonging by birth and associations to the aristocracy, and, by her pronounced opinions, to the radical side of the philosophic party, her salon was a center in which two worlds met. In its palmy days people were only speculating upon the borders of an abyss which had not yet opened visibly before them. The revolutionary spirit ran high, but had not passed the limits of reason and humanity. Mme. de Condorcet, who was deeply tinged with the new doctrines, presided with charming grace, and her youthful beauty lent an added fascination to the brilliancy of her intellect and the rather grave eloquence of her conversation. In her drawing-room were gathered men of letters and women of talent, nobles and scientists, philosophers and *beaux esprits*. Turgot and Malesherbes represented its political side; Marmontel, the Abbé Morellet, and Suard lent it some of the wit and vivacity that shone in the old salons. Literature, science, and the arts were discussed

here, and there was often reading, music, or recitation. But the tendency was towards serious conversation, and the tone was often controversial. During the ministry of Necker this salon was in some degree a rival of the Salon Helvétique, and included many of the same guests; later it became a rendezvous for the revolutionary party.

The character of Condorcet seems to have been a sincere and elevated one. He aimed at enlightening and regenerating the world, not at overturning it; but, like many others, strong souls and true, he was led from practical truth in the pursuit of an ideal one. His wife, who shared his political opinions, united with them a fiery and independent spirit that was not content with theories. Her philosophic tastes led her to translate Adam Smith and to write a fine analysis of the "Moral Sentiments." But the sympathy of which she spoke so beautifully, and which gave so living a force to the philosophy it illuminated, if not directed by broad intelligence and impartial judgment, is often like the *ignis fatuus* that plays over the poisonous marsh and lures the unwary to destruction. For a brief day the magical influence of Mme. de Condorcet was felt more or less by all who came within her circle. She inspired the equable temper of her husband with her own enthusiasm, and urged him on to extreme measures from which his gentler soul would have shrunk. When at last he turned from those scenes of horror, choosing to be victim rather than oppressor, it was too late. Perhaps she recalled the days of her power with a pang of regret when her friends had fallen one by one at the scaffold, and her husband, hunted and deserted by those he had tried to serve, had died by his own hand, in a lonely cell, to escape a sadder fate; while she was left, after her timely release from prison, to struggle alone in poverty and obscurity, for some years painting water-color portraits for bread.

She was not yet thirty when the Revolution ended, and lived far into the present century, always devoted to the principles of her youth, to serious studies, and a broad humanity.

But the fame of all these women is overshadowed by that of one who was not only supreme in her own world, but who stands on a pinnacle so high that time and distance only serve to throw into stronger relief the grand outlines of her many-sided genius. It would take me far beyond my present limits to touch even lightly upon the various phases of a character so complex, and gifts so versatile, as those of Mme. de Staël. As woman, novelist, philosopher, *littérateur*, and conversationist she has marked, if not equal, claims upon our attention. To speak of her as simply the leader of a salon is

to merge the greater talent into the less, but her brilliant social qualities in a measure brought out and illuminated all the others. It was not the gift of reconciling diverse elements, and calling out the best thoughts of those who came within her radius, that distinguished her. Her personality was too dominant not to disturb sometimes the measure and harmony which fashion had established. She did not listen well, but her gift was that of the orator, and taking whatever subject was uppermost into her own hands, she talked with an irresistible eloquence that held her auditors silent and enchained. Living as she did in the world of wit and talent which had so fascinated her mother, she ruled it as an autocrat.

The mental coloring of Mme. de Staël was not taken in the shade, as that of Mme. Roland had been. She was reared in the atmosphere of the great world. That which her eager mind gathered in solitude was subject always to the modification which contact with vigorous living minds is sure to give. The little Germaine Necker who sat on a low stool at her mother's side, charming the cleverest men of her time by her precocious wit; who wrote extracts from the dramas she heard and opinions from the authors she read; who made pen-portraits of her friends, and cut out paper kings and queens to play in the tragedies she composed; whose heart was always overflowing with love for those around her, and who had supreme need for an outlet to her sensibilities, was a fresh type in that age of keen analysis, cold skepticism, and rigid forms. We may note the drift of her ardent and imaginative nature in the youthful tales into which she wove her romantic dreams, her fancied grief, her inward struggles, and her tears. In the pages of "Corinne" we read the poetry, the sensibility, the passion, the melancholy, the thought of a matured woman whose illusions neither sorrow nor experience could destroy. We may divine the direction of her sympathies and the fountain of her inspiration, in her letters on Rousseau, written at twenty, and foreshadowing her own attitude towards the theories which appealed so powerfully to the generous spirits of the century. We may follow the active and scholarly workings of her versatile intellect, in her pregnant thoughts on literature, on the passions, on the Revolution; or measure the clearness of her insight, the depth of her penetration, the catholicity of her sympathies, and the breadth of her intelligence, in her profound and masterly, if not always accurate, studies of Germany. All this pertains to a critical estimate of her character and genius, which cannot be attempted here. Misguided she sometimes was, and carried away by the resistless rush of thought that, like the

mountain torrent, gathered much debris along its course. She had not always the exactness of the critical scholar, nor the simplicity of the careful artist. But who cares to dwell upon the shadows that scarcely dim the brilliancy of a genius so rare and so commanding? They are but spots on the sun that are only discovered by looking through a glass that veils its radiance. It has grown to be somewhat the fashion to depreciate Mme. de Staël. Measured by present standards, she leaves something to be desired in logical precision; the luxuriance of her language often obscures her thought; but these flaws in workmanship are more than counterbalanced by that inward illumination which is Heaven's richest and rarest gift. It is just to weigh her by the standards of her own age. Born at its highest level, she soared far above her generation. She carried within herself the vision of a statesman, the penetration of a critic, the insight of a philosopher, the soul of a poet, and the heart of a woman. The source of her power, as also of her weakness, lay perhaps in her vast capacity for love. It was this quality that gave color and force to her rich and versatile character. The serious utterances of her childhood were always suffused with feeling. She loved that which made her weep. Her sympathies were full and overflowing, and when her vigorous and masculine intellect took the ascendancy it directed them, but only partly held them in check. It never dulled nor subdued them. It was this keen sensibility that animated all she did and gave point to all she wrote. It found expression in the eloquence of her conversation, in the exaltation and passionate intensity of her affections, in the fervor of her patriotism, in the self-forgetful generosity that brought her very near the verge of the scaffold. Here was the source of that indefinable quality we call genius — not genius of the sort which Buffon has defined as patience, but the divine flame that crowns with life the dead materials which patience has gathered. It was impossible that a child so eager, so sympathetic, so full of intellect and *esprit*, should not have developed rapidly in the atmosphere of her mother's salon. Whether it was the best school for a young girl may be a question, but a character like that of Mme. de Staël is apt to go its own way in whatever circumstances it finds itself. She was habituated to a high altitude of thought. Men like Marmontel, La Harpe, Grimm, Thomas, and the Abbé Raynal delighted in calling out her ready wit, her brilliant repartee, and her precocious thought. Surrounded thus from childhood with all the appointments as well as the talent and *esprit* that made the life of the salons so fascinating; inheriting the philosophic insight of her father,

the literary gifts of her mother, to which she added a genius all her own; heir also to the spirit of conversation, the facility, the enthusiasm, the love of pleasing, which are the Gallic birthright, she took her place in the social world as a queen by virtue of her position, her gifts, and her heritage. Already, before her marriage, she had changed the tone of her mother's salon. She brought into it an element of freshness and originality which the dignified and rather precise character of Mme. Necker had failed to impart. She gave it also a strong political coloring. This influence was more marked after she became the wife of the Swedish ambassador, as she continued to pass her evenings in her mother's drawing-room, where she became more and more a central figure. Her temperament and her tastes were of the world in which she lived, but her reason and her expansive sympathies led her to ally herself with the popular cause; hence she was, to some extent, a link between two conflicting interests.

It was in 1786 that Mme. de Staël entered the world as a married woman. This marriage was arranged for her after the fashion of the time, and she accepted it as she would have accepted anything tolerable that pleased her idolized father and revered mother. When only ten years of age she observed that they took great pleasure in the society of Gibbon, and she gravely proposed to marry him, that they might always have this happiness. The full significance of this singular proposition is not apparent until one recalls that the learned historian was not only rather old, but so short and fat that one of his friends remarked that when he needed a little exercise he had only to take a turn of three times around M. Gibbon. The Baron de Staël had an exalted position, fine manners, a good figure, and a handsome face, but he lacked the one thing that Mme. de Staël most considered, and that was a commanding talent. She did not see him through the prism of a strong affection which transfigures all things, even the most commonplace. What this must have meant to a woman of her genius and temperament, whose ideal of happiness was a sympathetic marriage, it is not difficult to divine. It may account, in some degree, for her restlessness, her perpetual need of movement, of excitement, of society. But, whatever her troubles may have been, they were of limited duration. She was quietly separated from her husband in 1798. Four years later she decided to return to Coppet with him, as he was unhappy and longed to see his children. He died *en route*.

The period of this marriage was one of the most memorable of France, the period when

noble and generous spirits rallied in a spontaneous movement for national regeneration. Mme. de Staël was in the flush of hope and enthusiasm, fresh from the study of Rousseau and her own dreams of human perfectibility; radiant, too, with the reflection of her youthful fame. Among those who surrounded her were the Montmorencys, Lafayette, and Count Louis de Narbonne, whose brilliant intellect and charming manners touched her perhaps too deeply for her peace of mind. There were also Barnave, Chénier, Talleyrand, Mirabeau, Vergniaud, and many others of the active leaders of the Revolution. A few women mingled in her more intimate circle, which was still of the old society. Of these were the ill-fated Duchesse de Gramont, Mme. de Lauzun, the Princesse de Poix, and the witty, lovable Maréchale de Beauvau. As a rule, though devoted to her friends and kind to those who sought her aid, Mme. de Staël did not like the society of women. Perhaps they did not always respond to her elevated and swiftly flowing thoughts; or it may be that she wounded the vanity of those who were cast into the shade by talents so conspicuous and conversation so eloquent, and felt the lack of sympathetic *rapport*. Society is *au fond* republican, and is apt to resent autocracy, even the autocracy of genius, when it takes the form of monologue. It is contrary to the social spirit. The salon of Mme. de Staël not only took its tone from herself, but it was a reflection of herself. She was not beautiful, and she dressed badly; indeed she seems to have been singularly free from that personal consciousness which leads people to give themselves the advantages of an artistic setting, even if the taste is not inborn. She was too intent upon what she thought and felt to give heed to minor details. But in her conversation, which was a sort of improvisation, her eloquent face was aglow, her dark eyes flashed with inspiration, her superb form and finely poised head seemed to respond to the rhythmic flow of thoughts that were emphasized by the graceful gestures of an exquisitely molded hand in which she usually held a sprig of laurel. "If I were queen," said Mme. de Tessé, "I would order Mme. de Staël to talk to me always."

But this center in which the more thoughtful spirits of the old régime met the brilliant and active leaders of the new was broken up by the storm which swept away so many of its leaders, and Mme. de Staël, after lingering in the face of dangers to save her friends, barely escaped with her life on the eve of the September massacres of 1792. "She is an excellent woman," said one of her contemporaries, "who drowns all her friends in order to have the pleasure of angling for them."

Mme. de Staël resumed her place and organized her salon anew on her return to Paris in 1795. Though her enthusiasm for the republic was much moderated, and though she had been so far dazzled by the genius of Napoleon as to hail him as a restorer of order, her illusions regarding him were very short-lived. She had no sympathy with his aims at personal power. Her drawing-room soon became the rallying point for his enemies and the center of a powerful opposition. But she had a natural love for all forms of intellectual distinction, and her genius and fame still attracted a circle more or less cosmopolitan. Ministers of state and editors of leading journals were among her guests. Joseph and Lucien Bonaparte were her devoted friends. The small remnant of the *noblesse* that had any inclination to return to a world which had lost its charm for them found there a trace of the old politeness. Mathieu de Montmorency, devout and charitable; his brother Adrien, delicate in spirit and gentle in manners; Narbonne, still devoted and diplomatic; and the Chevalier de Boufflers, gay, witty, and brilliant, were of those who brought into it something of the tone of the past régime. There were also the men of the new generation, men who were saturated with the principles of the Revolution though regretting its methods. Among these were Chénier, Regnault, Talleyrand, and Benjamin Constant.

The influence of Mme. de Staël was at its height during this period. Her talent, her liberal opinions, and her persuasive eloquence gave her great power over the constitutional leaders. The measures of the Government were freely discussed and criticized in her salon, and men went out with positions well defined and speeches well considered. The Duchesse d'Abrantes relates an incident which aptly illustrates this power and its reaction upon herself. Benjamin Constant had prepared a brilliant address. The evening before it was to be delivered she was surrounded by a large and distinguished company. After tea was served he said to her:

"Your salon is filled with people who please you; if I speak to-morrow, it will be deserted. Think of it."

"One must follow one's convictions," she replied, after a moment's hesitation.

She admitted afterward that she would never have refused his offer not to compromise her if she could have foreseen all that would follow.

The next day she invited her friends to celebrate his triumph. At four o'clock a note of excuse; in an hour, ten. From this time her fortunes waned. Many ceased to visit her salon. Even Talleyrand, who owed her so much, came there no more.

In later years she confessed that the three men she had most loved were Narbonne, Talleyrand, and Mathieu de Montmorency. Her friendship for the first of these reached a passionate exaltation which had a profound and not altogether wholesome influence upon her life. How completely she was disenchanted is shown in a remark she made long afterward of a loyal and distinguished man: "He has the manners of Narbonne and a heart." It is a character in a sentence. Mathieu de Montmorency was a man of pure motives who proved a refuge of consolation in many storms, but her regard for him was evidently a gentler flame that never burned to extinction. Whatever illusions she may have had as to Talleyrand — and they seem to have been little more than an enthusiastic appreciation of his talent — were certainly broken by his treacherous desertion in her hour of need. Not the least among her many sorrows was the bitter taste of ingratitude.

But Napoleon, who, like Louis XIV., sought to draw all influences and merge all power in himself, could not tolerate a woman whom he felt to be in some sense a rival. He thought he detected her hand in the address which lost her so many friends. He feared the wit that flashed, the satire that wounded, the criticism that measured his motives and his actions, in her salon. Here recognized the power of a coterie of brilliant intellects led by a genius so inspiring. His brothers, knowing her vulnerable point and the will with which she had to deal, gave her a word of caution. But the advice and intercession of her friends were alike without avail. The blow which she so much feared fell at last, and she found herself an exile and a wanderer from the scenes she most loved.

We have many pleasant glimpses of her life at Coppet, but a shadow always rests upon it. A few friends still clung to her through the bitter and relentless persecutions that form one of the most singular chapters in history, and offer the most remarkable tribute to her genius and her power. Among those we find here were Benjamin Constant, Schlegel, Sismondi, Mathieu de Montmorency, Prince Augustus, Mme. Récamier, and many other distinguished visitors of various nationalities. She revived the old literary diversions. At eleven o'clock, we are told, the guests assembled at breakfast, and the conversations took a high literary tone. They were resumed at dinner, and continued often until midnight. Here, as elsewhere, Mme. de Staël was queen, holding her guests entranced by the magic of her words. She was a veritable Corinne in her *esprit*, her sentiment, her gift of improvisation, and her underlying melancholy. But in this choice company hers was not the only voice,

though it was heard above all the others. Thought and wit flashed and sparkled here. Dramas, too, were played — the "Zaire" and "Tancréd" of Voltaire, and tragedies written by herself. Here Mme. Récamier played the *Aricie* to Mme. de Staël's *Phédre*. This life, that seems to us so fascinating, has been described too often to need repetition. It had its stormy elements, its passionate undercurrents, its romantic episodes. But in spite of its attractions Mme. de Staël fretted under the peaceful shades of Coppet. Its limited horizon pressed upon her. The silence of the snow-capped mountains chilled her. She looked upon their solitary grandeur with "magnificent horror." The repose of nature was an "infernal peace," which plunged her into gloomier depths of *ennui* and despair. She confessed that even the gutters of the Rue du Bac were dearer to her than the beauties of Lake Lemman.¹ It was people, always people, who interested her. "French conversation exists only in Paris," she said, "and conversation has been from infancy my greatest pleasure." Restlessly she sought distraction in travel, but wherever she went the iron hand pressed upon her still. Italy fostered her melancholy. She loved its ruins, which her imagination draped with the fading colors of the past and associated with the desolation of a living soul. But its exquisite variety of landscape and color does not seem to have touched her. "If it were not for the world's opinion," she said, "I would not open my window to see the Bay of Naples for the first time, but I would travel five hundred leagues to talk with a clever man whom I have not met." Germany gave her infinite food for thought, but her "astonishing volubility," her "incessant movement," her constant desire to know, to discuss, to penetrate all things, wearied the moderate Germans. "We are in a perpetual mental tension," said Charlotte Schiller. Even Schiller himself grew tired. "It seems as if I were relieved of a malady," he said, when she left. It was this excess of vivacity and this abounding sensibility that constituted at once her fascination and her misfortune.

When at last the relentless autocrat of France found his rock-bound limits, and she was free to return to the spot which had been the goal of all her dreams, it was too late. Her health was broken. It is true her friends rallied around her, and her salon, opened once more, retook a little of its ancient glory. Few celebrities who came to Paris failed to seek the drawing-room of Mme. de Staël, which was still illuminated with the brilliancy of her genius and the splen-

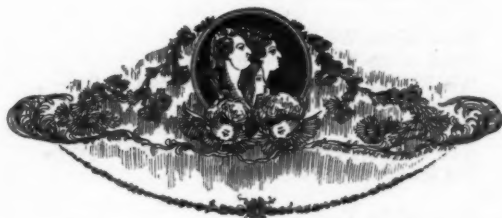
¹ To some one who was admiring the beauties of Lake Lemman she replied, "I should like better the gutter of the Rue du Bac."

dor of her fame. But her illusions had faded and life was receding. Her few remaining days of weakness and suffering, darkened by vain regrets, were passed more and more in the warmth and tenderness of her devoted family, in the noble and elevated thought that rose above the strife of politics into the serene atmosphere of a Christian faith.

The life of Mme. de Staël was in the world. She embodied the French spirit, but she added to social gifts something infinitely higher and deeper. Few women have exercised so wide and varied an influence. With one or two exceptions, none stands on so high a pinnacle. George Sand was perhaps a more finished artist; George Eliot was a greater novelist, a more accurate scholar, and a more logical thinker; but in versatility, in intellectual spontaneity, in brilliancy of conversation and natural eloquence of thought, she was without a rival.

Her moral standards, too, were far above the average of her time. Her ideals were high and pure. The wealth of her emotions and the rich coloring of sentiment in which her thoughts and feelings were often clothed left her sometimes open to possible misconceptions. But the world, which is rarely indulgent, has been in the main just to her motives and her character. Her friends regretted her second marriage; but if it was a weakness to bend from her high altitude, it was not an unpardonable one, though more creditable to her heart than to her worldly wisdom. It shadowed a little the radiance of her position, but it gave her tender consolation in her last days. She was a victim to the contradictory elements in her own nature, but she walked always bravely among storms. This nature so complex, so rich, so intense, so passionate, could it ever have found permanent repose?

Amelia Gere Mason.



LIGHT.

WHAT does the blind man, blind from infancy,
 Note in the vistas of his sleeping dream?
 Living in darkness 'neath light's glowing stream,
 What can dreams show him that would lovely be?
 Loud would he sing, joy-brimming, suddenly
 To know the blessing of day's faintest gleam—
 Brighter than bright dream pictures then would beam
 Life's radiant beauties in his vision free.
 And would not we, reposing in the gloom,
 Dreaming in shadow, reft by death of sight,
 In awe-struck joy and wonder wake to see,
 Like the day breaking into sudden bloom,
 About us burst the rolling sea of light
 That gilds the white shores of eternity?

R. K. Munkittrick.

POEMS BY CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS.

[Charles Henry Lüders, the author of the following poems, was born June 25, 1858, in Philadelphia. He died on the morning of January 21, 1891. Of the younger American poets he was one whose gift was developing in a distinctly individual direction. He had an intense love for Nature in all her moods, and his work shows how studiously he regarded her, and how intimately he knew her. His poems were purely lyrical, and frequently possessed a delicate idyllic quality peculiarly his own. A few pieces in blank verse are strongly imaginative and rich in imagery. He was a careful workman, slow to trust in the worth of what he produced, eager and glad for criticism, and ever striving to attain perfection in his art. Of the poems printed here, "The Four Winds" was his favorite. His work—and there is enough of it for a small book—is characterized by purity of thought, depth of feeling, fidelity to truth, and a melodiousness akin to the music of brooks. In these respects it is like his own manliness, sweetness of disposition, and sunniness of mind, of which the memory is fragrant and lasting.]

I. THE FOUR WINDS.

WIND of the North,
Wind of the Norland snows,
Wind of the winnowed skies and sharp, clear stars —
Blow cold and keen across the naked hills,
And crisp the lowland pools with crystal films,
And blur the casement-squares with glittering ice,
But go not near my love.

Wind of the West,
Wind of the few, far clouds,
Wind of the gold and crimson sunset lands —
Blow fresh and pure across the peaks and plains,
And broaden the blue spaces of the heavens,
And sway the grasses and the mountain pines,
But let my dear one rest.

Wind of the East,
Wind of the sunrise seas,
Wind of the clinging mists and gray, harsh rains —
Blow moist and chill across the wastes of brine,
And shut the sun out, and the moon and stars,
And lash the boughs against the dripping eaves,
Yet keep thou from my love.

But thou, sweet wind!
Wind of the fragrant South,
Wind from the bowers of jasmine and of rose —
Over magnolia glooms and lilled lakes
And flowering forests come with dewy wings,
And stir the petals at her feet, and kiss
The low mound where she lies.

II. UNDER THE BREAKER.

YOU say there are no mermaids — no sea-girls?
Watch closely yonder billow as it curls
Glassily over. Were you there to glance
One instant down its hollow, what a dance
Of wild sea-creatures you would straight behold
Peopling that avenue of green and gold:
Another moment — lo! each one is fled
Ere the frail archway crumbles overhead.

III. RAIN ON THE PEAKS.

FROM valleys warm and marshy meads low-lying,
Drawn by strange forces ever here and there,
The clear, invisible, vast streams of air
Climb forest slopes — setting the pines a-sighing —
To shed their moisture where the eagle, eying
From his far crag the timorous, skulking hare,
Feels a soft cloud about him everywhere
That shuts the quarry from his keen descrying.
Higher and higher, led by those resistless
And unseen powers which greater powers obey;
Drier and drier, till — all rainless, mistless —
Over the topmost crest they take their way
To seek again the vales where silvery mist
Hides from the moon the lake's still amethyst.

IV. A DAY IN JUNE.

FOR circling miles the shimmering landscapes swoon,
Stirless save where, from whispering tree to tree,
The restless song-birds flutter ceaselessly,
Or unto happy hearts their throats attune.
All through the long, delicious afternoon
The clover blossoms, bending to the bee,
Sway in the wind, that, blowing sweet and free,
Is scented with the honeyed breath of June.
Lying at length amid the nodding grass
With all the world a-slumber at my feet,
This perfect day with joy my being fills:
Here could I dream and let a lifetime pass;
While balmy gusts made billowy the wheat
Paling to gold upon the misty hills.

Charles Henry Lüders



CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS.

(DIED JANUARY 21, 1891.)

HE is not dead to me, nor can be so;
For interwoven with the songs he made
The living soul remains and shall not fade,
But shine forever with a changeless glow.
Thus when I read, the face I used to know
Shall come again with smiles from out the shade,
And I shall feel upon my shoulder laid
His hand, and hear his dear voice speaking low.

Alas! with all these memories of him,
I cannot cheat my sorrow of the truth —
The bell has rung, and Death has shut the door!
But, like a star beyond the shadows dim
That weave the night, shines this pure soul of youth
Among the souls of poets evermore!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

"THERE WERE NINETY AND NINE."



YOUNG Harringford, or the "Goodwood Plunger," as he was perhaps better known at that time, had come to Monte Carlo in a very different spirit and in a very different state of mind from any in which he had ever visited the place before. He had come there for the same reason that a wounded lion, or a poisoned rat, for that matter, crawls away into a corner, that it may be alone when it dies. He stood leaning against one of the pillars of the Casino with his back to the moonlight, and with his eyes blinking painfully at the flaming gas above the green tables inside. He knew they would be put out very soon, and as he had something to do then he regarded them fixedly with painful earnestness, as a man who is condemned to die at sunrise watches through his barred windows for the first gray light of the morning.

That queer, numb feeling in his head, and the sharp line of pain between his eyebrows which had been growing worse for the last three weeks, was troubling him more terribly than ever before, and his nerves had thrown off all control and rioted at the base of his head and at his wrists, and jerked and twitched as though, so it seemed to him, they were striving to pull the tired body into pieces and to set themselves free. He was wondering whether if he should take his hand from his pocket and touch his head he would find that it had grown longer, and had turned into a soft, spongy mass which would give beneath his fingers. He considered this for some time, and even went so far as to half withdraw one hand, but thought better of it and shoved it back again as he considered how much less terrible it was to remain in doubt than to find that this phenomenon had actually taken place.

The pity of the whole situation was, that the boy was only a boy with all his man's miserable knowledge of the world, and the reason of it all was, that he had entirely too much heart and not enough money to make an unsuccessful gambler. If he had only been able to lose his conscience instead of his money, or even if he had kept his conscience and won, it is not likely that he would have been waiting for the lights to go out at Monte Carlo. But he had not only lost all of his money and more besides, which he could never make up, but he had lost other things which meant much more to him now than money, and which could not be made up

or paid back at even usurious interest. He had not only lost the right to sit at his father's table, but the right to think of the girl whose place in Surrey ran next to that of his own people, and whose lighted window in the north wing he had watched on those many dreary nights when she had been ill, from his own terrace across the trees in the park. And all he had gained was the notoriety that made him a byword with decent people, and the hero of the race-tracks and the music-halls. He was no longer "Young Harringford, the eldest son of the Harringfords of Surrey," but the "Goodwood Plunger," to whom Fortune had made desperate love and had then jilted, and mocked, and overthrown.

As he looked back at it now and remembered himself as he was then, it seemed as though he was considering an entirely distinct and separate personage—a boy of whom he liked to think, who had had strong, healthy ambitions and gentle tastes. He reviewed it passionlessly as he stood staring at the lights inside the Casino, as clearly as he was capable of doing in his present state and with miserable interest. How he had laughed when young Norton told him in boyish confidence that there was a horse named Siren in his father's stables which would win the Goodwood Cup; how, having gone down to see Norton's people when the long vacation began, he had seen Siren daily, and had talked of her until two every morning in the smoking-room, and had then staid up two hours later to watch her take her trial spin over the downs. He remembered how they used to stamp back over the long grass wet with dew, comparing watches and talking of the time in whispers, and said good-night as the sun broke over the trees in the park. And then, just at this time of all others, when the horse was the only interest of those around him, from Lord Norton and his whole household down to the youngest stable-boy and oldest gaffer in the village, he had come into his money.

And then began the then and still inexplicable plunge into gambling, and the wagering of greater sums than the owner of Siren dared to risk himself, the secret backing of the horse through commissioners all over England, until the boy by his single fortune had brought the odds against her from 60 to 0 down to 6 to 0. He recalled, with a thrill that seemed to settle his nerves for the moment, the little black specks at the starting-post and the larger specks as

the horses turned the first corner. The rest of the people on the coach were making a great deal of noise, he remembered, but he, who had more to lose than any one or all of them together, had stood quite still with his feet on the wheel and his back against the box-seat, and with his hands sunk into his pockets and the nails cutting through his gloves. The specks grew into horses with bits of color on them, and then the deep muttering roar of the crowd merged into one great shout, and swelled and grew into sharper, quicker, impatient cries, as the horses turned into the stretch with only their heads showing towards the goal. Some of the people were shouting "Firefly!" and others were calling on "Vixen!" and others, who had their glasses up, cried "Trouble leads!" but he only waited until he could distinguish the Norton colors, with his lips pressed tightly together. Then they came so close that their hoofs echoed as loudly as when horses gallop over a bridge, and from among the leaders Siren's beautiful head and shoulders showed like sealskin in the sun, and the boy on her back leaned forward and touched her gently with his hand, as they had so often seen him do on the downs, and Siren, as though he had touched a spring, leaped forward with her head shooting back and out, like a piston-rod that has broken loose from its fastening and beats the air, while the jockey sat motionless, with his right arm hanging at his side as limply as though it were broken, and with his left moving forward and back in time with the desperate strokes of the horse's head.

"Siren wins," cried Lord Norton with a grim smile, and "Siren!" the mob shouted back with wonder and angry disappointment, and "Siren!" the hills echoed from far across the course. Young Harringford felt as if he had suddenly been lifted into heaven after three months of purgatory, and smiled uncertainly at the excited people on the coach about him. It made him smile even now when he recalled young Norton's flushed face and the awe and reproach in his voice when he climbed up and whispered, "Why, Cecil, they say in the ring you've won a fortune, and you never told us." And how Griffith, the biggest of the book-makers, with the rest of them at his back, came up to him and touched his hat resentfully, and said, "You'll have to give us time, sir; I'm very hard hit"; and how the crowd stood about him and looked at him curiously, and the Certain Royal Personage turned and said, "Who—not that boy, surely?" Then how, on the day following, the papers told of the young gentleman who of all others had won a fortune, thousands and thousands of pounds they said, getting back sixty for every one he had ventured;

and pictured him in baby clothes with the cup in his arms, or in an Eton jacket; and how all of them spoke of him slightly, or admiringly, as the "Goodwood Plunger."

He did not care to go on after that; to recall the mortification of his father, whose pride was hurt and whose hopes were dashed by this sudden, mad freak of fortune, nor how he railed at and provoked him until the boy rebelled and went back to the courses, where he was a celebrity and a king.

The rest is a very common story. Fortune and greater fortune at first; days in which he could not lose, days in which he drove back to the crowded inns choked with dust, sunburnt and fagged with excitement, to a riotous supper and baccara, and afterward went to sleep only to see cards and horses and moving crowds and clouds of dust; days spent in a short covert coat, with a field-glass over his shoulder and with a pasteboard ticket dangling from his buttonhole; and then came the change that brought conscience up again and the visits to the Jews, and the slights of the men who had never been his friends, but whom he had thought had at least liked him for himself, even if he did not like them; and then debts, and more debts, and the borrowing of money to pay here and there, and threats of executions; and, with it all, the longing for the fields and trout springs of Surrey and the walk across the park to where she lived. This grew so strong that he wrote to his father, and was told briefly that he who was to have kept up the family name had dragged it into the dust of the race-courses, and had changed it at his own wish to that of the Boy Plunger—and that the breach was irreconcilable.

Then this queer feeling came on, and he wondered why he could not eat, and why he shivered even when the room was warm or the sun shining, and the fear came upon him that with all this trouble and disgrace his head might give way, and then that it had given way. This came to him at all times, and lately more frequently and with a fresher, more cruel thrill of terror, and he began to watch himself and note how he spoke, and to repeat over what he had said to see if it were sensible, and to question himself as to why he laughed, and at what. It was not a question of whether it would or would not be cowardly, it was simply a necessity. The thing had to be stopped. He had to have rest and sleep and peace again. He had boasted in those reckless, prosperous days that if by any possible chance he should lose his money he would drive a hansom, or emigrate to the colonies, or take the shilling. He had no patience in those days with men who could not live on in adversity, and who were found in the gun-room with a hole in their

heads, and whose family asked their polite friends to believe that a man used to firearms from his school-days had tried to load a hair-trigger revolver with the muzzle pointed at his forehead. He had expressed a fine contempt for those men then, but now he had forgotten all that, and thought only of the relief it would bring and not how others might suffer by it. If he did consider this, it was only to conclude that they would quite understand, and be glad that his pain and fear were over.

Then he planned a grand *coup* which was to pay off all his debts and give him a second chance to present himself a suppliant at his father's house. If it failed, he would have to stop this queer feeling in his head at once. The Grand Prix and the English horse was the final *coup*. On this depended everything — the return of his fortunes, the reconciliation with his father, and the possibility of meeting her again. It was a very hot day, he remembered, and very bright; but the tall poplars on the road to the races seemed to stop growing just at a level with his eyes. Below that it was clear enough, but all above seemed black — as though a cloud had fallen and was hanging just over the people's heads. He thought of speaking of this to his man Walters, who had followed his fortunes from the first, but decided not to speak, for, as it was, he had noticed that Walters had observed him closely of late, and had seemed to spy upon him. The race began, and he looked through his glass for the English horse in the front and could not find her, and the Frenchman beside him cried, "Frou Frou!" as Frou Frou passed the goal. He lowered his glasses slowly and unscrewed them very carefully before dropping them back into the case; then he buckled the strap, and turned and looked about him. Two Frenchmen who had won a hundred francs between them were jumping and dancing at his side. He remembered wondering why they did not speak in English. Then the sunlight changed to a yellow, nasty glare, as though a calcium light had been turned on the grass and colors, and he pushed his way back to his carriage leaning heavily on the servant's arm, and drove slowly back to Paris, with the driver flecking his horses fretfully with his whip, for he had wished to wait and see the end of the races.

He had selected Monte Carlo as the place for it, because it was more unlike his home than any other spot, and because one summer night, when he had crossed the lawn from the Casino to the hotel with a gay party of young men and women, they had come across something under a bush which they took to be a dog or a man asleep, and one of the men had stepped forward and touched it with his foot, and had then turned sharply and said, "Take

those girls away"; and while some hurried the women back, frightened and curious, he and the others had picked up the body and found it to be that of a young Russian whom they had just seen losing, with a very bad grace, at the tables. There was no passion in his face now, and his evening dress was quite unruffled, and only a black spot on the shirt front showed where the powder had burnt the linen. It had made a great impression on him then, for he was at the height of his fortunes, with crowds of sycophantic friends and a retinue of dependents at his heels. And now that he was quite alone and disinherited by even these sorry companions there seemed no other escape from the pain in his brain but to end it, and he sought this place of all others as the most fitting place to die.

So, after Walters had given the proper papers and checks to the commissioner who handled his debts for him, he left Paris and took the first train for Monte Carlo, sitting at the window of the carriage, and beating a nervous tattoo on the pane with his ring until the old gentleman at the other end of the compartment scowled at him. But Harrington did not see him, nor the trees and fields as they swept by, and it was not until Walters came and said, "You get out here, sir," that he recognized the yellow station and the great hotels on the hill above. It was half-past eleven, and the lights in the Casino were still burning brightly. He wondered whether he would have time to go over to the hotel and write a letter to his father and to her. He decided, after some difficult consideration, that he would not. There was nothing to say that they did not know already, or that they would fail to understand. But this suggested to him that what they had written to him must be destroyed at once, before any one would claim the right to read it. He took his letters from his pocket and looked them over carefully. They were most unpleasant reading. They all seemed to be about money; some begged to remind him of this or that debt, of which he had thought continuously for the last month, while others were abusive and insolent. Each of them gave him actual pain. One was the last letter he had received from his father just before leaving Paris, and though he knew it by heart he read it over again for the last time. That it came too late, that it asked what he knew now to be impossible, made it none the less grateful to him, but that it offered peace and a welcome home made it all the more terrible.

"I came to take this step through young Hargraves, the new curate," his father wrote, "though he was but the instrument in the hands of Providence. He showed me the error of my conduct towards you, and proved to me that my

duty and the inclination of my heart were towards the same end. He read this morning for the second lesson the story of the Prodigal Son, and I heard it without recognition and with no present application until he came to the verse which tells how the father came to his son 'when he was yet a great way off.' He saw him, it says, 'when he was yet a great way off,' and ran to meet him. He did not wait for the boy to knock at his gate and beg to be let in, but went out to meet him, and took him in his arms and led him back to his home. Now, my boy, my son, it seems to me as if you had never been so far off from me as you are at this present time, as if you had never been so greatly separated from me in every thought and interest; we are even worse than strangers, for you think that my hand is against you, that I have closed the door of your home to you and driven you away. But what I have done I beg of you to forgive; to forget what I may have said in the past, and only to think of what I say now. Your brothers are good boys and have been good sons to me, and God knows I am thankful for such sons, and thankful to them for bearing themselves as they have done.

"But, my boy, my first-born, my little Cecil, they can never be to me what you have been. I can never feel for them as I feel for you; they are the ninety and nine who have never wandered away upon the mountains, and who have never been tempted, and have never left their home for either good or evil. But you, Cecil, though you have made my heart ache until I thought and even hoped it would stop beating, and though you have given me many, many nights that I could not sleep, are still dearer to me than anything else in the world. You are the flesh of my flesh and the bone of my bone, and I cannot bear living on without you. I cannot be at rest here, or look forward contentedly to a rest hereafter, unless you are by me and hear me, unless I can see your face and touch you and hear your laugh in the halls. Come back to me, Cecil; to Harringford and the people that know you best, and know what is best in you and love you for it. I can have only a few more years here now when you will take my place and keep up my name. I will not be here to trouble you much longer; but, my boy, while I am here, come to me and make me happy for the rest of my life. There are others who need you, Cecil. You know whom I mean. I saw her only yesterday, and she asked me of you with such splendid disregard for what the others standing by might think, and as though she dared me or them to say or even imagine anything against you. You cannot keep away from us both much longer. Surely not; you will come back and make us happy for the rest of our lives."

The Goodwood Plunger turned his back to the lights so that the people passing could not see his face, and tore the letter up slowly and dropped it piece by piece over the balcony. "If I could," he whispered; "if I could." The pain was a little worse than usual just then, but it was no longer a question of inclination. He felt only this desire to stop these thoughts and doubts and the physical tremor that shook him. To rest and sleep, that was what he must have, and peace. There was no peace at home or anywhere else while this thing lasted. He could not see why they worried him in this way. It was quite impossible. He felt much more sorry for them than for himself, but only because they could not understand. He was quite sure that if they could feel what he suffered they would help him, even to end it.

He had been standing for some time with his back to the light, but now he turned to face it and to take up his watch again. He felt quite sure the lights would not burn much longer. As he turned, a woman came forward from out the lighted hall, hovered uncertainly before him, and then made a silent salutation, which was something between a courtesy and a bow. That she was a woman and rather short and plainly dressed, and that her bobbing up and down annoyed him, was all that he realized of her presence, and he quite failed to connect her movements with himself in any way. "Sir," she said in French, "I beg your pardon, but might I speak with you?" The Goodwood Plunger possessed a somewhat various knowledge of Monte Carlo and its *habitués*. It was not the first time women who had lost at the tables had begged a napoleon from him, or asked the distinguished child of fortune what color or combination they should play. That, in his luckier days, had happened often and had amused him, but now he moved back irritably and wished that the figure in front of him would disappear as it had come.

"I am in great trouble, sir," the woman said. "I have no friends here, sir, to whom I may apply. I am very bold, but my anxiety is very great."

The Goodwood Plunger raised his hat slightly and bowed. Then he concentrated his eyes with what was a distinct effort on the queer little figure hovering in front of him, and stared very hard. She wore an odd piece of red coral for a brooch, and by looking steadily at this he brought the rest of the figure into focus and saw, without surprise,—for every commonplace seemed strange to him now, and everything peculiar quite a matter of course,—that she was distinctly not an *habituée* of the place, and looked more like a lady's maid than an ad-

venturess. She was French and pretty—such a girl as might wait in a Duval restaurant or sit as a cashier behind a little counter near the door.

"We should not be here," she said, as if in answer to his look and in apology for her presence. "But Louis, my husband, he would come. I told him that this was not for such as we are, but Louis is so bold. He said that upon his marriage tour he would live with the best, and so here he must come to play as the others do. We have been married, sir, only since Tuesday, and we must go back to Paris to-morrow; they would give him only the three days. He is not a gambler; he plays dominoes at the cafés, it is true. But what will you? He is young and with so much spirit, and I know that you, sir, who are so fortunate and who understand so well how to control these tables, I know that you will persuade him. He will not listen to me; he is so greatly excited and so little like himself. You will help me, sir, will you not? You will speak to him."

The Goodwood Plunger knit his eyebrows and closed the lids once or twice, and forced the mistiness and pain out of his eyes. It was most annoying. The woman seemed to be talking a great deal and to say very much, but he could not make sense of it. He moved his shoulders slightly. "I can't understand," he said wearily, turning away.

"It is my husband," the woman said anxiously: "Louis he is playing at the table inside, and he is only an apprentice to old Carbut the baker, but he owns a third of the store. It was my *dot* that paid for it," she added proudly. "Old Carbut says he may have it all for twenty thousand francs, and then old Carbut will retire and we will be proprietors. We have saved a little, and we had counted to buy the rest in five or six years if we were very careful."

"I see, I see," said the Plunger, with a little short laugh of relief; "I understand." He was greatly comforted to think that it was not so bad as it had threatened. He saw her distinctly now and followed what she said quite easily, and even such a small matter as talking with this woman seemed to help him.

"He is gambling," he said, "and losing the money, and you come to me to advise him what to play. I understand. Well, tell him he will lose what little he has left; tell him I advise him to go home; tell him—"

"No, no!" the girl said excitedly, "you do not understand; he has not lost, he has won. He has won, oh, so many rolls of money, but he will not stop. Do you not see? He has won as much as we could earn in many months—in many years, sir, by saving and working, oh, so very hard! And now he risks it again, and I cannot force him away. But if you, sir, if

you would tell him how great the chances are against him, if you who know would tell him how foolish he is not to be content with what he has, he would listen. He says to me, 'Bah! you are a woman'; and he is so red and fierce, he is imbecile with the sight of the money, but he will listen to a grand gentleman like you. He thinks to win more and more, and he thinks to buy another third from old Carbut. Is it not foolish? It is so wicked of him."

"Oh, yes," said the Goodwood Plunger, nodding, "I see now. You want me to take him away so that he can keep what he has. I see; but I don't know him. He will not listen to me, you know; I have no right to interfere."

He turned away, rubbing his hand across his forehead. He wished so much that this woman would leave him by himself.

"Ah, but, sir," cried the girl desperately, and touching his coat, "you who are so fortunate, and so rich, and of the great world, you cannot feel what this is to me. To have my own little shop and to be free, and not to slave, and sew, and sew until my back and fingers burn with the pain. Speak to him, sir; ah, speak to him. It is so easy a thing to do, and he will listen to you."

The Goodwood Plunger turned again abruptly. "Where is he?" he said. "Point him out to me."

The woman ran ahead with a murmur of gratitude to the open door and pointed to where her husband was standing leaning over and placing some money on one of the tables. He was a handsome young Frenchman, as *bourgeois* as his wife, and now terribly alive and excited. In the self-contained air of the place and in contrast with the silence of the great hall he seemed even more conspicuously out of place. The Plunger touched him on the arm, and the Frenchman shoved the hand off impatiently and without looking around. The Plunger touched him again and forced him to turn towards him.

"Well!" said the Frenchman quickly. "Well?"

"Madame, your wife," said Cecil with the grave politeness of an old man, "has done me the honor to take me into her confidence. She tells me that you have won a great deal of money; that you could put it to good use at home, and so save yourselves much drudgery and debt, and all that sort of trouble. You are quite right if you say it is no concern of mine. It is not. But really, you know, there is a great deal of sense in what she wants, and you have apparently already won a large sum."

The Frenchman was visibly surprised at this approach. He paused for a second or two in some doubt, and even awe, for the disinherited one carried the mark of a personage of con-

sideration and of one whose position is secure. Then he gave a short, unmirthful laugh.

"You are most kind, sir," he said with mock politeness and with an impatient shrug. "But madame, my wife, has not done well to interest a stranger in this affair, which, as you say, concerns you not."

He turned to the table again with a defiant swagger of independence and placed two rolls of money upon the cloth, casting at the same moment a childish look of displeasure at his wife. "You see," said the Plunger, with a deprecatory turning out of his hands. But there was so much grief on the girl's face that he turned again to the gambler and touched his arm. He could not tell why he was so interested in these two. He had witnessed many such scenes before, and they had not affected him in any way except to make him move out of hearing. But the same dumb numbness in his head, which made so many things seem possible that should have been terrible even to think upon, made him stubborn and unreasoning over this. He felt intuitively—it could not be said that he thought—that the woman was right and the man wrong, and so he grasped him again by the arm, and said sharply this time:

"Come away! Do you hear? You are acting foolishly."

But even as he spoke the red won, and the Frenchman with a boyish gurgle of pleasure raked in his winnings with his two hands, and then turned with a happy, triumphant laugh to his wife. It is not easy to convince a man that he is making a fool of himself when he is winning some hundred francs every two minutes. His silent arguments to the contrary are difficult to answer. But the Plunger did not regard this in the least.

"Do you hear me?" he said in the same stubborn tone and with much the same manner with which he would have spoken to a groom. "Come away."

Again the Frenchman tossed off his hand, this time with an execration, and again he placed the rolls of gold coin on the red; and again the red won.

"My God!" cried the girl, running her fingers over the rolls on the table, "he has won half of the twenty thousand francs. O sir, stop him, stop him!" she cried. "Take him away."

"Do you hear me?" cried the Plunger, excited to a degree of utter self-forgetfulness, and carried beyond himself; "you've got to come with me."

"Take away your hand," whispered the young Frenchman, fiercely. "See, I shall win it all; in one grand *coup* I shall win it all. I shall win five years' pay in one moment."

He swept all of the money forward on the

red and threw himself over the table to see the wheel.

"Wait, confound you!" whispered the Plunger, excitedly. "If you will risk it, risk it with some reason. You can't play all that money; they won't take it. Six thousand francs is the limit, unless," he ran on quickly, "you divide the 12,000 francs among the three of us. You understand, 6000 francs is all that any one person can play; but if you give 4000 to me, and 4000 to your wife, and keep 4000 yourself, we can each chance it. You can back the red if you like, your wife shall put her money on the numbers coming up below eighteen, and I will back the odd. In that way you stand to win 24,000 francs if our combination wins, and you lose less than if you simply back the color. Do you understand?"

"No!" cried the Frenchman, reaching for the piles of money which the Plunger had divided rapidly into three parts, "on the red; all on the red!"

"Good heavens, man!" cried the Plunger, bitterly. "I may not know much, but you should allow me to understand this dirty business." He caught the Frenchman by the wrists, and the young man, more impressed with the strange look in the boy's face than by his physical force, stood still, while the ball rolled and rolled, and clicked merrily, and stopped, and balanced, and then settled into the "seven."

"Red, odd, and below," the croupier droned mechanically.

"Ah! you see; what did I tell you?" said the Plunger, with sudden calmness. "You have won more than your 20,000 francs; you are proprietors—I congratulate you!"

"Ah, my God!" cried the Frenchman in a frenzy of delight, "I will double it."

He reached towards the fresh piles of coin as if he meant to sweep them back again, but the Plunger put himself in his way and with a quick movement caught up the rolls of gold and dropped them into the skirt of the woman, which she raised like an apron to receive her treasure.

"Now," said young Harringford, determinedly, "you come with me." The Frenchman tried to argue and resist, but the Plunger pushed him on with the silent stubbornness of a drunken man. He handed the woman into a carriage at the door, shoved her husband in beside her, and while the man drove to the address she gave him, he told the Frenchman, with an air of the chief of police, that he must leave Monte Carlo at once, that very night.

"Do you suppose I don't know?" he said. "Do you fancy I speak without knowledge? I've seen them come here rich and go away paupers. But you shall not; you shall keep

what you have and spite them." He sent the woman up to her room to pack while he expostulated with and browbeat the excited bridegroom in the carriage. When she returned with the bag packed, and so heavy with the gold that the servants could hardly lift it up beside the driver, he ordered the coachman to go down the hill to the station.

"The train for Paris leaves at midnight," he said, "and you'll be there by morning. Then you must close your bargain with this old Carbut, and never return here again."

The Frenchman had turned during the ride from an angry, indignant prisoner to a joyful madman, and was now tearfully and effusively humble in his petitions for pardon and in his thanks. Their benefactor, as they were pleased to call him, hurried them into the waiting train and ran to purchase their tickets for them.

"Now," he said, as the guard locked the door of the compartment, "you are alone, and no one can get in, and you cannot get out. Go back to your home, to your new home, and never come to this wretched place again. Promise me—you understand?—never again!"

They promised with effusive reiteration. They embraced each other like children, and the man, pulling off his hat, called upon the good Lord to thank the gentleman.

"You will be in Paris, will you not?" said the woman, in an ecstasy of pleasure, "and you will come to see us in our own shop, will you not? Ah! we should be so greatly honored, sir, if you would visit us; if you would come to the home you have given us. You have helped us so greatly, sir," she said; "and may Heaven bless you!"

She caught up his gloved hand as it rested on the door and kissed it until he snatched it away in great embarrassment and flushing like a girl. Her husband drew her towards him, and the young bride sat at his side with her face close to his and wept tears of pleasure and of excitement.

"Ah, look, sir!" said the young man joyfully; "look how happy you have made us. You have made us happy for the rest of our lives."

The train moved out with a quick, heavy rush, and the car wheels took up the young stranger's last words and seemed to say, "You have made us happy—made us happy for the rest of our lives."

It had all come about so rapidly that the Plunger had had no time to consider or to weigh his motives, and all that seemed real to him now, as he stood alone on the platform of the dark, deserted station, were the words of the man echoing and reëchoing like the

refrain of the song. And then there came to him suddenly, and with all the force of a gambler's superstition, the thought that the words were the same as those which his father had used in his letter, "you can make us happy for the rest of our lives."

"Ah," he said, with a quick gasp of doubt, "if I could! If I made those poor fools happy, may n't I live to be something to him, and to her? O God!" he cried, but so gently that one at his elbow could not have heard him, "if I could, if I could!"

He tossed up his hands and drew them down again and clenched them in front of him, and raised his tired, hot eyes to the calm purple sky with its millions of moving stars. "Help me!" he whispered fiercely, "help me." And as he lowered his head the queer numb feeling seemed to go, and a calm came over his nerves and left him in peace. He did not know what it might be, nor did he dare to question the change which had come to him, but turned and slowly mounted the hill, with the awe and fear still upon him of one who had passed beyond himself for one brief moment into another world. When he reached his room he found his servant bending with an anxious face over a letter which he tore up guiltily as his master entered. "You were writing to my father," said Cecil, gently, "were you not? Well, you need not finish your letter; we are going home."

"I am going away from this place, Walters," he said as he pulled off his coat and threw himself heavily on the bed. "I will take the first train that leaves here, and I will sleep a little while you put up my things. The first train, you understand—within an hour, if it leaves that soon." His head sank back on the pillows heavily, as though he had come in from a long, weary walk, and his eyes closed and his arms fell easily at his side. The servant stood frightened and yet happy, with the tears running down his cheeks, for he loved his master dearly.

"We are going home, Walters," the Plunger whispered drowsily. "We are going home; home to England and Harringford and the governor—and we are going to be happy for all the rest of our lives." He paused a moment, and Walters bent forward over the bed and held his breath to listen.

"For he came to me," murmured the boy, as though he was speaking in his sleep, "when I was yet a great way off—while I was yet a great way off, and ran to meet me—"

His voice sank until it died away into silence, and a few hours later, when Walters came to wake him, he found his master sleeping like a child and smiling in his sleep.



CONGO IDOLS.

FETISHISM IN CONGO LAND.

BY E. J. GLAVE, ONE OF STANLEY'S PIONEER OFFICERS.

ILLUSTRATED AFTER SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY THE AUTHOR.



ONE OF MY CREW.

FETISHISM is the result of the efforts of the savage intelligence seeking after a theory which will account for the apparent hostility of nature to man. It is the first feeble striving of ignorance to ascertain the position of humanity in the universal scheme, and the endeavors by a hundred tentative experiments to discover what power man may possess over his own life and destiny in the face of all this seeming antagonism. The African of the interior can find no note of sympathy in the world immediately surrounding him. Life is to him no free gift, but rather something to be dexterously snatched from the hand of adverse circumstances. Everything in earth or sky seems to threaten his existence. The hut of the inland village stands on the confines of an impenetrable forest, the haunt of savage beast and venomous reptile. The dweller on the river bank pursues his vocation in constant danger. Let him escape unscathed all the dangers incidental to his search for mere subsistence, let him lay up what is to him wealth, still he can never enjoy either good fortune or health in security, for one is at the mercy of his fellow-man,—the midnight raids of neighboring tribes,—and the other is imperiled by fevers, agues, and strange diseases which his skill is unable to cure or avert. The imagination of

the savage surrounds life with an atmosphere of awe and mystery. He walks continually in fear. Evil in countless undefined shapes is lurking everywhere. Influences obnoxious to him lie concealed in every object. Trees, stones, herbs, all contain imprisoned spirits which, if released by any heedless action on his part, may rend and destroy him. He must be ever watchful to propitiate or control the malevolent powers that menace him at every turn. Ill luck may be transmitted to him through object animate or inanimate when he is least aware. A native will never point at another with his finger, as the belief exists that an evil influence can be by this means conveyed to another. It behooves him to be very careful. He fears when health and fortune are favorable that some chance action of his may deprive him of both. He will therefore often turn in his path to retouch some object he has accidentally come in contact with, for fear the virtue that is in him may suddenly leave and some strange, hurtful influence may be conveyed to him instead. At night the chief will trace a slender line of ashes round his hut and firmly believe that he has placed a barrier which will protect him and his, while they sleep, against the attacks of the evil spirit. Upon stepping over this in the morning he takes the precaution to trace on the ground a small ring round him; in this he stands, and, uttering a devotional prayer, asks that the Moloki, or evil spirit, may not torment him during the day. When he is least conscious he

may be offending some spirit with power to work him ill. He must therefore be supplied with charms for every season and occasion: sleeping, eating, and drinking he must be protected from hostile influences by ceremonies and observances. The necessity for these safeguards has given rise to an elaborate system, and has created a sacerdotal class called by the different Congo tribes "Monganga," or "Nganga Nkisi" (the Doctor of Charms).

The fetish-man under any name is the authority on all matters connected with the relations of man to the unseen. He is the exorciser

and ceremonies are as diverse as the fancies of the fetish-men who prescribe them.

The traveler finds that superstitious customs which possess great force on the lower river gradually lose power over the natives as he penetrates farther and farther into the interior.

THE "NKIMBA."

AMONG the Ba-kongo people of the Lower Congo country, whose headquarters is at San Salvador, where resides their king known as the Ntotela (Emperor), or to Europeans as Dom Pedro V., a title bestowed upon him by the Portuguese, we find many curious examples of the fetish system. Prominent among these is the ceremony of the "Nkimba," or initiation of the boys and young men of the village into the mysteries and rites of their religion.

Each village in this region possesses its Nkimba inclosure, generally a walled tract of perhaps half an acre in extent, buried in a thick grove of trees in the vicinity of the village. Inside the inclosure are the huts of the Nganga, the fetish-man, who presides over its ceremonies, and his assistants, as well as of the boys undergoing the course of instruction. What this instruction is it is hard to say, for none save the initiated are permitted to penetrate the precincts of the Nkimba inclosure, but it includes the learning of a new language, so that those having passed through the Nkimba may be able to converse on religious matters in words not understood by the people.

When a boy reaches the age of puberty he is generally induced to join the Nkimba. This is effected in the following curious manner. On some market-day or public assemblage he falls down simulating sickness or a stupor, and is immediately surrounded by the Nganga and his assistants, who carry him off to the inclosure. It is given out that Luemba or Nsaki, or whatever the boy's name may be, is dead; that he has gone to the spirit world, whence by and by the Nganga will recall him to bring him up with the other lads in the sacred inclosure before restoring him to his friends under a new name. No woman is allowed to look upon the face of one of the Nkimba, who daily parade through the woods or through the surrounding country singing a strange, weird song to warn the uninitiated of their approach. The women fly from the sound, deserting their work in the manioc fields, and sometimes a man, a stranger in the district, on being encountered in one of these walks abroad will be severely beaten for his temerity in standing to watch the Nkimba go by.

The bodies of the lads are chalked entirely



A BOY OF THE NKIMBA.

of spirits, the maker of charms, and the prescriber and regulator of all ceremonial rites. He can discover who "ate the heart" of the chief who died but yesterday, who it was who caused the canoe to upset and give three lives to the crocodile and the dark waters of the Congo, or even who blighted the palm trees of a village and dried up their sap, causing the supply of *malafu*, or palm wine, to cease, or drove away the rain from a district and withered its fields of *nguba* (ground nuts). All this is within the ken of the Nganga Nkisi, and he is appealed to on all these occasions to discover the culprit, by his insight into the spirit world, and hand him or her over to the just chastisement of an outraged community. This is the only substitute for religion that the African savage possesses: its tenets are vague and unformulated, for with every tribe and every district belief varies and rites

white, and a wide skirt of palm fronds or straight dry grass suspended from a circular strip of bamboo standing out from the body above the hips hangs down to below the knees, much resembling a short crinoline. Food is brought daily by the mothers or relatives of the pupils and laid outside the inclosure, whence it is conveyed inside by one of the Ngangas or the older lads. For although the women and the credulous outsiders really believe in the death and residence among the spirits of their male relatives who have "died in the bush" (*i. e.*, entered the Nkimba inclosure), they are religiously instructed by the Ngangas to attend to all the bodily wants of the supposed inhabitants of the spirit world.

dence in the inclosure,—and he affects to treat everything with surprise as of one come to a new life from another world; to recognize no one, not even his father or mother, while his relatives receive him as raised from the dead; and for several days the newcomer is permitted to take anything he fancies in the village, and is treated with every kindness until it is supposed that he has become accustomed to his surroundings, when he will be allowed to shake down into his place in life, and unless he determines to pursue the calling of a fetish-man will again become an ordinary member of society. The duration of the period of initiation varies from two years in some cases, and even longer, to only a few months, according, I suppose, as the pupil shows an apti-



A CONGO CHIEFTAIN'S GRAVE.

When a youth has successfully mastered the new language, and has acquitted himself satisfactorily in the eyes of the Nganga, expressing implicit belief in all the strange doctrines of fetishism it is thought necessary to impart to him, it is given out by the medicine-man that Luemba or Nsaki is now fit to return to the world and to his sorrowing relatives. Accordingly on a certain day he is conducted back to his village with much ceremony, reintroduced to his parents as no longer Luemba, but as "Kinkila Luemba" or "Nehama Nsaki,"—the new names being distinctly Nkimba names, adopted during the period of his resi-

tude for his studies or not. Any refractory youngster, or one who cannot bring himself to believe all the Ngangas declare to be true, is beaten until he recognizes the error of his ways and accepts as strictly true every story and miracle the medicine-man may relate. Sometimes a sturdy, unbelieving boy who cannot see that black is white, or *vice versa*, however much the Nganga may assert it and his older and wiser comrades share in the assertion, is beaten black and blue before he becomes convinced of the fact that his eyes have deceived him. The origin of this strange African order of freemasonry is quite unknown

among the Ba-kongo. No missionary has yet been able to penetrate the mysteries of the language or of the rites and ceremonies connected with it, but from the following facts I feel inclined to believe it simply a perpetuation in the native mind, darkened by savagery and superstition, of the early Catholic teaching of the Portuguese fathers who followed Diogo Cam's discovery of the Congo and established themselves at San Salvador and in the surrounding country.

The Nkimba is unknown beyond Mananga and Lukunga,—two hundred miles from the coast,—which were probably the farthest limits reached in those early days by the priests in their missionary journeys; between these districts and San Salvador it increases in public estimation until when the true Congo country is reached—that within the scope of Dom Pedro's influence—we find the Nkimba inclosures at almost every village. The chalking of the body white and the wearing of a coarse dress of brown grass, in imitation of the white-robed priests and the rude vestments of the monks; the penalty inflicted on women who venture to approach or gaze upon the Nkimba (white priests never married, and no woman could enter a monastery); the chanting of strange songs in a new tongue and the learning of a new language, even as the rites of the Catholic Church are performed in a strange tongue (Latin) and a novice entering a monastery would have to learn that language; the giving of new names, as a monk often adopts a new cognomen and ceases to be Mr. So-and-so, but becomes Brother Ignatius or Father Hyacinthe; and finally the strange deception practised in pretending that the newly received boy has died and must be raised again from the dead and given back to life—all seem to point to one of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian Church which asserts that no man can be saved unless he be born again.

THE SELECTION OF THE NGANGA ON THE UPPER RIVER AND HIS START IN LIFE.

IT is only on the Lower Congo, where the Nkimba is found, that any training in his profession is undergone by the fetish-man; in all other parts of the Congo region the office devolves upon its holder in quite an accidental manner: the distinction is thrust upon some native whose fortune has in some way distinguished him from his fellows. Every unusual action, every display of skill or superiority, is attributed to the intervention of some supernatural power, and thus the future wielder of charms or utterer of predictions usually begins his priestly career as Nganga by some lucky adventure.

A young man by showing prowess in the hunting-field, by being successful on the fishing-grounds or brave in war, at once becomes the object of a certain admiration in his village. His superiority commands respect; his steady



CHARM ROOT.

aim, his lucky hauls of fish, and his boldness in the fight are credited to the agency of some supernatural spirit or to some charm of which he may be possessed. Such a belief on the part of the villagers is never discredited by the fortunate object of it; on the other hand, he takes advantage of this credulity on the part of the ignorant, and in consideration of payment received will pretend to impart his power to others. This is almost invariably the way in which the fetish-man receives his calling to the office, and having once secured the estimation of his neighbors he will start a lucrative business for the supply of charms consisting of different herbs, stones, pieces of wood, antelope horns, skins and feathers, tied in artistic little bundles, the possession of which is supposed to yield to the purchaser the same power over spirits as the vender himself enjoys. Having once become known as the purveyor of charms he will continually add to the attractiveness of the stock in trade of his calling by the aid of a fertile imagination. Besides charms of his own manufacture he will obtain others from well-known fetish-men in distant villages, and thus after a time he acquires a large store of charms for all phases of life.

THE FETISH-MAN AT HOME.

ESTABLISHED in reputation, the efforts of the fetish-man are next directed towards the acquirement of a demeanor calculated to impress his clients with a sense of awe; he aims at assuming an appearance at once grave and mysterious; he seldom speaks unless professionally, and then always in a gruff, husky tone. He cultivates a meditative look, and seems as if he were the victim of great mental anxiety. At home he keeps himself very select, and occupies his time principally among his charms. There is generally some sign of his calling just outside his hut, taking the form, as a rule, of an earthen vessel, out of the neck of which sprout long feathers—the pot being colored with red, white, and yellow chalks, and the orange-like tint derived from chewed betel-nut, the expectoration of which substance is supposed to have a very pacifying influence upon the spiritual evil-doer.

Sometimes the fetish-man's gesticulations will be directed to a carved image or some exaggerated form of charm. Suspended from the rafters in the interior of his hut are little parcels of mystic character, smoked grimy by the constant fires these people maintain in their dwellings. And outside, over the door, the same mysterious character of ornamentation proclaims to all the occupant's pretensions to sorcery.

THE FETISH-MAN ABROAD.

WHEN abroad the fetish-man is always a conspicuous figure in a village. He wears a tall hat of animal skin; around his neck hang suspended by strings a few small specimens of his wares, and slung around his shoulders are little parcels of charms, into which are stuck birds' feathers. Metal rings, to which mysterious little packages are attached, clash and clang as he walks, serving, together with a liberal supply of iron bells fastened to his person, to announce the Nganga's presence; and, as if his body did not offer a sufficient surface to display all his magical outfit, he carries, slung over his left shoulder in a woven pocket, a load of wonder-working material. A peep into a fetish-man's sack discloses a curious assortment of preventives—eagles' claws and feathers, fishbones, antelope horns, leopard teeth, tails and heads of snakes, flint-stones, hairs of the elephant's tail, perforated stones, different colored chalks, eccentric shaped roots, various herbs, etc. There are sufficient reasons for his carrying these with him: if he left them in his village some one might steal them; and, again, provided as he is, he can administer at a moment's notice to suffering humanity some devil-proof mixture.

The flight of the poisonous arrow, the rush of the maddened buffalo, or the venomous bite of the adder can be averted by the purchase of these charms, and the troubled waters of the Congo can be crossed in safety by the fisherman's frail craft. The Moloki, or evil spirit, ever ready to pounce upon humanity, is checked by the power of the Nganga, and halts at his whistle through an antelope's horn, or the waving of a bunch of feathers.

HIS CLIENTS.

THE fetish-man finds his best customers among those whom wealth and success have rendered objects for the envy and spite of their covetous neighbors. A chief whose fortunate trading ventures have enabled him to accumulate wealth of slaves and ivory becomes a devotee to charm usage; the fetish-man is continually by his side, and new charms are in constant requisition to ward off real and imaginary dangers which the uneasy possessor believes threaten his person and property.

CEREMONY BEFORE DRINKING.

WHEN, in 1884, I was stationed at Lukolela, eight hundred miles in the interior, I was much struck with the elaborate and grotesque rites prescribed by the Nganga to some of the leading men of the district as a necessary preliminary to eating and drinking. I find the following notes in a rough diary I kept at that time.

IUKA'S DEVOTIONAL PRECAUTION.

JUNE, 1884.—Old Iuka, chief of Irebu, put into my beach to-day, on his way down river on a trading expedition. I gave him some *malafu* (palm wine), the drinking of which necessitated the most extensive fetishistic preparations that I have as yet noticed. The old chief placed a small leaf between his lips, then fastened others rather larger under his shoulder-blades and on his chest, keeping them in place by means of a string tied tightly around the body; a slave guarding the pot containing the beverage also had a leaf in his mouth, as did another who held the cup from which the



THE HAWK WHOSE TAIL FEATHERS BAFFLE THE EVIL SPIRIT.

chief was to drink; two more slaves provided a musical accompaniment to the ceremony by clanking small bars of iron; one of the wives of the chief clasped him round the chest from behind, while four slaves knelt down in front of him and beat their closed fists on their

Any trader who succeeds in massing together his little pile of cloth, beads, trinkets, etc. thereby excites the jealousy of his fellow-men, and if his fees are not liberal he may one day find himself suddenly bound hand and foot in the merciless clutches of the fetish-man, who



FETISH DEVOTIONS BEFORE DRINKING.

knees. When everything was ready, all shut their eyes, except the men in charge of the pot and cup, who required the use of these organs so as not to spill the precious liquor. The Nganga has also enjoined Iuka from taking the cup from his lips until he had drained the last drop. My guest was a spare-built little man, but the prodigious quantity of malafu which he imbibed on this occasion astonished me, and I concluded that rather than perform this ceremony frequently he was drinking enough to last him several days. It is noticeable that rites of the kind prescribed by the fetish-men to Iuka are only used preparatory to a draught of palm or other concocted beverages, and are omitted when drinking water at a stream or spring. The reason is that poison plays a prominent part in the drama of savage life. These observances imposed by the wielder of charms are most earnestly-adhered to. A native, although he has a great weakness for palm wine or other strong drink, will deny himself the beverage if he is not prepared to carry out the ceremony ordered by the Nganga. As the fatal draughts are always prepared by the Nganga, and as he is also the only person able to furnish antidotes to his own poisons, he reaps much benefit from this branch of the business. It enables him to command a ready sale for any charms he may wish to force on the market, and is an excellent means of collecting back payments and securing further custom.

will trump up some charge against him of having exercised an evil influence, or of causing the death of some villager who has lately died.

"MBUNDU"—TRIAL BY POISON.

It is also by means of drugs that the Nganga pretends to discern the innocent from the guilty when natives accused of crimes are brought before him for sentence. When a native is accused of any breach against tribal laws he has to prove his innocence by undergoing the poison test. *Mbundu*, or *Nkasa*, is an herbal poison composed of the bark of a tree mixed with water. The effect of imbibing this concoction depends upon the strength of the preparation; with but little water it is deadly, but it may be diluted until its effect is almost harmless. The accused is compelled to sit down, and then the Nganga administers the preparation to the accused, who, should he be able to vomit the nauseous mixture, proves his innocence of any crime of which he is accused. But too often the poison has an awful effect. The accused falls down, foaming at the mouth, the limbs become rigid, the eyes protrude, and if death ensues the guilt of the poor unfortunate is held as clearly proved, and the distorted body of the victim is pierced through and through with the spears of his accusers. The fetish-man whose duty it is to prepare the test regulates the strength of the poison ac-

cording to the wish of the majority. It may be that the accused is popular in his village; in that case the Nganga will take care that the mbundu is not too strong. The natives themselves place great faith in this mode of trial. A declaration of guilt renders the poison test unnecessary, payment being accepted instead.

Besides the power that he exercises over the life and death of his followers, the Nganga is also credited with a controlling influence over the elements. Winds and waters obey the waving of his charm or the whistle through his magic antelope horn. Tropical storms give notice of their beginning and cessation, so that the fetish-man is easily able to time his predictions of change without much fear of startling contradictions. If rain is desired by the villagers for their crops, he sets to work with his charms preparing for the object in view, but he will not be quite ready until a distant roll of thunder gives him notice that a storm is nigh; then, assuming all the gravity which he can muster, surrounded by his charms he boldly commands the rain to fall, and when the storm, seen in the distance, breaks, it is regarded as a triumphant indication of his supernatural authority. When I was at Lukolela the river remained in a swollen condition far beyond its usual duration. Upon my asking the natives the cause they accounted for it by telling me that an up-river Nganga, who had been in the habit of controlling the rise and fall of all the Congo, had recently died, and at present there was no one sufficiently skilled to take his place.

Superstitions of all kinds are so rife among these people that the Nganga has a fruitful field to work in. He has merely to direct current beliefs in the strange and wonderful so that they may in some way tend to increase his influence over the credulous. Every unaccountable effect is attributed to some superstitious cause, the workings of which are known only to him. Every familiar object of their daily life is touched with some curious fancy, and every trivial action is regulated by a reference to unseen spirits who are unceasingly watching an opportunity to hurt or annoy mankind.

"NGŌI MOLOKI"—EVIL SPIRITS AND ANIMALS.

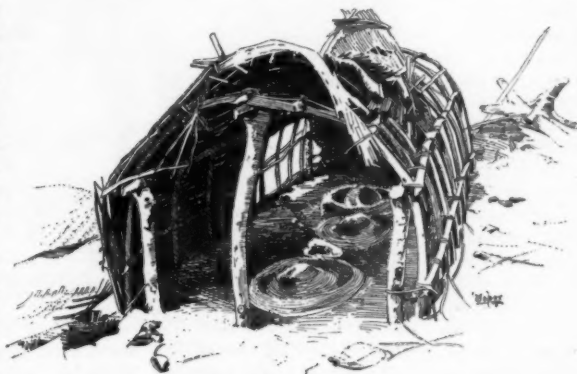
As all natives are either hunters or fishermen, a number of quaint beliefs have naturally

attached themselves to birds, beasts, and fishes. Some birds are of ill, others of good, omen. Some beasts are friendly to man, and others seek only to do him harm.

The mournful hooting of the owl heard at midnight by the villager is a message that death is stealing silently through the huts waiting to select a victim, and all who hear the call will hasten to the neighboring wood and drive the messenger of ill tidings away with sticks and stones.

There is a belief common to all natives of the Upper Congo regions which ascribes to certain possessors of evil spirits ability to assume at will the guise of an animal, reassuming the human form whenever they wish to do so. The incident that follows will serve as an illustration of the strength of this conviction.

As I had lost several goats from the frequent nocturnal raids made on the station by a leopard, I determined to try to rid the district of this wily robber. For several nights I watched, tying up as bait a young goat, which announced the presence of its own savory body by ill-advised bleatings from sunset to dawn. But the leopard did not return to reward my vigilance. It happened, however, that as soon as I omitted my watch the tracks around the sta-



LOWER CONGO GRAVE.

tion showed that the beast had renewed his visits. The natives then explained to me that this was no ordinary leopard, but was an evil spirit which had assumed the shape of that animal, Ngŏi Moloki ("evil-spirited leopard"), and that it was useless to watch for him, as the evil spirit which possessed the beast at night was perhaps visiting my station in human form each day, learning my intentions and timing his raids accordingly. They said, "When you next intend waiting up for the leopard be careful to keep the matter a secret; tell no one, and then perhaps, being unwarned, the animal may venture out."

This transmigration of spirits is supposed to be not altogether without its advantages to some of the powerful head men, who are believed to have in their service crocodiles, hippopotamuses, and other dangerous animals that once were men and to whom death has brought strange changes.

I was living at one time in a clearing of thick

ling me out of my sleep in a most unceremonious manner. He would tell me that there was an old monkey in some of the neighboring trees, or that he could hear the call of a guinea-fowl; this information delivered, he would hurry off to prepare gun and ammunition. The sharp eyes of this boy first saw the hippopotamus, and he imparted to me the news while waking



"TU-KU-LINGA MVULA" ("WE WANT RAIN").

forest with an extensive view of the mighty river before me. A thousand yards from my house was a small island covered with thick tropical vegetation. At the upper end of this an old hippopotamus had taken up his quarters, and at midday would lie in the shallow waters round it basking in the sun.

My little black servant, who was a most enthusiastic sportsman, was delighted when he could bring me the welcome news that he had seen some animal or bird that I might shoot, and he would disturb me at most untimely hours with such information. Sometimes, when I had been hunting all the morning, I would lie down in the heat of the day for a couple of hours, and often was rudely awakened by this youngster tugging away at me and start-

ling me out of my sleep. It is not usual in hunting even big game to fire at such a distance as a thousand yards, but I fired just a few shots to startle the unwieldy brute with the splash of the bullets falling close by him.

AN UNWIELDY COMPANION.

IN the evening of the same day one of the head men of a neighboring village, named Mpuké, paid me a visit, and in a very grave and ceremonious little speech informed me that that particular hippopotamus was a friend of his. He said: "That hippopotamus was originally a man who died, and he assumed the shape of this animal. It is useless for you to try to shoot him, because he has supernatural

power and is bullet-proof. That hippopotamus accompanies me on all my trading expeditions, and is generally of very great use to me. When I go away in my canoes the animal follows me, swimming behind at a short distance, protecting me against all enemies, whether they are men or other hippopotamuses, and he will upset the canoes of natives who are unfriendly to me."

"Do you really think that I am unable to kill the beast, Mpuké?" I asked.

The old chief replied with the emphasis of solemn conviction, "I do."

"Well," said I, "have you any objection to my trying?"

"No," he had no objection, he answered in tones which suggested regret that good powder and shot should be wasted in trying to prove that which every man, woman, and child in the district knew to be a fact.

I decided to try the experiment. I sent around into the neighboring villages that evening and informed them of the conversation I had had with Mpuké concerning his strange friend, and announced my intention of proceeding the next morning to put the matter to the test. The natives were naturally very curious as to what would be the result, and at the very earliest streaks of dawn large canoes full of people made their appearance on my beach. About eight o'clock in the morning I manned my canoe and paddled across to the island, followed at a respectful distance by the canoes of the neighborhood propelled with muffled oars, all the crews maintaining perfect silence.

Upon arriving at the island I ran my canoe ashore just below the shallows, and walked through the forest until I arrived at the edge. I selected a position whence I had a good view of old Mpuké's devil-possessed friend the hippopotamus. In shooting this game it is necessary to be a good shot, because, although the animal is easy to hit, unless you strike fair on some vulnerable spot you are simply cruelly and unnecessarily wounding it. The proper place to aim at is in the forehead, three inches above a line drawn between the two eyes; or in the ear, in the eye, or between these two organs. I had crept so carefully to my position that the hippopotamus was unconscious of my presence. I realized that my reputation was most seriously at stake, and I waited patiently until the animal presented a good mark. Then I raised my Martini rifle and fired, hitting him squarely in the forehead. After three or four spasmodic kicks in the air he sank to the bottom, and the waters became still. That evening the waters around the sandbank were undisturbed, and the smell of boiling and roasting hippopotamus meat pervaded the whole district. The enemies of Mpuké were now able

to cross the river in their canoes in safety. I earned the reputation of being a good shot, and a useful member of society in being able to replenish the larder. Moreover, I scored a point against this particular kind of superstition.

There are, on some reaches of the river, fetish crocodiles which are credited with the power to change their scales to the black skin and curly wool of the African. It is firmly held by the villagers that many members of the community who have disappeared suddenly from their homes and families have been lured to the river by a stranger who beguiled them with fair promises of beads and cloth, and who, when the water's edge was gained, changed instantly to a crocodile and disappeared in the oozy mud, dragging his deluded victim with him. Crocodiles are also, for what reason I know not, considered as generous and social in their natures. Natives have frequently assured me that when a crocodile is fortunate enough to secure a human being it will invite all the crocodiles along the banks to share in the meal, and my men have pointed out places where such banquets have been held.

THE "SOKO."

A CURIOUS account is given by the natives of the origin of the Soko. The Soko is a large monkey of the gorilla type, brown-haired, large-eared, with round face, smooth except the eyebrows, and a scanty beard. The Soko, if we are to believe the Congo negro, is a man who in ages past, having unfortunately drifted into debt and difficulty in his village, has fled to the woods to escape his creditors, and while waiting for his troubles to blow over, his limbs have altered in shape and his body become covered with long hairs. The women are much frightened at the sight of the Soko and clutch their babes fearfully to their bosoms, as they are persuaded that the only property the transformed debtor now attempts to lay hands on are very small children; these, they say, he will catch and carry to the topmost bough of some tall tree. To recover possession of the infant the Soko must be humored. If approached with threatening gestures by the natives he will hurl it in rage to the ground, but if it is left to him to decide, the child will be returned unhurt by its captor. The habits of these strange creatures certainly afford some foundation for the exaggerated statements which the superstitious African makes about them. I myself have seen a family of them at early morn clustered for warmth round a camp-fire which has been left smoldering by some fishermen.

Animals furnish the Nganga with some of his most potent charms. Portions of the skin, hair, or horns of the wild beasts of the forest or river bank command a ready sale; for such

when worn as charms and proclaimed fetish will transfer to the wearer the courage or cunning of the original owner. Elephant tail hairs are in great demand, and a buffalo's horn loaded with small magic trinkets is considered as possessing peculiar virtues.

The babe in the earliest days of its existence is protected from the efforts of the evil-doer, for to the furry belt in which the little one is slung to its mother's breast is attached some charm.

EVIL SPIRIT IN A RIFLE-BARREL.

ANY hitch or hindrance occurring in everyday affairs is at once placed to the credit of evil influences. The Moloki, or evil spirit, will be guilty of petty annoyances in the smallest matters of domestic life. I was once somewhat astonished to hear this mysterious being accused of tampering with firearms. Continual practice among African big game gave me a steady hand and rendered my aim with the rifle fairly sure. As a rule after a day's hunting among the buffaloes or hippopotamuses I returned home with at least one of these animals. But during one season it happened that for two consecutive days I failed to kill anything although I saw plenty. I had used every effort, too, as my larder stood much in need of fresh supplies. The men who accompanied me were thoroughly disheartened at my want of success, and were convinced of the interference of some spirit who had bewitched my gun, and they earnestly asked my permission to expel the objectionable evil-doer. "Let us have your rifle and we will remove the Moloki," said they; and upon my inquiring the mode of ejectment they proposed trying, "Simply put the barrel into the fire," they answered. As the cure suggested seemed to me worse than the evil it was intended to remedy, I decided that the Moloki could retain his present quarters rather than that my rifle should suffer such treatment.

WAR CHARMS.

A DECLARATION of war between two villages is the signal for great activity among the fetish-men. They must find out by their insight into the future how the coming fight will terminate. Charms to protect the warriors against gunshot, spear, and arrow must be prepared. These consist of small packages the size of a tennis ball which contain stones, beads, pieces of iron, fish-hooks, and shells, and are worn round the necks or shoulders of the warriors. Besides the actual charm, devotional duties are imposed upon the wearer by the Nganga. A warrior supplied with a talisman to protect him in time of war against the enemy's weapons has, in order to render the charm effectual, to observe carefully certain injunctions dictated

by the fetish-man to be carried out before eating or drinking. Sometimes it is necessary to smear the face and body with various colored chalks, but the extent of such ceremonies increases with the importance of the client. Manjimba, the village blacksmith at Lukolela, having by his handicraft been enabled to obtain a great number of slaves, considered himself liable to the zealous efforts of the Moloki evil spirit, and as supplement to his charm against the enemy's spear received instructions from his Nganga to carry out the following preliminary before partaking of malafu. First he tied himself around the waist with a thin string of fiber and covered it with a cloth, then with a nut in his mouth, and his knife in his left hand, he carried his cup into a dark corner of his hut where no one could see him.

These elaborate observances attendant upon the possession of charms are simply the result of the fetish-man's fruitful imagination. They fail to give a reason for the precaution of tying a toe, placing a bean between the toes, etc. The ignorant native performs these duties because the fetish-man commands it. To all my inquiries as to the reason for such preparations "fetish" was the only answer.

Sometimes before a fight the fetish-men will be busily engaged for a month or so finding out the best course to pursue in the coming struggle, the warriors the while being engaged in renovating their weapons and in dancing and drinking. It is needless to say that the plan mapped out by the Nganga is not vigorously followed in the war by the warriors, as their actions must necessarily depend much on the reception they meet with when face to face with the enemy. Then, if defeat is the result, the fetish-man will say: "Aha! if you had done exactly as I told you all would have ended differently. You would not have lost a man; you would have captured many slaves, and have returned loaded with ivory and cloth. But, of course, if you do not attend to what I say you cannot expect to succeed." And the contrite warriors will answer: "It is quite true, that is what we ought to have done; why did we not do it?" Then all hotly discuss who should bear the blame for disobeying instructions, finally coming to the conclusion that the next time they go to war they will follow the guidance of the fetish-man. But they never do so. It is easy to understand that they cannot. If they find their enemies too strong, and that they are likely to get the worst of it, they beat a hasty retreat. If in overwhelming force, a precipitate rush is made to the enemy's stronghold, as every man is anxious to steal as much as he can. I have often been amused by watching the return of my neighbors' canoes from some warlike expedition. It is not difficult to

tell at a glance what the result has been. If they have been victorious, and have secured much plunder in the shape of ivory, slaves, goats, etc., they are welcomed back with beating of drums, tinkling of bells, blowing of trumpets, hootings and yellings, a tumult of indescribable sounds. On the other hand, if they have been thrashed, they sneak back to their villages, and the whole affair is hushed up as quickly as possible.

NATIVE SURGERY.

To his religious functions the Nganga unites those of the surgeon and the physician, and however his pretensions in the one calling may be, his skill in the other is more than considerable. In skirmishes of intertribal warfare natives are often badly wounded: powder is a scarce commodity in this part of the world, so the owner of a musket will not fire at his enemy unless he is near enough to be certain of his aim. The slugs used are rough pieces of copper, brass wire, and stones of all shapes. These fired at a distance of twelve or fifteen yards inflict ugly wounds, and are found deeply embedded in the flesh. In the extraction of these rude bullets the fetish-man displays great surgical skill, although of course he always attributes this to the agency of his wonder-working charms. During a little fight I was forced into by the hostile attitude of a neighboring chief several of my men received wounds from the enemy's overcharged flintlocks. I called in a native charm doctor who was renowned for surgical skill. When he arrived I told him that if he succeeded in extracting the slugs from my men I would give him a handsome present. One of my men was badly hit; the charge had entered the shoulder just below the neck and worked its way down towards the armpit. The Nganga, covered with magic paraphernalia, assumed the impressive demeanor characteristic of his clan. He first compelled all present to seat themselves on the ground before him, allowing no one to stand behind him while he was performing the operation. My man was then brought and firmly held, while the Nganga examined the wounds, carefully probing with the hair of an elephant's tail to ascertain the position of the slugs. Having satisfied himself on this point he addressed himself to his charms, bewildering the simple onlookers with muttered incantations of fearful-sounding words; he would often consult a basin filled with water placed near the head of the patient, into which he had dropped a few shells; then he smeared his body with different colored powders, and to increase the keenness of his insight into the hidden things of the spirit world he anointed his eyelids with

a bluish paste. All influences being propitious he proceeded to work again, gently squeezing and pinching the flesh to coax the bullets from the wounds. When his fingers assured him that he had succeeded in his endeavor to bring the bullet near the surface, he produced a number of leaves from a bag carried on his person, pressed them to pulp between his palms, and placed a portion of them over each wound. This done he continued his manipulations with one hand while gesticulating to a mysterious bundle he had in the other. Finally he removed the leaves, and taking the extracted bullets from the aperture of each wound dropped them one by one with a triumphant gesture into the basin. The skill of the Nganga compelled my admiration, and yet all the natives who witnessed the extraction, the patient included, departed more impressed by the irrelevant and absurd rites that accompanied the operation than by the knowledge and dexterity of the operator.

There is much sickness among the tribes of the interior. Fevers and agues haunt the swamps, and ulcers and other sores are very general. Herbal medicines of valuable properties are known to these people. But the fetish-man, in order to maintain his reputation, invests all actual medical treatment with such elaborate magical surroundings as to convince the ignorant savage that the cure is due to the charm, and the application of the herbal mixture subservient to fetish agencies.

"MOLOKI."

THE native when old, too, is frequently stricken with paralysis, a visitation that is utilized by the Nganga for obtaining by terrifying predictions as many fees as he can frighten the sufferer into giving. "It is an evil spirit that I have discovered in you," he will tell the stricken one. When all the remedies of the fetish-man have failed, and in spite of charms and incantations one of his patients dies, he often decides to hold a post-mortem examination, and if it is then determined that the dead native had an evil spirit the body is thrown into the water; if, on the other hand, the absence of the Moloki is proved, due burial rites are observed. In some districts on the Lower Congo for several weeks after interment palm wine is periodically poured down to the deceased through a small hole leading from the surface of the grave to the body. This custom is not general. In other localities the natives mark the final resting-places of their friends by ornamenting their graves with crockery, empty bottles, old cooking-pots, etc., all of which articles are rendered useless by being cracked or perforated with holes. Were this precaution not taken the grotesque decorations would be stolen.

They believe in an existence carried on underground as on earth, a life in which the departed ones require the services of slaves and wives to attend to their several wants. They believe also in spirits or ghosts, which they call *Barimu*, and affirm that occasionally the *Barimu* visit the village at night to frighten and annoy mortals.

The fetish-man is in some instances a dupe to his own art. Surrounded by his own people, who place implicit confidence in him, he may in time grow to believe that his actions have really some of that mystical virtue which is everywhere attributed to them; but more often he is a conscious knave. I had among my crew when exploring some of the little-known tributaries a bright, intelligent young fellow who had gained in his village the reputation of being a rising *Nganga*. One day I asked him to tell me something about the fetish profession. Making sure that no other native was within hearing to betray his words to the villagers, and eliciting from me a promise that I would not divulge anything he told me, he confessed that so far as he was concerned it was an imposture, and that he invented charms simply to meet the demand of the credulous. He had in his hand a large antelope's horn, over the aperture of which was a woven covering. "This," said he, "is a piece of fetish. By this I can discover in case of sickness whether the sufferer will recover or die. When I am called to a sick person this horn will at once foretell his fate. If he is to die, the charm will remain silent; but if recovery is certain, a low whistle will be heard. See, I will hold the charm at arm's length and it shall whistle when you wish." I tendered the necessary invitation, and was surprised to hear a wheezy whistle, which sounded as if it came from the horn. I asked the man to explain it to me, but he was not inclined to part with so valuable a property without some consideration. Finally he agreed that I should become the possessor of the charm and its working for an empty bottle, which I gave him. Going to the door to make sure that no listeners were there, he drew from his nostril a perforated bean. It was with this that he had made the sound supposed to come from the horn. He explained to me that it was by such means that the fetish-man amassed his wealth.

Natives fear the fetish-man, as they are unable to determine the extent or limit of his authority over evil influences. But the belief in his power has no deeper root than this uncertainty, and it is greatly lessened in natives who come in contact with white men, who, they are quick to perceive, perform greater wonders

than the *Nganga*, and without his supernatural pretension.

I have had under my command natives who in their own villages would observe most religiously all the imposition which their fetish-man thought fit to decree. Before eating and drinking they would adopt the usual measures of precaution, and would wear on their persons the requisite package of guardian charms; but after a few months' contact with the skepticism of the white man these same natives felt as safe and secure in eating fish and drinking *malafu* without fetish precaution as I myself in sipping a cup of coffee. When I had killed an elephant, a buffalo, or a hippopotamus, I often asked them: "Can your *Nganga* kill these big beasts? Has he even the courage to face them and to risk his life to obtain them for you? I do it and succeed. But I have no fetish charm." Such reasoning on my part was not without effect; my men invariably ignored the power of the *Nganga*, but on returning to their villages they relapsed into the same feeble submission to senseless custom, not because they still had any faith in it, but because they knew that any declaration of disbelief in the power of the fetish-man would bring trouble upon them, and in all probability the *Nganga* would soon find an opportunity to accuse them of witchcraft. The poison test would be administered, and the draught so mixed as by certain death to establish guilt.

There is an element of hopefulness in the little permanence attaching to the customs of superstition of the African savage. Their beliefs never attain the dignity of traditions. They are a people absolutely without legends or history. Each generation lives its life and passes from the face of the earth, leaving no sign, no memorial, of its existence. There are no records of great men in the tribes, nothing to mark either the progress or the decay of a race, and all the unreasoned fetish system has not the sanction that superstition gains in other countries from ancient laws and sacred literature.

The African knows of no past, and he is bound by no great memories. He lives entirely in the present, and his beliefs are made to fit the needs of the moment. It is easier to correct the vagaries of childlike ignorance than to combat creeds which have outlived centuries of progress. It should therefore be only a question of time when the increasing light derived from the spread of Christianity, due to the self-sacrificing efforts of devoted missionaries and the accumulating incentives to industrious labor which commerce extends to all, shall have penetrated the dark spots of central Africa and illuminated the still darker intelligences of her savage children.

E. J. Glave.

AN INFLATED CURRENCY ACT.



EREMIAH PEPPER, although a man of means and sense, was forever getting into some ridiculous scrape. Just as some fish cannot exist in calm waters but must seek the wildest and most troubled streams, so Jerry, instead of drifting down the current of life like the rest of mortals, must perforce run into every eddy and whirlpool on the way. Never was there a time in which he did not manage to have at least a couple of difficulties on hand. Before they were finally disposed of others were sure to be well under way. If there had been some subtle quality in his very name permeating his nature and keeping him eternally in a stew, this state of things could not have been more chronic. For it really seemed that our worthy, in the words of the Irish bull, could not be happy unless he was miserable.

Now it was a fight touching politics at the election; now a dispute about running a new road, or a squabble over a hog mark. Again he was whipping a neighbor's negroes without warrant or cause. Indeed, if there was any scrape possible in a rural community in which, first and last, he had not been involved, I cannot now conceive of it. The consequence was that he was always at law, always in the wrong, and, as tightly as he clung to money, always being mulcted.

The most memorable, and certainly to him the most wholesome, of all the pickles into which he ever chanced to fall was that long known as the Inflated Currency Act.

In a ridiculously small, fragile excuse for a hovel lived old Aunt Charity, or, as she was called, Chetty Raglan. Although it was hard to tell whether white, negro, or Indian blood predominated in her veins, she belonged to the despised caste of free negroes. For unnumbered years the old woman, harmless as a bird and well-nigh as timid, had held the scrap of worthless rocky knoll on which she lived. For all that was known to the contrary, it was a pitiful remnant of the once broad heritage of her Indian ancestors, which no one had thought worth while to appropriate. Always just as her habitation—which was scarcely less ephemeral than the habitations of the wild things in the woods around her—was tottering in its fall, another, its counterpart, would be started hard by. These structures, otherwise so

unlike, were in one respect like the Eternal City—they were not built in a day. The log walls went up by slow degrees as she could beg the gift and hauling of the poles, one or two at a time. The slabs for the roof came in the same way, while the handful of plank for the floor—unless the old one, which perhaps, having already served once or twice, could be made to answer again—was still longer in collecting. The lugubrious little chimneys of sticks and mud, which invariably leaned backward, as if too proud to touch the house, till they seemed in imminent peril of falling, were often so long building that the total collapse of her old abode drove Aunt Chetty into the unfinished one, compelling her to cook out of doors for many months. The result was that by the time one hut was finished its rapidly advancing dissolution admonished her to begin another.

While not creeping around begging material or assistance in her never-ending house-building she contrived to gain the scantiest living by selling gingerbread of her own preparation, eked out by the sale of wild nuts and berries and persimmon beer in season. These products she, like others, took wherever found, regardless of the ownership of the land on which they grew.

It was Pepper's ill fortune to meet her while on one of these incursions into his own woods. Why he should attack the old woman no one could tell, unless, as was suggested, to keep his hand in. The circumstances of the assault were too scandalous to be tolerated, for while others might be pitiful Aunt Chetty was pitifulness itself. Being a negro, her testimony, of course, would not be taken against a white man, but fortunately a small white boy had witnessed the whipping, and on his evidence Jerry was arraigned and duly convicted.

Just before the termination of the case the defendant learned from the suppressed whispers of the court room that the crowd had determined to subscribe and pay any fine that should be imposed. No sooner was he called to the bar and the penalty of fifty dollars fine and costs announced than the dense crowd began to file out of the court room. Jerry, who, all alertness, stood bareheaded facing the judge, with his hands crossed at his back, felt as each man passed behind him a crisp note thrust into his fingers. It is not the proper thing to look a gift-horse in the mouth, so he simply acknowledged each donation with a profound bow as he conveyed it to his pocket.

It was a great day, and, as I have said, the audience was a large one. So when one arm got tired he changed hands and deposited the notes in the other pocket. But there is a limit to human endurance, even if the labor consist in the delectable task of guiding a golden flood into one's own pockets. Especially is this the case if the day is hot, the air close, and one is fat and unaccustomed to exertion, and has to bow like the penny-receiving puppet on a hand-organ. Therefore, by the time that the last man passed out, this favorite of fortune, though he held out manfully to the end, was all redness and perspiration.

It must be remembered that as at this time there were few or no small notes in circulation, each bow must be a five-dollar one. It was clear that the heart of his race had been

touched by the spectacle of a gentleman arraigned by a free negro, and that, with a noble disregard of gold and the addition table, it had, by one spontaneous, uncalculating impulse, thrown a fortune at his feet.

When I say that the English language contains no word strong enough to express Jeremiah Pepper's love of money, his frame of mind may perhaps be imagined. In dreams, sometimes, but never before in the waking hours of day, came to man such an experience.

Alas, alas, for earthly felicity! Jerry's case was but an epitome of human experience. Before he could reach a safe place to unburden his pockets and compute the results, his wealth, like the fairy gold, had all turned to dead leaves — the leaves of an old Webster's Speller.

David Dodge.

LEONARDO DA VINCI, 1452-1519.

(ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.)



LEONARDO was the illegitimate son of Ser Piero of Vinci, a little Tuscan town near Empoli, and is recorded by Vasari as a "lad of good parts, handsome, clever, and volatile, so that he was disposed to do a little of everything." Showing a fondness for drawing, he was taken by his father to Verrocchio, who, according to Vasari, was amazed at his precocity and accepted him as an apprentice. He remained in the studio of his master until he was past twenty, doing all sorts of work — drawing, modeling, architecture, and plans of engineering schemes. His companions in the studio were Perugino and Lorenzo di Credi, and he must have met there all the artistic minds of the Florentine school, just then in the highest phase of its activity and originality. The circumstances were such that one may say that in no instance in the history of art had the time and the man so completely coincided to produce the complete artist, had only constancy been added. Giotto before and Titian after found the stars in conjunction in their favor, but even Giotto does not seem to have possessed so complete an outfit of talents as Leonardo. Vasari tells us that he was as gracious and sympathetic as he was wise and handsome, and such was the fascination of his conversation that he drew men to him universally; and though he was never wealthy he always had horses and servants at his command. "So many were his caprices," says the biographer, "that, philosophizing on natural objects he got to understand the properties of

plants, observing the movements of the heavens, the course of the moon and the motion of the sun." In his first edition Vasari says that he became in this way a heretic and thought that to be a philosopher was more than being a Christian, but the sentence is omitted from the second edition of the life. He also says of Leonardo that his imagination and ideal were so high that he hardly ever succeeded in satisfying himself with his productions, and that this is the reason why he left so many works unfinished; but the true reason is probably deeper than this, viz., that he was too fickle in his impulses to be able to persist long in the pursuit of one object. Seeing him as we can see him now, at the distance of centuries and in comparison with his rivals if not his peers, we can judge him better than could Vasari, who was overpowered by the reputation of the greatness of the man and attributed to him achievements of which he had only the possibilities. When he failed it was, first, from the want of persistence, and, secondly, from the want of perception of the ideal, so that he succeeds entirely only in what must be considered realistic art.

Of the work of his early Florentine period we have very little; he is inscribed in the company of painters in 1472 and his first recorded commission was given in 1478. Of this period are the "Rotella," the "Medusa," "Neptune," and a cartoon of Adam and Eve. He seems to have gone to Milan about 1483, having prospered little in Florence. A letter of his exists proposing to Ludovico il Moro, regent for his nephew, Gian Galeazzo, plans of engineering work and military devices. Vasari

places his departure from Florence in 1494, when Ludovico became Duke, but it is certain that he had been at Milan for several years during the regency. One of the curious legends which Vasari has handed down to us is that Leonardo was sent to Ludovico by Lorenzo de' Medici on account of his skill as a musician, and that he had made for himself a lyre of silver in the form of a horse's skull on which he produced sounds surpassing all that other musicians could produce. He was, however, employed also as a painter, for we find that he was ordered to paint a Nativity which was sent as a present to the Emperor Maximilian. He then painted the fresco on which his legendary reputation rests more than on all else he did, and to which, ruined and twice repainted as it is, the general estimate attributes virtues it never possessed when the hand of Da Vinci could be seen in it—the Cenacolo, or Last Supper, in the convent of Sta. Maria delle Grazie.

A great deal has been written and said about the supposed sublime renunciation of the painter in leaving the head of Christ unfinished, but I believe mostly in entire inappreciation of the true difficulties which beset him. The story relates that Leonardo while engaged on the picture would often stand half a day gazing at it and doing nothing. The prior of the monastery, impatient at this inefficiency, after repeatedly reproaching Leonardo, who made no reply, complained to the Duke, who, as in duty bound, brought the complaint to Leonardo, explaining that he did so only in order to content the prior. Leonardo replied that he was working harder than when he was handling the brush, and that he was puzzling over two heads in the picture, those of Christ and Judas, not finding a type for the second or being able to conceive the first, but that if nothing better provided itself he would make a Judas of the prior.¹

While living in Milan under the protection of Ludovico he occupied himself during sixteen years with what he considered his great work, the colossal equestrian statue of Duke Francesco I. The clay model is said to have been completed, but when the French came into the city in 1499 they amused themselves by demolishing it. Leonardo is reported to have composed a work on the anatomy of the horse; this is also lost, as well as the wax model of the equestrian group. His desultory habit of mind was made more desultory by poverty during the last days of his Milanese career. Ludovico was able to make but tardy and insufficient provision for him and the Academy he had founded in Lu-

dovico's name. On his return to Florence he heard that the monks of the Convent of the Servi had commissioned Filippino to paint the altarpiece for the high altar of the Annunziata and expressed his desire to be intrusted with such a work, on which Filippino resigned the commission in Leonardo's favor. Of course the monks gladly accepted the substitution, invited the painter to their monastery, and charged themselves with the care of his family. As usual he thought and studied more than he worked, and only after a considerable period of idleness did he produce the cartoon, with which he contented himself, and Filippino painted the picture. His principal work subsequently seems to have been in portraiture, and he did many portraits of women. Of one of these, the "Mona Lisa," portrait of the wife of Francesco del Giocondo, which is the frontispiece of the present number of this magazine, I have no need to speak; it is the best known and probably the best preserved of all Leonardo's finished works. Vasari's description of it, drawn in his usual exaggerated style, will be useful to us in determining the real character of the artist's genius, and it is worth giving in full.

The eyes had that moisture and sparkle which we see continually in nature, and cannot be rendered without great subtlety. The lashes, showing how the hairs grew in the skin, in one part thicker and in another thinner, and following the curves of the pores, could not be more natural. The nose with its nostrils, pink and tender, seemed to be alive. The mouth with its line of separation, and its extremities united by the red of the lips with the carnations of the face, seemed not color but really flesh. In the dimple of the throat, if you looked carefully, you saw the pulse beat; and in truth one might say that it was painted in a manner to make any artificer fear and tremble, be he who he might. He employed also this artifice, that, Madonna Lisa being most beautiful, he had some one who, while he drew her, sang or made music on some instrument, and buffoons who kept her merry so as to relieve that gravity which painting gives to portraiture; and in this work of Leonardo there was a smile so charming that it was a thing more divine than human to see, and it was held so wonderful a thing that the living person could not be beyond it.

The success of this portrait was such that the city would have some work by the painter, and he was commissioned to paint the council hall, for which he made the cartoon which was in competition with that of Michael Angelo. Both are now lost, but we have a part of Leonardo's in a copy; several engravings also exist, but of uncertain authority. Leonardo, if Vasari is to be believed, began to paint the picture in oil on the wall, and if so,

work on the picture. This is more probable than that he painted it, as the tradition is, from the prior, as in that case it probably would have been soon effaced.

¹ Giraldi tells us that the head of Judas was finally painted from studies Leonardo made from all the vile and wicked heads he saw during the year he was at

this is sufficient to explain the destruction of it; for though he understood the use of oils as a vehicle as no one else of his time understood it, no means had yet been invented to make it answer for wall-painting proper. The story of this work, though interesting in the history of art, has no lesson for us. He was interrupted in it by a request from the French governor of Milan that the Signiory would lend him Leonardo for a time, and he had leave of absence for three months, afterward prolonged, and becoming finally, as is probable, the cause of the total abandonment of the picture, as he became engaged in engineering schemes which indulged his desultoriness and mechanical tendencies, inclinations which seem to have been at all times stronger with him than his love of art. He painted at this time several pictures which have perished from the defects of the method of execution, being experiments in mediums which his researches in chemistry had suggested to him. Being commissioned to paint a picture for the Pope, he began at once to distil oils and essences for the varnishing of it, on which the Pope remarked, with great good sense, "Alas! he will do nothing who thinks of the end of his work before beginning it."

The rivalry between Leonardo and Michael Angelo, which had its origin in the competition for the decoration of the council hall, broke out into so decided antagonism that the former accepted the invitation of the King of France to go to that country and enter into his service. But in the employment of the king the same want of the power of continuous application which had been the cause of the barrenness of his life in all adequate results of his talents made them as fruitless as they had been in Milan and Florence. He was requested to paint a St. Anne, but postponed it, as was his custom, and died, without having executed the commission, on May 2, 1519, at the age of sixty-seven. The story Vasari tells of the painter dying in the arms of the king is, unfortunately for the romance of his life, a fable. It is shown by contemporary records that Da Vinci lived and died at the Château de Cloux, while the king at the time of his death was at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, and learned the death of his favorite from Francesco Melzi. Vasari says of him:

The loss of Leonardo pained beyond expression all who had known him, because there had never been a person who did such honor to painting. He, by the splendor of his manner, which was most beautiful, tranquillized every troubled mind, and by his words bent to his will every obstinate determination. His strength was such that he could control the most violent rage, and his hand twisted the iron ring of a door-knocker or a horseshoe as if

it were lead. His generosity took in and fed every friend, poor or rich, so long as he had genius and character. He honored and decorated by every action even an empty and dishonored chamber, on which account Florence had a great gift in the birth of Leonardo, and a loss more than infinite in his death. In the art of painting he added to the method of using color a certain shadow by the use of which his successors have given great force and relief to their figures. . . . From Leonardo we have the anatomy of the horse and that of man much more complete; whence from all his powers we understand that although he worked more in word than in deed his name and reputation will never become extinct.

Of the art of Leonardo we have scarcely enough that is authentic to do more than estimate his powers. The two works by which above all others his reputation is established, the *Cenacolo* and the *Mona Lisa*, are so badly retouched that we can hardly do them complete justice; of the former, indeed, we probably have nothing but the composition and general effect. Most of the pictures which have been attributed to him are of more than doubtful authenticity, and are probably either emulations of his manner by his followers or copies of his work made by men more careful of their mediums and manner of working than he; for he seems to have made art more the subject of his theories and experiments than of true artistic devotion. The plain truth concerning Leonardo is that he had of the supreme qualities of the artist only the accuracy of vision, which is his scientific outfit, and the power of concentration, which he used fitfully and rarely. His temperament and mental qualities were purely scientific and his painting was realistic; he had immense executive power, as we see from his drawings, of which many have been preserved, but his imagination ran into mechanism and science exclusively. He was a great engineer and geometrician; his scientific investigations far outran the science of his time, and his intellectual power and fascination were such that he imposed himself on all who knew him as great in all that he had a mind to undertake. It is easy to understand that Michael Angelo should hold his art as mistaken and inferior; but to the general public, to whom the imitation of nature in her material aspect is the only standard of excellence, it is certain that his work was a revelation, and that it must have made his reputation commensurate with his opinion of himself. He was the first great Italian realist, possibly the first who actually attempted to paint the model directly from the life; for this we can suppose from the manner in which the painter is reported to have succeeded in securing the smile which has made the picture of *Mona Lisa* a unique attainment in the art of its day. A proof of his limitations to the actual representation of what he had be-



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE IN THE PITTI GALLERY, FLORENCE.

"THE GOLDSMITH." ATTRIBUTED TO LEONARDO DA VINCI.

fore him is found in the entire want of nature in the background of the few pictures on which we have the right to base conclusions — his distances are fabrications of the studio, with no evidence of his possession of any ideal faculty. On the whole, therefore, I conclude that the greatness of Leonardo's reputation as painter is very largely the reflection of the personal influence he exercised on his contemporaries through his stupendous intellectual power.

The so-called "Book of Painting" of Leonardo da Vinci is simply a collection of precepts which were probably noted down for the instruction of the pupils of that academy of arts which he instituted in Milan, and consists in the main of generalizations and theories which show the tendency of his mind to a positivism in art which excludes the purely poetic conception of it. There are certain precepts, too, as to the study of nature and notation of her phenomena which prove his extraordinary powers of vision and lucidity of apprehension of things seen — both rare faculties, and the combination of which is so rare that a true artistic imagination may be held to be more common. He had a passionate love of nature in all her manifestations, and even in his painting it is not art, but nature, which commands his allegiance; his drawing was the handmaid of his science, and not of the ideal.

A single example of these precepts of which his book is composed will illustrate what I have said. It is headed "Of Imitating Painters,"

and among all that his book contains it is one of the clearest of his injunctions: "I say to the painters that no one should ever imitate the manner of another, because he would thus be the nephew and not the son of nature; because, the material of nature being so abundant, they ought rather to go to her than to the masters who have only learned from her. And this I say not for those who desire to become rich, but for those who desire by art to acquire fame and honor." This is entirely in the latest vein of modern realism, ignoring the greater truth that art is the result of a long evolution, a secular education in which every successive master has advanced the standard of excellence a little. And with all this he lays down rules which are nothing less than conventional prescriptions; such, for instance, as this: "When you have to draw from nature take your position three times the height of the object distant from it." Of the nearly one thousand rules in this code of laws of art there are many which are astonishing from the evidence they give of his unsurpassable accuracy of perception of the facts of nature, and many which only show the limitation of his views on art, and as a system would have no other result than that of crippling the student who should attempt to obey them. Leonardo da Vinci is the most luminous proof in the history of art that the really scientific and the completely artistic faculty do not coexist in one mind.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY T. COLE ON THE "ADORATION."

THE unfinished work of Leonardo da Vinci, "The Adoration of the Magi," from which I take the detail, hangs in the large hall of the old masters, the next room to the Tribune of the Uffizi. This is an authenticated picture, and bears the stamp of Leonardo's hand as strong and clear as can be. It is a large work, measuring seven and a half feet square, exclusive of its frame. It is painted on wood, upon a gesso ground in tempera. The ground tints of the picture are merely laid in, and consist of greenish and yellowish tones. The composition is truly magnificent. The Madonna seated is the central object and immediately seizes the attention, while round about her (though at a respectful distance, as though not desiring to approach too near) are distributed the kings and high personages in attitudes of adoration and awe. The Madonna is quite unconscious of it all, and looks down smiling and happy upon the Child. One could not imagine a more graceful attitude or more winning appearance. It thrills me every time I look at it, and the ease of her way of holding the Child is very charming and delightful. The Child, too, appears to me the incarnation of a very high idea. He is receiving the gift of the old king, while with the other hand he appears to be pointing heavenward — a very graceful action, and as though he meant by

it that he received the gift in the name of his heavenly Father. The act seems to inspire the old king above with wonder and amazement.

The background is fanciful and fascinating. A tree rises to the left and behind the Madonna. The top of the picture abruptly terminates it. This is well studied and worked up. It mingles its foliage with another, a palm whose spray-like leaves are most minutely and delicately finished up. This is the most finished part of the picture.

To the left is a ruin. A flight of steps ascends above arches and there ends. Graceful figures, outlined, are seated upon them or stand about, losing themselves in nothingness. Through one of the arches to the left a group of horsemen come prancing. Other figures in outline are traced here and there between the colonnades. To the right of the picture a group on horseback are engaged in combat. One holds a standard. They bend towards one another and mingle with other forms and rocks half made out and sketchy, as though reminiscent of his famous cartoon of the "Battle for the Standard."

This "Adoration" by Leonardo as far surpasses anything else of its kind as his famous "Last Supper" does all others in its own line.

T. Cole.



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.

A DETAIL FROM THE UNFINISHED PICTURE BY LEONARDO DA VINCI,
"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI."

COLD CHEER AT CAMP MORTON.



AS captured by a squadron of Ohio cavalry on Walden's Ridge, near Chattanooga, October 5, 1863, and was exchanged in front of Richmond, Va., March 1, 1865. When made a prisoner I was a private soldier in Company I of the 4th Alabama Cavalry, known as "Russell's Regiment."

As soon as I was disarmed my captors proceeded to divest me of the slender stock of personal effects I possessed, such as knife, pocketbook, blanket, and oil-cloth. Two comrades taken at the same time were put through a similar process, but as they had surrendered without resistance, they escaped some forcible epithets which were addressed to me by one of our captors, a sergeant. Under the excitement of the moment I think he was excusable, for I had come within an ace of shooting him only a minute before. Nor was there any surprise at being deprived of one's effects, because at this period of the war it was a pretty general practice to consider everything your prisoner had as your property, even to an interchange of clothing when the best of the bargain was on the side of the captor.¹

On this occasion, however, we did not exchange clothing, but kept our slim and ragged wardrobe of jacket and trousers, and one change of undergarments. We marched under guard into Sequatchie Valley, where at dusk we were turned over to the 10th Illinois Infantry. By a coincidence, almost strange, the soldiers who stood guard over us this first night of our captivity belonged to a company of which my own cousin was commander—Captain Thomas Smith, of Jacksonville, Ill.

The men of this company treated us with great kindness. They were on very short rations, for we had destroyed their train only three days before, yet they cheerfully and generously divided their slender supply with us. An officer—I was informed that he was adjutant of this regiment—ordered us to be placed in a stable near by where we could be more

securely guarded. It was so very dirty that I objected to spending a night in such an atmosphere, and asked him to allow us to sleep in the open air, notwithstanding we were without blankets. My objection was overruled by an argument which was unanswerable. "Young man," he said, "Jesus Christ was born in a stable, and I guess you can stand it for one night." As soon as it was dark one of the three guards detailed to watch us said, "Boys, if you will give us your word of honor that you won't try to get away, you can come out and sit around the fire with us." We did this, and spent the night chatting with these true soldiers until, overcome with fatigue, we fell asleep. Several years after the war, in Jacksonville, Ill., I called upon one of these men to show my appreciation of his treatment of myself and comrades. They were then untried soldiers, having never been engaged in battle, but I was not surprised to hear of their splendid record achieved in the campaign from Missionary Ridge to Atlanta. It was the general verdict in prison that at the front, where the brave men were, a prisoner was treated with the consideration due one man from another. We did not often find such soldiers doing guard duty around a military prison.

On October 7 we started for Stevenson, Ala., going by wagon down Sequatchie Valley. For the greater part of this day we traveled over the road where we had the running fight four days before. For ten or fifteen miles the way, here and there, was obstructed by wagons partly burned, some of them still smoldering. In places detours had to be made to get at a respectful distance from ammunition wagons whose places were readily revealed by the occasional explosion of shells or cartridges. The air was full of the sickening smell of dead animals. With this train of more than two hundred wagons we had captured about one thousand mules and horses, and, not being able to carry them away, had, by orders of our commander, destroyed them.

On this day an amusing incident occurred.

¹ In one instance, which I shall never forget, this enforced swapping was carried to a cruel extreme. After one of our charges at the battle of Chickamauga, in which the Federal cavalry were driven from the field, a number of prisoners were taken, among these an officer who had on a splendid pair of Wellington boots. He had met with a double misfortune in being shot through the foot and captured by a man who had no

sympathy for a foe in distress. The Texan asserted his claim by saying, "Take off your boots." The prisoner took the boot from the sound foot and gave it to him, but requested that on account of the wound in the other foot his captor would split the leather so that it might be removed without pain. The only reply was, "I'll be — if I spoil that boot"; and he pulled it off *vi et armis*.



CAMP-FIRE PAROLE.

As our wagon stopped for the guard to speak with a group of Federal soldiers one of these addressed me, saying, "Hello, we've got *you* this time!" I recognized in him a man I had captured three or four days before, under the following circumstances. Having been dismounted in the fight of October 2, and cut off from my command by a squadron of Federal cavalry, which came upon us unexpectedly, I, with three comrades, escaped capture by scrambling up the cliffs of Walden's Ridge. Here we spent the remainder of that day and night, nearly famished for water, the desire for which was not made less extreme by hearing, every time we were awakened, the sound of water rushing over a mill-tail at the foot of the mountain. At daylight we concluded to descend to the mill to get water and try to find something to eat. From the mill I followed a footpath which led up to a double log cabin. It was near sunrise, and as I reached the open door a soldier in blue uniform appeared at another door opposite my position. Covering him with my army six-shooter I requested him to surrender, which he did, seeing he could not reach his gun, which was standing against the fireplace, at one end of the room. After I had secured his Springfield and cartridges, he asked me what I was going to do with him, and informed me that he had taken refuge in this house during the capture of the train. I told him he was free to go where he pleased, said good-by to him, and rejoined my comrades. On the day after this we were taken, and by

a strange coincidence my former prisoner and I again met.

We were confined at Stevenson, Ala., for several days, meeting with kind treatment; thence we were taken to Nashville, where we spent several very weary days in the State penitentiary, being forced to associate with a miserable lot of Union deserters, bounty-jumpers, and criminals of various sorts, most of whom had a ball and chain attached to the leg. I was confined in a narrow stone cell which was damp and chilly, and, being without blankets, bedding, or heat, was uncomfortable enough.

By way of Louisville we traveled to Indianapolis, arriving in the prison grounds at Camp Morton about ten o'clock at night, where, no provision having been made for us, we slept, or tried to sleep, through the cold night, in the open air and upon the ground.

During the night I was seized with a violent chill, which lasted for several hours, the prelude to an attack of pneumonia, from the effects of which I did not recover for many years. As soon as it was day a comrade begged the officer in charge that I be taken to the hospital, or given shelter. The few tents used as hospitals were all full, and the answer came back that there was no room, but that I should have the first vacancy. The vacancy occurred, as the hospital steward afterward informed me, at 2 p. m., and I was in the dead man's bed an hour later. I found myself in kind hands, and under the direction of a physician to whom I shall ever be grateful. During my prison life,



"HELLO, WE 'VE GOT YOU THIS TIME!"

broken down in health by exposure and hunger, and by this illness, I spent several months in the hospital at Camp Morton, and bear witness to the conscientious attention and kindly treatment accorded to myself and comrades by the physicians and hospital authorities.

It is true that in 1863, and as late as the summer of 1864, the facilities for treating the sick were wholly inadequate, and many deaths were doubtless due to this failure to provide the necessary quarters; but later on some wooden pavilions with plastered walls and ceilings were erected, and by the fall of 1864 these were increased to a number and capacity equal to all ordinary requirements.

Camp Morton, the military prison, was, in 1863, a plot of ground formerly used as a fair-ground, in shape a parallelogram, containing, as well as I could estimate, about twenty acres of land, inclosed by a plank wall about twenty feet high. In its long axis this plot was bisected by a little rivulet, which the prisoners christened the "Potomac." On each side of this branch the barracks were situated. These barracks had been erected as cattle sheds and stables: they were about twenty feet wide, in height ten feet to the eaves, fifteen feet to the middle of the roof, and eighty feet long. The sides were of weather-boards ten to twelve inches wide, set on end and presumably touching one another, and covered with strips when first put up. When they served as shelter for

us, however, the planks had shrunk, and many of the strips had disappeared, leaving wide cracks, through which the winds whistled and the rain and snow beat in upon us. I have often seen my top blanket white with snow when we were hustled out for morning roll-call. The roof was of shingles and did not leak. Along the comb an open space about a foot wide extended the entire length of the shed. The earth served as floor, and the entrance was through a large barn door at each end. Along each side of this shelter, extending seven feet towards the center, were constructed four tiers of bunks, the lowest about one foot from the ground, the second three feet above this, the third three feet higher, while the fourth tier was on a level with the eaves. Upon these long shelves, not partitioned off, the prisoners slept, or lay down, heads to the wall, feet towards the center or passageway. About two feet of space was allotted to each man, making about 320 men housed in each shed. As we had no straw for bedding, and as each man was allowed only one blanket, there was little comfort to be had in our bunks until our miseries were forgotten in sleep. The scarcity of blankets forced us to huddle together in cold weather, usually three in a group, with one blanket between us and the planks, and the other two to cover us with. The custom was to take turns in occupying the middle place; but, on account of my small stature and boyish appearance, I

was allowed to sleep in the middle all the time. The only attempt at heating this open shed (Bar-racks No. 4) was by means of four stoves placed at equal distances along the passageway, and only the strong man who could push or fight his way to the stove, and then have muscle enough to maintain his position, enjoyed the luxury of artificial warmth. Up to Christmas of 1864 I had not felt the heat from the stove. To men the greater number of whom had never been in a cold climate the suffering was intense when with such surroundings the mercury was near zero. A number were frozen to death, and many more perished from disease brought on by exposure, added to their condition of emaciation from lack of food. I counted eighteen bodies carried into the dead-house one morning after an intensely cold night. During these very cold spells it was our habit to sleep in larger groups or "squads," so that by combining blankets and body heat the cold could be better combated. Another practice was, just at sundown, when we were forced to "go to bed," to dip the top blanket in water, wring it out fairly dry, so that, being thus made more impermeable, it would retain the warmth generated by the body. Lots were drawn for position, and woe to the unfortunate end men, who, although captains of the squad for the night, paid dearly for their honors in having to shiver through the weary hours. And yet all this was not without a strong suggestion of the grotesque. The squad or file of men slept "spoon fashion."

No one was allowed to rest flat on the back, for this took up too much room for the width of the blankets. The narrower the bulk to be covered, the thicker the blanket on top. At intervals all through these intensely cold nights, above the shivering groans of the unhappy prisoners could be heard the order of the end men, "Boys, spoon!" and, as if on parade, they would flop over upon the other side, to the gratification of one end man and the dis-

gust of the other, whose back by the change was once more turned on a cold world. Of course it was only in the winter months that we had such intense cold, but no one can imagine how long these days and nights seemed unless he has gone through this experience. The two winters I passed in Camp Morton were the worst I have experienced, although I had no means of recording the depths to which the mercury descended.

When the bugle sounded, between daylight and sunrise, we gladly tumbled out for roll-call, for we were tired of our hard berths, in which we were compelled to remain from sunset until daylight. Our toilet, which in winter consisted of putting on our hats (we slept in our shoes and clothes), was soon over, and we were in line to answer to our names. If all were "present, or accounted for," we were soon dismissed, and each man's first move was to get something to eat.

At no period of my imprisonment was the ration issued sufficient to satisfy hunger. It seemed strange that human beings were actually starving to death in a country rich in the necessities of life, yet I was reduced to such straits that I gladly paid fifteen cents for a single ear of corn, and this in sight of fields of this grain, not worth, outside the prison walls, one dollar a bushel. During the first four or five months of our life at Camp Morton prisoners who could obtain money from friends outside were allowed to purchase certain arti-



SELLING BREAD.



A BREAK FOR LIBERTY.

cles from the prison sutler, tickets, worthless except with this man, being issued to the prisoners in return for greenbacks placed to their credit at headquarters. Although the prices paid were outrageously high, we never ceased to regret the order which closed this source of supply.

I know from personal observation that many of my comrades died from starvation. Day after day it was easy to observe the progress of emaciation, until they became so weak that when attacked with an illness which a well-nourished man would easily have resisted and recovered from they rapidly succumbed. One feature of this miserable process of starvation by degrees, far sadder than death itself, was the moral degradation to which many of the prisoners sank. Beings who had proved themselves men in the trials of battle, who had borne reputations for honesty and soldierly conduct, not only practised stealing from their comrades, but so far forgot their manhood as to feed like hogs upon the refuse material thrown into the swill-tubs from the hospital kitchen, and even went farther in degradation than I can describe on this page. I was an active member of a committee whose

duty it was forcibly to prevent these men from making hogs of themselves and bringing shame unjustly upon their comrades by such unmanly practices. We even went so far as to inflict bodily chastisement upon several who persisted in feeding on this filthy refuse, and on one occasion we ducked an offender head foremost in the swill-barrel.

The entire ration for one day was not enough for a single meal. The more improvident devoured their scanty loaf of bread as soon as it was issued, and usually the bread came in first. I have often seen great crowds of prisoners watch-

ing for the opening of the gate and the arrival of the bread-wagon, shouting piteously, "Bread, bread!" and when it came their shouts would rend the air. The small piece of meat was in like manner eaten when received, and then there was nothing to do but suffer and wait until the next day. The more sensible men restrained their appetites until the entire ration was received, and then divided it into two portions, for a morning and an afternoon meal. The mess to which I belonged was composed of seven men. A ration of meat for the entire mess was received and divided into seven portions, so equally distributed that each member expressed himself as entirely satisfied before lots were drawn. Then, in order to prevent partiality, one member turned his back, and as the chief of the mess touched one portion with, "Who gets this?" the arbiter would call the name of the person to whom it was allotted. There was no appeal from this decision.

As a rule vegetables were not issued to the men directly, a pint of vegetable soup being given instead as soon as morning roll-call was over.

For the last year in Camp Morton, although

I could command all the money I wanted, I could not use it, since I was not allowed to purchase food; and when at last I was exchanged I was so broken down that I could walk only a short distance without resting, and so emaciated that I was not recognized by my mother and sisters when I reached them in their refugee home in Georgia in March, 1865.

Moreover we had no way of letting those ready and willing to send us food know of our wants. Every line written was scanned by the camp post-office department, and a letter containing any suggestion of lack of food, or of maltreatment, was destroyed. For a short time I acted as "camp messenger" at headquarters, and while there I witnessed the method of "going through the mail." The postman would come in from the prison barracks with a pile of unsealed letters collected from the various barracks. These would be placed upon a table in the headquarters building, and several attachés would immediately begin to search them. Many of the letters would contain little pieces of jewelry,—rings, breastpins, etc., made by the prisoners and sent by mail to friends,—and such of these as were suited to the tastes of the searchers were appropriated. On one occasion I saw a clerk take a ring from my own letter, addressed to my uncle, a major in the Union army.

Of course men in such wretched surroundings were always on the alert to escape, and many took desperate, and some fatal, chances to gain their liberty. The prison wall was so high, the sentries so close together, and the approach so well lighted, that an attempt to scale the parapet was virtually inviting death; and yet a number took this risk. In 1863 and early in 1864 there was no ditch between the prison yard and the wall. The wall was about twenty feet high and of smooth surface. The sentries were above and so concealed that only their heads and shoulders could be seen; and at night strong lights with reflectors were so placed that, while the yard was well illuminated, the sentries and walls could with difficulty be distinguished. Later on we were forced to dig a ditch sixteen feet wide and ten feet deep to prevent ourselves from escaping.

The first attempt at escape I witnessed was, I think, in January, 1864. A daring young Texan about twenty years of age, who was captured when I was and had been brought to prison with me, quietly remarked, one evening after we had gone to bed, "Boys, I am going to go over the fence, or die in the attempt. If I am killed, write to my folks and let them know how I died." He took down from his berth, where it had been concealed, a slender ladder, made by tying fragments of planks together with twine and twisted cloth-

ing, and started towards the door of the shanty. Despite the snow which was falling, he was able to observe the movements of the sentries just opposite his position, and only about seventy yards distant. As these two guards, having approached each other in their beat, turned their backs and marched away until they were about a hundred and fifty feet apart, he rushed to the wall, placed his ladder against it, and in another moment was over the fence and free. The sentries did not see him, and the ladder was not discovered until daylight. In a few weeks we had a letter which, although not signed by his real name, informed us that he was in Kentucky making his way to "Dixie."

Soon after, encouraged by this success, seven men, about nine o'clock at night, made a rush together to scale the wall. Two were killed, one wounded, and four captured. These four brave fellows were tied up, their backs to a tree, the rope lashed to the wrists and arms at full length above their heads, all through the remainder of the night. I saw them taken down the next morning in a most pitiable condition of exhaustion, their hands blue with stagnated blood, and showing deep furrows where the rope had buried itself in the skin of the arms and wrists.

But this disaster did not deter other efforts, even after the great ditch was made. One of the most daring and successful attempts followed. Between thirty and forty picked men quietly organized themselves, selected their leaders, and agreed upon a plan. Ladders were hastily constructed by splicing bits of plank, taken from the berths, with strips of blankets and clothing. Armed with stones, pieces of wood, and bottles filled with water, just as the bugle sounded to bed, and before the patrol had reached the prison yard, they rushed in a solid body towards the fence, overturned a privy-shed into the ditch, which filled it and served as a bridge, over which they swarmed, and placed their ladders against the fence, while some pelted the sentries with stones. One gun was fired without effect, and one cap exploded without igniting the charge. The guards ran away, and the entire assaulting party gained the outside. Some few were recaptured the next day, but the majority reached Canada or the South.

Other methods of running the gantlet were tried by the detail composed of prisoners selected to accompany the garbage wagons to some distant point outside the walls, where they were unloaded. On one of these occasions five prisoners, at a preconcerted signal, seized the two guards, disarmed them, and escaped. At another time one member of the detail broke away and was killed. On one occasion two men who did not attempt to escape were mortally wounded by a ball fired

by a guard from behind, the assassin doing his work so well that the same ball passed through both bodies. I staid by one of these men as he was dying and heard him solemnly assert, in the presence of death, that he had made no attempt to escape, and that he and his comrade had been deliberately murdered. On several occasions shots were fired into the barracks at night. In Barracks No. 7 a prisoner was severely wounded while asleep, and in the "Louisiana" barracks a Creole while sound asleep was shot through the pelvis. He died in the same ward in the hospital where I was ill. The depth of the ditch around the prison made tunneling exceedingly difficult and laborious. I think only one successful escape was made in this manner, and this was followed by a cowardly murder. On the night of its completion several prisoners escaped. The next night others, foolishly hoping the outlet had not been discovered, essayed the same route, and as the leader stuck his head out, the guard, standing at the hole, placed a gun against his head and blew the unfortunate man's brains out. Those behind him in the tunnel lost no time in crawfishing back into the prison.

I was interested in two tunnels, one of which had to be abandoned on account of filling with water. The other was completed, but on the day preceding the night we were to cut it through on the outside an informer laid our scheme open to the guards, and received the usual reward for such conduct in being taken within the protection of headquarters and receiving comfortable quarters and plenty of food.

During the summer of 1864 the barracks became so crowded by the influx of new prisoners ("fresh fish") that several rows of tents were placed between Barracks No. 4 and the fence. Our long tunnel was begun in one of these, about two hundred feet from the prison wall, the opening being covered over with blankets. There were sixteen men in the secret, and they worked in regular details. A shaft about ten feet deep was sunk, and two feet from the bottom of this the tunnel started, running level with the surface of the ground until the ditch was reached, where it dipped down to avoid opening into this. One man worked in the tunnel, cutting the loose earth with a case-knife and then using his hands to fill a sack at his side. This sack was attached to the middle of a cord, and when full a slight pull on the string was the signal for the man at the opening to haul the bag out. This was emptied, and the digger would pull in his end of the string until the sack was again at his side. On account of frequent inspection by the patrol, it was impossible to conceal any large quantity of fresh earth, and it became necessary to dispose of it every day. Whenever the

picket on duty signaled that the patrol was approaching, blankets were thrown over the loose earth and the orifice of the tunnel, and the men would lie down upon these, either feigning to be asleep or innocently playing cards. Towards sunset, and just before we were corraled for the night, the earth was disposed of in the following manner. Each man would tuck his trousers into the legs of his socks, then fill the trousers from above with as much loose earth as he could waddle with, button his breeches up, and make for the "Potomac." Across this useful little branch planks were placed, over which we passed, to visit the various barracks on the other side. When a dirt-carrier reached the middle of the plank unobserved he would give his trousers legs a sudden pull upwards, thus disengaging these from the stockings, allowing the dirt to dump itself into the little stream, the rapid current of which soon obliterated all traces of his offense. Of course this was slow work. We began in June and it was September before we were ready to cut through. On this day our Judas Iscariot was not wanting. Early in the morning we missed one of our party. Upon searching for him he was found within the guard lines at headquarters, where he remained to the end of the war. The experience of the other tunnel, which was so fatal to the poor fellow who tried to escape, was not forgotten, for we knew they were ready for us on the outside. Fortunately for us we were not punished.

But worse than death, or the dangers incurred by efforts at escape, or even than the slow process of starvation, from which we were suffering, were the unnecessary and cruel indignities to which prisoners were often subjected. I speak only of those acts of which I was personally cognizant, and of course these form but a small proportion.

The non-commissioned officers in charge of the prison patrol were chiefly to blame. I saw one Baker (every prisoner at Camp Morton, up to the time of this cruel man's death, will recall the name) shoot a prisoner for leaving the ranks — after roll-call was ended, but before "Break ranks" was commanded — to warm himself at a fire only a few feet distant from the line. He did not even order the man back to the ranks, but calmly drew his pistol, saying with profanity, "I'll show you how to leave ranks before you are dismissed," and deliberately shot him.

For no offense, other than his handsome and soldierly bearing, a prisoner (Scott) of the famous Black Horse Cavalry was by this same Baker and his patrol brutally maltreated and beaten, his hair forcibly clipped off, the tail of his coat cut or torn away, his hands tied behind his back, and himself kept at "marking

time" for several hours to the great amusement of his tormentors. I knew Scott well, and witnessed this attempt at his humiliation.

On various occasions I saw prisoners beaten with sticks for no other provocation than that they would not move quickly to get out of the way, or cease talking when an officer or one of the patrol was passing. On one such occasion an officer seized a stick of fire-wood and knocked down two men, striking them on the head and leaving them unconscious.

At night, whether winter or summer, no prisoner, when obliged to go to the sink, which was more than one hundred yards distant, was permitted to wear a full suit of clothes. He must leave trousers or coat behind. Two men from my barracks on one intensely cold night infringed upon this rule, trying to protect themselves by putting on coat and trousers. They were detected, and while the patrol sheltered themselves by the barracks, these poor fellows were compelled to mark time in the deep snow for more than an hour. One of these men was frost-bitten, and lost both feet from gangrene as the result of this exposure. He was one of the first draft of five hundred invalids sent for exchange in February, 1865, and died from the effects of this inhuman punishment on the train just west of Cumberland, Maryland, on the way to Baltimore and Aiken's Landing. I helped to bury him at a point on the Baltimore and Ohio road where our train was delayed for several hours. It was a favorite sport to beat prisoners, going to and from the sinks at night, with their heavy rubber cloths rolled up like a club.

Such cruelties practised upon helpless men go to prove that the true soldiers were mostly at the front, for none but a coward would maltreat a prisoner, though an enemy.

With little to do, except to try to get something to eat, and keep from being eaten by vermin, the hours and days were necessarily long and weary. Men rarely talked of any subjects to the exclusion of a "square meal," and the hope of an exchange, which meant—home. All the rats which could be caught were eaten, and woe to the dog which ventured on our

¹ By an order dated June 1, 1864, the daily ration for Northern prisons was fixed as follows: Pork or bacon, 10 ounces (or fresh beef, 14 ounces); flour or soft bread, 16 ounces (or 14 ounces of hard bread, or 16 ounces of corn meal). To every 100 rations: beans or peas, 12½ pounds; rice or hominy, 8 pounds; soap, 4 pounds; vinegar, 3 quarts; salt, 3¼ pounds; potatoes, 15 pounds. Every other day the sick and wounded were to have 12 pounds of sugar, 5 pounds of ground or 7 pounds of green coffee (or one pound of tea) to every 100 rations. The difference between the cost of the above rations and the regular rations of Union troops in the field was credited to a "prison fund" for the purchase of articles "necessary to the health and proper condition of the prisoners." The cost of the regular ration to prisoners was esti-

territory. One fat canine was captured by my messmates and was considered a "feast." It was boiled and then baked. I was invited to the "dinner," and although the scent of the cooking meat was tempting I could not so far overcome my repugnance to this animal, as an article of diet, as to taste it. Those who ate it expressed themselves as delighted.¹

Work for each other, barter or trade, all meant a bit of bread or a piece of tobacco. The staples of prison commerce were bread, crackers, bones, and bone butter. The only currency was tobacco, which it is scarcely necessary to state was never issued to prisoners. Those of us who had money to our credit at headquarters got sutler's tickets for it, with which we bought little black plugs of tobacco and traded these for bits of bread and other food with those who preferred to go without something to eat for tobacco to chew and smoke. In fair weather there was a regular market-place where the dealers kept their stands. The unit of currency was a chew (pronounced "chaw") of tobacco, cut about one inch square and a quarter of an inch thick. A loaf of bread about three and a half inches wide and deep by seven inches long was known as a "duffer," a cracker as "hardtack." The oil and marrow of beef bones, which were carefully split into fine particles and boiled, formed a luxury called "bone butter."

When the weather was inclement, and we were huddled in our crowded and miserable berths, the peddlers would stalk through the barracks with their small stock of groceries. "Who 'll give a cracker for a chaw of tobacco?" A response would come, "I 'll give you half a cracker for a chaw." If a trade was struck the parties met, and while one measured the size of the "chaw" to see if it was of standard gage, the other devoted his attention to the inspection of the hardtack.

"Twelve chaws for half a duffer," would be shouted by one tradesman; "Thirteen chaws," by a second; and so on until the highest bidder would get the half-loaf of bread.

The great prison luxury was bone butter, and it took a good many "chaws" to get the regulated at 13.63 cents; to prisoners employed on public works, 20.31 cents; to Union troops, 26.24 cents. The above exhibits the cheapest ration, which was under the order of June 1, 1864; between that date and April 20, 1864, the regular ration to prisoners had cost 16.48 cents; and on January 13, 1865, though the hard bread ration was reduced 4 ounces, the cost was raised to 16.81 cents.—EDITOR.

It would be interesting to discover how many times the contract to feed the prisoners at Camp Morton was sublet. I have no doubt the government intended to issue to each prisoner the regulation prison ration above given as official, but I know it never was received. I believe (in fact I heard while there) that it dwindled away under the contract system.—J. A. W.

lation slice of this delicacy. When beef was issued the men who fell heir to the large joint bones were deemed lucky, although there was only a small quantity of meat attached. The flesh was usually scraped off, cooked, and eaten. The bone was then split into very small pieces, put into a kettle, and boiled until all the fat was driven out and the water evaporated. The residue was filtered through a piece of cloth to separate the fragments of bone, poured into a plate, and allowed to harden. It was then ready to be eaten. I would not care to try Camp Morton bone butter now, but twenty-five years ago it had a taste more delicious than the best Berkshire butter found in our New York markets.

The chief struggle, as I have said, was for subsistence. The second in order was to keep fairly rid of vermin. Crowded as we were, in close personal contact with all sorts and conditions of men, many of whom did not have a change of clothing, with no place to bathe in except the open air, and this for months in a very cold atmosphere, and with slim accommodations for boiling our apparel, it is not to be wondered at that all were infested with parasites. On a number of occasions our committee forced those who were negligent in cleanliness to strip and boil their clothes, and would clip the hair from the heads of others who would not keep themselves clean of headlice. After a few weeks of prison life many of the better class of prisoners in our barracks (I answered to roll-call in No. 7, but slept in No. 4) banded together and bought the upper berths of one side of the shanty, but even with this precaution we were not wholly rid of vermin. Our association soon excited comment, not always free from envy, and we were known as the "top-bunk aristocracy." One of our "top-bunkers" is now a United States senator.

In February, 1865, our hearts were gladdened with the assurance that a cartel had been agreed upon and a draft of five hundred prisoners was ordered for exchange. The selection was chiefly from those disabled by wounds or sickness, and I fell in with this number. We came by rail to Baltimore, and by steamer

¹ According to the latest estimates of the War Records Office the prisoners, North and South, who died in captivity are estimated as follows:

U. S. prisoners confined by the Confederacy	196,713
" " died in " "	30,212
Percentage of deaths	15.3
Confederate prisoners confined by the U. S.	227,570
" " died in " "	26,774
Percentage of deaths	11.7

The above figures represent the number of prisoners captured and confined on each side. The total number of Federal prisoners captured was 213,381, of whom 16,668 were paroled on the field; the total number of Confederates captured was 476,169, of whom 248,599 were paroled on the field.—EDITOR.

to Aiken's Landing on the James River, thence on foot to Richmond. With what a yell did we welcome liberty when our guards in blue turned back and we rushed over the breast-works and were once more among our own "boys." I reëntered the army early in April, and was with the command surrendered to General J. H. Wilson at the capture of Macon, Georgia, but succeeded in escaping. Two days later, while trudging on foot over the South-western Railroad, I met a man who inquired of me if it was true that the Yankees were in Macon. I at once recognized by his accent that he was a Northerner, and upon my inquiry as to his command he became confused and evidently agitated. As Andersonville was only a few miles off, I was convinced that he was an escaped Union prisoner, and upon so expressing myself he broke down completely, saying, "For God's sake don't take me back to that place." I had taken my life in my own hands just two days before rather than go back to Camp Morton, and I could appreciate this poor fellow's agony. He went with me to a house near by where he signed a parole and made oath on a Bible that he would not "take up arms against the Southern Confederacy until regularly exchanged as a prisoner of war." I shared my slender stock of rations and Confederate money (more money than rations) with him, told him Wilson was in Macon, and if suspected and arrested to show his parole for protection. He was by turns the most scared, most surprised, and most grateful human being I ever met.

I have waited to publish this unhappy experience until a quarter of a century has elapsed since it happened. The Southern side of prison life has not yet been fully written. The reputation of the South has suffered not only because the terrible trials of Northern prisoners in Southern prisons have been so fully exploited, but because the truth of the Confederates' prison experience has not been given to the world. My comrades died by the hundreds amid healthful surroundings, almost all of these from the effects of starvation, and this in the midst of plenty. The official records show that at Camp Morton 12,082 prisoners were confined, of which number 1763, or 14.6 per cent., perished. Excepting the few shot by the guards, the deaths from wounds were rare. The conditions were not malarial, for Indianapolis was not unhealthy. There were no epidemics during my imprisonment of about fifteen months, and little cause for death had humane and reasonable care of the prisoners been exercised.¹

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EARLY INTERCOURSE OF THE WORDSWORTHS AND DE QUINCEY.

BY DE QUINCEY'S BIOGRAPHER.

WITH HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.



DE QUINCEY, it will be remembered, tells us that he owed to the reading of the "Lyrical Ballads," and especially to the study of the "Ancient Mariner," the unfolding of his mind. His early instructive preconception in favor of English literature over that of the ancients—familiar as he was with that—was confirmed by his youthful devotion to Wordsworth and Coleridge. The "Lyrical Ballads" were published in 1798, and De Quincey, we learn, read them in the following year, while still only a mere schoolboy. His admiration for the two great poets henceforth amounted to a passion. He was on the outlook for everything, however trifling, from their hands. Nor did he, in spite of the peculiarity of his circumstances in some of the immediately succeeding years, miss much. His pilgrimages to the places most closely associated with the poets are well known; his anonymous gift of a considerable slice of his patrimony, through Joseph Cottle of Bristol, to Coleridge, to enable him comfortably to complete the work on which he was understood to be then engaged, suffices to attest De Quincey's sincerity and his firm belief in their greatness, and their power to give to English literature contributions in which future generations would find delight and profit. And all this on the part of a schoolboy, while as yet, in influential quarters, Wordsworth and Coleridge were only tabooed and laughed at. His first journey to Wordsworth's neighborhood, with the intention of calling on the poet, and then his retreat in an access of shyness and self-distrust, he has himself described in characteristic style in his "Autobiographic Sketches" and elsewhere.

His determination to devote all his powers to awaken the public to the value and significance of the protest of the authors of the "Lyrical Ballads" against eighteenth-century artificiality, and the return of the authors to simplicity, nature, and reality, speaks for his self-denial as well as for his insight: for, in these days, little profit or even fame seemed

to lie in that direction. So little encouragement did he get for his attempted poetic proselytism at Oxford that he came at last to cease speaking of poetry altogether to anybody; and even from friends and those who might have been regarded as in some degree sympathetic he met with unexpected rebuffs. In the notes of De Quincey's "Conversations" by Richard Woodhouse, which Dr. R. Garnett was privileged recently to give to the public,¹ we find the following under date of September 28, 1821:

The Opium-Eater was formerly (and he is still) a great admirer of Wordsworth. So much was he so, that he would not even bring himself to mention his name in Oxford, for fear of having to encounter ridiculous observations or jeering abuse of his favorite, who was laughed at by most of the Oxonians. Of this he felt himself so impatient that he forbore even to speak upon the subject. Meeting one time with Charles Lamb, who, he understood, had praised Wordsworth's poetry, he was induced to mention the poet's name, and to speak of him in high terms. Lamb gave him praise, but rather more qualified than the Opium-Eater expected, who spoke with much warmth on the subject, and complained that Lamb did not do Wordsworth justice; upon which Lamb, in his dry, facetious way, remarked, "If we are to talk in this strain, we ought to have said grace before we began our conversation." This observation so annoyed the Opium-Eater that he instantly left the room, and has never seen Lamb since.

"This anecdote," said Hessey, "the Opium-Eater told me himself, along with some others of a similar tenor, in exemplification of points in his own character. He told it with much humor, and was quite sensible how ridiculous his conduct was; and he will be glad to see Lamb again, who, he supposes, will have long since forgotten or forgiven the circumstance."

But it is evident that as regards his Wordsworth propaganda, De Quincey soon learned to some extent to combine the harmlessness of the dove with the cunning of the serpent, and carefully to diagnose and discriminate those with whom he was brought into contact, before unveiling his idol.

So great was Wordsworth's influence that

¹ "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," with notes, etc. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

no doubt it determined the spirit of some of De Quincey's earlier writings. The following may be regarded as supporting this view:

We talked about his (De Quincey's) articles on Pope, Shakspere, and Goethe, in the seventh edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica." On my telling him how much pleased I had been to find my own preconceived notions of Goethe confirmed by his high authority and by the good reasons he gave for such an opinion, he went pretty fully into the whole question of the nature of Goethe's genius. Among other things he mentioned that Wordsworth, who was apt to take extreme opinions upon such subjects, regarded Goethe as little better than a quack. Wordsworth, he said, never read books, but somehow or other "Wilhelm Meister" had fallen in his way, and he had gone through it, till he came to the scene where the hero, in his mistress's bedroom, becomes sentimental over her dirty towels, etc., which struck him with such disgust that he flung the book out of his hand, would never look at it again, and declared that surely no English lady would ever read such a work.

This is the very spirit of De Quincey's review of "Wilhelm Meister" which so disconcerted Carlyle when he read it in that bookseller's shop.

But assuredly De Quincey because of discouragements did not cease to work vigorously for the cause he had espoused. His earlier writings are studded with striking quotations from Wordsworth; their authorship veiled, that prejudice might be, in some degree, disarmed. Such services to literature would entitle a man to great indulgence even if afterward he did fall into what some would call personalities and ill-judged revelations in relation to one of those concerned. If De Quincey *needs* that indulgence, his friends may boldly claim it for him; and in estimating justly his later unfortunate relations to Wordsworth the earlier intercourse should be, in our opinion, clearly borne in mind to relieve and brighten it. It was his loyal reverence for Wordsworth and admiration of his poetic genius that first led him to the Lakes, and afterward drew him to settle there; and Wordsworth at the time regarded him with exceptional affection and feelings of gratitude. He had written to Wordsworth as early as July, 1803, while he was residing with his mother at The Priory, Chester, after his sad time in Greek street, Soho, and his reconciliation with her friends, and just before he proceeded to Worcester College, Oxford. Wordsworth at once replied at considerable length, although he was on the eve of that memorable tour in Scotland with his sister and Coleridge—a tour all the details of which have been fortunately preserved for us in Miss Wordsworth's journals, which the late laborious and sympathetic Principal Shairp

presented to the public, very carefully edited and annotated, some years ago. We are enabled to give in full that remarkable letter, heretofore unpublished.

"GRASMERE, NEAR KENDAL,

"WESTMORELAND, July 29, 1803.

"DEAR SIR: The very unreasonable value which you set upon my writings, compared with those of others, gave me great concern. You are young and ingenuous, and I wrote with a hope of pleasing the young, the ingenuous, and the unworldly above all others; but sorry indeed should I be to stand in the way of the proper influence of other writers. You will know that I allude to the great names of past times, and above all to those of our own country. I have taken the liberty of saying this much to hasten on the time when you will value my poems not less, but those of others more. That time, I know, would come of itself, and may come sooner for what I have said, which at all events I am sure you cannot take ill.

"How many things are there in a man's character of which his writings, however miscellaneous or voluminous, will give no idea! How many thousand things which go to making up the value of a practical moral man, concerning not one of which any conclusion can be drawn from what he says of himself or others in the world's ear! You probably would never guess from anything you know of me that I am the most lazy and impatient letter-writer in the world. You will perhaps have observed that the first two or three lines of this sheet are in a tolerably fair legible hand, and now every letter from A to Z is in complete rout, one upon the heels of the other. Indeed, so difficult do I find it to master this ill habit of idleness and impatience, that I have long ceased to write any letters but upon business. In justice to myself and you, I have found myself obliged to mention this, lest you should think me unkind if you found me a slovenly and sluggish correspondent.

"I am going with my friend Coleridge and my sister upon a tour into Scotland for six weeks or two months. This will prevent me from hearing from you as soon as I could wish, as most likely we shall set off in a few days. If, however, you write immediately, I may have the pleasure of receiving your letter before our departure; if we are gone, I shall order it to be sent after me. I need not add that it will give me great pleasure to see you at Grasmere if you should ever come this way.

"I have just looked over what I have written. I find that towards the conclusion I have been in a most unwarrantable hurry; espe-

cially in what I have said about our seeing you here. I seem to have expressed myself absolutely with coldness. This is not my feeling, I assure you. I shall indeed be happy to see you at Grasmere if you ever find it convenient to visit this delightful country. You speak of yourself as being very young, and therefore may have many engagements of great importance with respect to your worldly concerns and future happiness in life. Do not neglect these on any account; but if, consistent with these, and your other duties, you could find time to visit this country, which is no great distance from your present residence, I should, I repeat it, be very happy to see you.

"Believe me to be, dear sir,

"Yours very faithfully,

"WILLIAM WORDSWORTH."

Surely this is in every way characteristic. The reserve, which suggests slowness to receive praise, as well as the desire to appreciate it fairly; the fear lest excess of admiration for his writings should produce one-sidedness, and lead to disregard of the merits of others on the part of his young correspondent; the severe sense of duty to which all else is to be subordinated; and the honest, friendly mentorship not unbecomingly assumed towards one so young—all bespeak the author of "The Excursion." De Quincey, it is evident, wrote on receipt of this letter a reply, which did catch Wordsworth before he left for Scotland. In it the poet had been informed of De Quincey's early entry on life at Oxford—a fact which, as will be seen from the next letter, dwelt on his mind. On his return home Wordsworth wrote again.

It will be admitted that this letter is a somewhat singular one from a man who had absolved himself from writing any save "business letters"; clearly showing that he regarded his correspondent as an exceptional person.

"GRASMERE, March 8, 1804.

"MY DEAR SIR: Your last amiable letter ought to have received a far earlier answer. I have been indeed highly culpable in my procrastination. It arrived just before we set off on our Scotch tour, and I am so sadly dilatory in matters of this kind, that unless I reply to a letter immediately, I am apt to defer it till the thought becomes painful, taking the shape of a duty rather than a pleasure, and then Heaven knows when I may set myself to rights again by doing what I ought to do. While I am on this subject I must, however, say, what you will be sorry to hear, that I have a kind of derangement in my stomach and digestive organs which makes writing painful to me, and, indeed, almost prevents me from holding correspondence with anybody; and this (I mean

to say the unpleasant feelings which I have connected with the act of holding a pen) has been the chief cause of my long silence.

"Your last letter gave me great pleasure; it was indeed a very amiable one, and I was highly gratified in the thought of being so endeared to you by the mere effect of my writings. I am afraid you may have been hurt at not hearing from me, and may have construed my silence into neglect or inattention. I mean in the ordinary sense of the word. I assure you this has by no means been the case; I have thought of you very often, and with great interest, and wished to hear from you again, which I hope I should have done had you not, perhaps, been apprehensive that your letter might be an intrusion. I should have been very glad to hear from you, and another letter might have roused me to discharge sooner the duty which I had shoved aside.

"We had a most delightful tour of six weeks in Scotland: our pleasure, however, was not a little dashed by the necessity under which Mr. Coleridge found himself of leaving us, at the end of something more than [a] fortnight, from ill health; and a dread of the rains (his complaint being rheumatics) which then, after a long drought, appeared to be setting in. The weather, however, on the whole, was excellent, and we were amply repaid for our pains.

"As most likely you will make the tour of the Highlands some time or other, do not fail to let me know beforehand, and I will tell you what we thought most worth seeing, as far as we went. Our tour, though most delightful, was very imperfect, being nothing more than what is called the short tour, with considerable deviations. We left Loch Ness, the Falls of Foyers, etc., etc., unvisited.

"By this time I conclude you have taken up your abode at Oxford. I hope this letter, though sent at random partly, will be forwarded, and that it will find you. I am anxious to hear how far you are satisfied with yourself at Oxford; and, above all, that you have not been seduced into unworthy pleasures or pursuits. The state of both the universities is, I believe, much better than formerly in respect of the morals and manners of the students. I know that Cambridge has greatly improved since the time when I was there, which is about thirteen years ago. The manners of the young men were very frantic and dissolute at that time; and Oxford was no better or worse. I need not say to you that there is no true dignity but in virtue and temperance, and, let me add, chastity, and that the best safeguard of all these is the cultivation of pure pleasures—namely, those of the intellect and affections. I have much anxiety on this head, from a sincere concern in your welfare, and the melancholy retrospect which

forces itself upon one of the number of men of genius who have fallen beneath the evils that beset them. I do not mean to preach; I speak in simplicity and tender apprehension, as one lover of nature and of virtue speaking to another. Do not on any account fail to tell me whether you are satisfied with yourself since your migration to Oxford; if not, do your duty to yourself immediately; love nature and books; seek them, and you will be happy; for virtuous friendship, and love, and knowledge of mankind must inevitably accompany these, all things thus repeating their influence in their due season. I am now writing a poem on my own earlier life. I have just finished that part in which I speak of my residence at the university. It would give me great pleasure to read this work to you at this time, as I am sure from the interest you have taken in the *L. B.* that it would please you, and might also be of service to you.

"The poem will not be published these many years, and never during my lifetime till I have finished a larger and more important work to which it is tributary. Of this larger work I have written one book and several scattered fragments. It is a moral and philosophical poem; the subject, whatever I find most interesting in nature, man, and society; and most adapted to poetic illustration. To this work I mean to devote the prime of my life and the chief force of my mind. I have also arranged the plan of a narrative poem. And if I live to finish these three principal works, I shall be content. That on my own life, the least important of the three, is better than half completed — *vis.*: four books, amounting to about two thousand five hundred lines. They are all to be in blank verse. I have taken the liberty of saying this much of my own concerns to you, not doubting that it would interest you. You have as yet had but little knowledge of me, but as a poet's friend, I hope, if we live, we shall be still more nearly united.

"I cannot forbear mentioning to you the way in which a wretched creature of the name of Peter Basley has lately treated the author of your favorite book, the '*Lyrical Ballads*.' After pillaging them in a style of plagiarism I believe unexampled in the history of modern literature, the wretch has had the baseness to write a long poem in ridicule of them, chiefly of the '*Idiot Boy*,' and, not content with this, in a note annexed to the same poem, has spoken of me *by name* as the *simplest* — *i. e.*, the most contemptible — of all poets. The complicated baseness of this (for the plagiarisms are absolutely wholesale) grieved me to the heart for the sake of poor human nature; that anybody could combine (as this man in some way or

other must have done) an admiration and love of these poems with moral feelings so detestable hurt me beyond measure. If the unhappy creature's volume should ever fall in your way, you will find the plagiarism chiefly in two poems, one entitled '*Evening in the Vale of Testaway*,' which is a wretched parody throughout of the '*Tintern Abbey*,' and the other the '*Ivy Hut*,' also on the '*Truest Fay*,' and some others.

"I must now conclude, not omitting, however, to say that Mr. Coleridge and my sister were much pleased with your kind remembrances of them, which my sister begs me to return. Mr. C. is at present in London, sorry I am to say on account of the very bad health under which he labors. Believe me to be, dear sir,

"Your very affectionate friend,

"W. WORDSWORTH.

"P. S. — Do not fail to write to me as soon as you can find time."

A careful scrutiny of the catalogues of the British Museum Library in the hope of finding Peter Basley's volume was unsuccessful, and especially disappointing inasmuch as excerpts could no doubt have been gleaned from it, amusing and instructive in several ways.

It will be admitted, we think, by every reader whose opinion is worth anything, that the disappearance of this last letter of Wordsworth's or the withholding it from the public would be nothing short of a great general loss. And this not only on account of the lofty morality and the tender concern it shows for the welfare of the young men of the day, but for the expression it gives of what is most distinctive and characteristic of Wordsworth — his sobriety, his economy, his reserve of sympathy, and his calm wisdom.

In the end of 1807 De Quincey met Coleridge at the Hot Wells, Bristol, and learned from him that, owing to his having to lecture at the Royal Institution in the coming winter, he was in some difficulty in finding an escort for his wife and children to the North, where they were to visit Wordsworth, and be taken in charge by Southey. De Quincey agreed to be their escort.

Mrs. Coleridge was accompanied by her two sons, Hartley, aged nine, and Derwent, about seven; and her beautiful little daughter Sara, about five.

They safely reached Grasmere in about the usual time demanded for such stages in those days. De Quincey says that when at some distance he saw the cottage and recognized it as that of which he had previously gained a glimpse from Hammerscar, on the opposite side of the lake, he was seized with something

of the old panic, which did not quite leave him till he was involved in the bustle of helping Mrs. Coleridge and the children out of the carriage and advancing to the door to intimate their arrival.

Never before or since [he confesses] can I reproach myself with having trembled at the approaching presence of any creature born of woman, excepting, only for once or twice in my life, woman herself. But through the little gate I pressed forward; ten steps beyond it lay the principal door of the house. To this, no longer clearly conscious of my feelings, I passed on rapidly; I heard a step, a voice, and like a flash of lightning I saw the figure emerge of a tallish man, who held out his hand with the most cordial expressions of welcome.

And so Wordsworth passed him to advance and receive Mrs. Coleridge, and he had time to observe the quaint beauty and simplicity of the cottage, with its diamond-paned window, and its shrubberies, and profusion of roses, before he was ushered into the family parlor—somewhat dark through the luxuriance of vegetation, but not so dark as to prevent his seeing two ladies, who had just apparently entered it. One of these was Miss Wordsworth, the only sister of the poet, who in many ways owed so much to her. She is thus described by De Quincey:

Her face was of Egyptian brown—rarely in a woman of English birth had I seen a more determinate gipsy tan. The eyes were not soft, nor were they fierce or bold; but they were wild and startling and hurried in their nature. Her manner was warm, even ardent, her sensibility seemed constitutionally deep; and some subtle fire of impassioned intellect apparently burned within her, which being alternately pushed forward into a conspicuous expression by the irresistible instincts of her temperament, and then immediately checked, in obedience to the decorum of her sex and age and her maidenly condition (for she had rejected all offers of marriage out of pure sisterly regard to her brother and his children), gave to her whole demeanor and to her conversation an air of embarrassment, and even of self-conflict, that was sometimes distressing to witness.

On the third morning after their arrival in Grasmere De Quincey found all the family prepared for an expedition across the mountains. A common farmer's cart was brought to the door. "Such a vehicle I had never seen used for such a purpose," says De Quincey, "but what was good enough for the Wordsworths was good enough for me; and, accordingly, we were all carted to the little town or large village of Ambleside—three and a half miles distant. Our style of traveling occasioned no astonishment; on the contrary, we met a smiling salutation wherever we appeared

—Miss Wordsworth being, as I observed, the person most familiarly known of our party, and the one who took upon herself the whole expense of the flying colloquies exchanged with stragglers on the road."

It may be well to remind the reader that Dorothy Wordsworth was nearly two years younger than the poet, the only girl in a family of five. Her mother died when she was little more than six years old, and the children were separated. Dorothy did not permanently rejoin William till she was four-and-twenty. She kept house for him in Dorsetshire and Somersetshire, and afterward at the Lakes, remaining after Wordsworth married, and on till the end of her life. Wordsworth said that he "did not believe her tenderness of heart was ever surpassed by any of God's creatures, her loving-kindness had no bounds." Her genius was so remarkable that no estimate can be formed of her share in the work of William. He fully recognized it.

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy.

De Quincey spent the latter portion of the year 1808 at Oxford, and towards its close returned to Grasmere. He remained as a guest under Wordsworth's roof at Allan Bank (for this was before the days of the more stately Rydal Mount, now so associated with the memory of the poet) for some months, and then returned to London, with a view to keeping terms at the Middle Temple in order to pass for the bar. This plan does not seem to have entered so deeply into his serious purposes, however, as to prevent him making arrangements before leaving in February, 1809, to return and occupy the Townend Cottage, which Wordsworth had just quitted, and to which De Quincey dedicates so effective an apostrophe in one of his essays, beginning "Cottage immortal in my remembrance." Now it was that he did Wordsworth the service of revising and editing his famous "Convention of Cintra" pamphlet.

In a budget of Wordsworth's letters we find a comparatively large number bearing on this "Convention of Cintra" pamphlet, attesting the care with which De Quincey had done his work. Wordsworth is surprised at the felicity of some of the emendations; "all," he says, "are improvements." Miss Wordsworth writes: "Soon you must have rest, and we shall all be thankful. You have indeed been a treasure to us while you have been in London, having spared my brother so much anxiety and care. We are very grateful to you." And Wordsworth himself hopes that De Quincey may soon

be at Grasmere, where he may think of the pamphlet labors in quiet, "as a traveler thinks of a disagreeable journey which he has performed, and will not have to repeat."

De Quincey's biographer says: "He agreed with Wordsworth in the main on this great question, which was then stirring Europe; and, instead of devoting his whole time in London, with prudent forecast, to the endeavor to open up avenues for himself to communicate to the world some of his many ideas, as more practical and less devoted spirits might have done, he patiently revised and edited Wordsworth's pamphlet, adding an appendix, which the author declared was 'done in a most masterly manner,' as well he might.

"Between Dorothy Wordsworth and De Quincey it is clear that a great liking sprang up—a relation of sympathy and mutual appreciation; so that to Dorothy after this time was delegated the chief burden of correspondence.

"When De Quincey had resolved to settle in the Lake District, Dorothy was his 'guide, philosopher, and friend' in matters pertaining to household affairs, such as De Quincey could not be presumed fully to understand.

"We have many records in the letters before us of her zeal and untiring interest in discussion of the most desirable colors in carpets and curtains, and of the best styles of furniture. She finds a good reason for preferring mahogany to deal for bookshelves in the consideration 'that native woods are dear; and that in case De Quincey should leave the country, and have a sale, no sort of wood sells so well at second hand as mahogany.' But in spite of such preoccupations, she does not fail to enliven her letters by reference to more liberal interests, as this will show:

"The weather is now very delightful, and it is quite a pleasure to us to go down to the old spot, and linger about as if we were again at home there. The garden looks fresh and very pretty, in spite of the cruel injury done to the trees by Atkinson's unruly ax. If you had not lately been so happy in the enjoyment of a beautiful country and the society of your own family, we should have much regretted your absence. Yesterday I sat half an hour musing by myself in the moss hut, and for the first time this season I heard the cuckoo there. The little birds, too, our old companions, I could have half fancied were glad that we were come back again, for it seemed I had never before seen them so joyous on the branches of the naked apple trees. Pleasant indeed it is to think of that little orchard which, for one seven years at least, will be a secure covert for the birds and undisturbed by the woodman's ax. There is no other spot which we may have prized year

after year that we can ever look upon without apprehension that next year, next month, or even to-morrow, it may be deformed and ravaged. You have walked to Rydal, under Nab Scar? Surely you have? If not, it will be forever to be regretted, as there is not anywhere in this country such a scene of ancient trees and rocks as you might have there beheld—trees of centuries' growth inrooted among and overhanging the mighty crags. These trees, you would have thought, could have had no enemy to contend with but the mountain winds, for they seemed to set all human avarice at defiance; and indeed, if the owners had had no other passion but avarice, they might have remained till the last stump was moldered away; but *malice* has done the work, and the trees are leveled. A hundred laborers, more or less, men, women, and children, have been employed for more than a week in hewing, peeling bark, gathering sticks, etc., etc., and the mountain echoes with the riotous sound of their voices. You must know that those trees upon Nab Scar grow on unclosed ground, and Mr. North claims the right of *lopping* and *topping* them—a right which Lady Fleming, as lady of the manor, claims also. Now Mr. North allows (with everybody else) that she has a right to fell the trees themselves, and he only claims the boughs. Accordingly he sent one or two workmen to lop some of the trees on Nab Scar. Lady Fleming's steward forbade him to go on; and in consequence he offered five shillings per day to any laborers who would go and work for him. At the same time Lady Fleming's steward procured all the laborers he could, also at great wages, and the opposite parties have had a sort of warfare upon the crags—Mr. North's men seizing the finest trees to lop off the branches and drag them upon Mr. North's ground; and Lady Fleming's men being also in an equal hurry to choose the very finest, which they felled with the branches on their heads to prevent Mr. North from getting them, and, not content with this, they fell those also which Mr. North has been beforehand with them in lopping, to prevent him from receiving any benefit from them in future. O my dear friend! is not this an impious strife? Can we call it by a milder name? I cannot express how deeply we have been affected by the loss of the trees (many and many a happy hour have we passed under their shade), but we have been more troubled to think that such wicked passions should have been let loose among them. The profits of the wood will not pay the expenses of the workmen on either side! A lawsuit will no doubt be the consequence, and I hope that both parties will have to pay severely for their folly, malice, and other bad feelings."

This is in every way the honest expression of the feelings of a poet and devout lover of nature.

For nearly two years after De Quincey's settlement in the Lake District he was almost a daily visitor at Wordsworth's. During the latter part of 1809 and the greater part of 1810 Coleridge was also there; and their many interminable conversations and discussions may be imagined. We know that Wordsworth, from the self-contained and self-sufficing nature of his genius and temperament, was not a person to answer well to certain demands of social sympathy. De Quincey says that never after the first year or so of introduction had he felt it possible to draw the bond of friendship closer with Wordsworth. Coleridge said that he never met a man with less of femininity of character than Wordsworth. But if the attractions towards Wordsworth failed, that of Dorothy and the children grew. Of the little hapless Catherine, he tells us, "She noticed me more than any other person, excepting, of course, her mother." De Quincey was a favorite with all the children, who formed an unailing link between him and their elders. Every one of Miss Wordsworth's letters shows the hold that De Quincey had on their hearts. In one letter Dorothy writes:

"When your friend Johnny came from school last night his mother said to him, 'Here is a letter from'—'From Mr. De Quincey,' he replied; and with his own ingenuous blush and smile, he came forward to the fireside with a quicker pace, and asked me to read the letter, which I did with a few omissions, and leveling the language to his capacity; and you would have thought yourself well repaid for the trouble of writing it if you could only have seen how feelingly he was interested. When all was over he said: 'But when will he come? Maybe he'll tell us in his next letter.' He is learning 'Chevy Chase,' and hopes, with some pride, to be able to repeat it to you when you come home. He is made up of good and noble feelings. He is the delight of everybody who knows him. All his playmates love him. Last night, when he had finished his prayers, in which he makes a petition for his good friends, he said, 'Mr. De Quincey is one of my friends.' Little Tom has been poorly and looks ill. He often lisps out your name, and will rejoice with the happiest at your return. I must remind you of a promise which you made to Johnny to buy him a new hat. Let it be a black, if you have not already bought one of another color."

In a later letter she says:

"There was perfect joy in the house over your sweet letter to Johnny. But here I must tell you that, in reading the letter to him, we omit that part after the description of the car-

riage, where you say you will buy one for him and Sissy. My dear friend, I believe you are serious, because you have said so to Johnny, but I earnestly hope that you will be prevailed upon not to buy it. We should grieve most seriously that so much money should be expended for a carriage for them when they are completely happy and satisfied with their own, which answers every purpose of the other. What matter if it is a little harder to pull? (Johnny often says that it is very hard up hill.) It is the better exercise for them."

This last portion about the carriage and the desirability that the children should learn hardness through pulling the old one is deliciously Wordsworthian.

In June, 1812, little Catherine Wordsworth died. De Quincey has in his "Recollections" preserved for us some faint reflection of the deep and sad impressions produced on him by that event. He tells us how he was haunted with illusions of the child's appearance in his walks and musings for some time afterward. In the notes of De Quincey's "Conversations" to which we have already referred, we have the following passage which has a bearing here, and also attests a vein of hypersensitive, if not superstitious, imagination in De Quincey:

He mentioned having had a presentiment, on leaving his residence for a visit to London some time back, that he should never again see a little child of Wordsworth's, who was afflicted and had but the use of one of its sides. It was a sweet little girl, about three years old, and the Opium-Eater was much attached to it. One night, while he was here, he heard a dog howling dismally at his door in the evening; it howled three times, and the Opium-Eater with some curiosity waited to hear the fourth howl, but in vain; the dog passed on and was silent. This happened on some particular day, either Christmas or New Year's Eve (which was named by him to Taylor), and he noticed the time particularly. The effect was so vivid upon the Opium-Eater's sensations that he at once began to consider which of all the persons he knew and loved might most probably be in trouble or dying at that time; and he thought that this little child was the most likely one of whom he might expect to receive ill news. He waited with some anxiety for the post on the day on which intimation of anything that might have occurred at home at the period he had noted would reach him in due course. He listened to the postman and heard him in the street, but he passed by his door without knocking. However, he received in the course of the day by the second post a letter sealed with black wax. It was from Miss Wordsworth (Wordsworth's sister), who, knowing how partial he had been to the child, had written to him to apprise him of its death.

The paralysis which deprived little Kate of the use of one of her sides was due to the fall for which the girl Green was blamable.

The following letter from Miss Wordsworth may be taken as indirect testimony to the truthfulness of De Quincey's "Autobiographic Sketches" in several aspects. Miss Wordsworth wrote to him:

"JUNE 5, 1812.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I am grieved to the heart when I write to you, but you must hear the sad tidings.

"Our sweet little Catherine was seized with convulsions on Wednesday night at a quarter before ten or half-past nine o'clock. The fits continued till a quarter after five in the morning, when she breathed her last. She had been in perfect health, and looked unusually well; her leg and arm had gained strength, and we were in full hope. In short, we had sent the most delightful accounts to her poor mother. It is a great addition to our affliction that her father and mother were not here to witness her last struggles, and to see her in the last happy weeks of her short life. She never forgot Quincey. Dear innocent! she now lies upon her mother's bed, a perfect image of peace. This to me was a soothing spectacle after having beheld her struggles. It is an unspeakable consolation to us that we are assured that no foresight could have prevented the disease in this last instance, and that it was not occasioned by any negligence or improper food; the disease lay in the brain; and if it had been possible for her to recover, it is much to be feared that she would not have retained the faculties of her mind.

"We have written to my brother, and he will proceed immediately into Wales to impart the sad intelligence to my sister. You will be pleased to hear that Mary Dawson¹ has been very kind in her attentions to us. We are all pretty well. John has been greatly afflicted, but he has begun to admit consolation.

"The funeral will be on Monday afternoon. I wish you had been here to follow your darling to her grave.

"God bless you!

"Yours affectionately,

"D. WORDSWORTH."

This letter was immediately answered by a request for further particulars, and we find De Quincey writing again to Miss Wordsworth on June 21 as follows—his mind concentrated on little Kate and on all things associated with her:

"SUNDAY EVENING, JUNE 21.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I thank you much for your long and most affecting letter. One passage troubled me greatly; I mean when you speak of our dear child's bodily sufferings. Her father and I trusted that she had been insen-

¹ De Quincey's servant in charge of his cottage.

sible to pain—that being generally the case, as I believe, in convulsions. But, thank God! whatever were her sufferings, they were short in comparison of what she would have had in most other complaints, and now at least, sweet love, she is at rest and in peace. It being God's pleasure to recall his innocent creature to himself, perhaps in no other way could it have been done more mercifully to her, though to the bystanders for the time few could be more terrible to behold. How much more suffering would she have had in a common fever from cold; and what anguish to us all if she had called upon our names in delirium, and fancied that we would not come to her relief! This I remember witnessing at my father's bedside on the morning when he died. I was but a child, and had seen too little of my father to have much love for him; but I remember being greatly affected at hearing him moan out to my mother a few minutes before he died, 'O Eliza, Eliza! why will you never come to help me to raise this great weight?'

"I was truly glad to find from your account of her funeral that those who attended were in general such as would more or less unaffectedly partake in your sorrow. It has been an awful employment to me the recollecting where I was and how occupied when the solemn scene was going on. At that time I must have been in the streets of London; tired, I remember, for I had just recovered from sickness—but cheerful, and filled with pleasant thoughts. Ah! what a mortal revulsion of heart if any sudden revelation should have laid open to my sight what scene was passing in Grasmere Vale! On the night June 3-4 I remember, from a peculiar circumstance which happened in the room below me, that I lay awake all night long in serious thought, but yet as cheerful as if not a dream were troubling any one that I love. As well as I recollect, I must have been closing my eyes in sleep just about the time my blessed Kate was closing hers forever! Willingly, my dear friend, I would have done this. I do not say it from any sudden burst of anguish, but as a feeling that I have ejaculated in truth and sincerity a thousand times since I heard of her death. If I had seen her in pain I could have done anything for her, and reason it was that I should, for she was a blessing to *me*, and gave me many and many an hour of happy thoughts that I can never have again.

"You tell me to think of her with tender cheerfulness; but, far from that, dear friend, my heart grows heavier and heavier every day. More and more her words, and looks, and actions keep coming up before me; and there is nobody to whom I can speak about her. I have struggled with this dejection as much as I

can; twice I have passed the evening with Mr. Coleridge, and I have every day attempted to study. But after all I find it more tolerable to me to let my thoughts take their natural course than to put such constraint upon them. But let me not trouble you with complaints, who have sorrow enough to bear of your own, and to witness in others.

"Yesterday I heard from Mr. Wordsworth and was grieved to hear of Mrs. Wordsworth's state of mind, but I knew that it could not be otherwise. She would have borne her loss better, I doubt not, if she had been upon the spot. As it is, this great affliction would come upon her just when her mind would be busiest about thoughts of returning to her children. I think of her often with greatest love and compassion.

"This afternoon I was putting my clothing and books into the trunk. Whilst I was about it I remembered that it was the 21st of June, and must therefore be exactly a quarter of a year since I left Grasmere, for I left it on Sunday, March 22; this day thirteen weeks, therefore, I saw Kate for the last time. The last words which she said to me (except that perhaps she might call out some words of farewell in company with the rest who were present) I think were these:

"The children were speaking to me all together, and I was saying one thing to one and another to another, and she, who could not speak loud enough to overpower the other voices, had got up on a chair, and putting her hand upon my mouth she said, with her sweet importunateness of action and voice, "Kinsey! Kinsey! what a bring Katy from London?" I believe she said it twice; and I remember that her mother noticed the earnestness and intelligence of her manner, and looked at me and smiled. This was the last time that I heard her sweet voice distinctly, and I shall never hear one like it again! God bless you, my dear friend!

"Ever yours,

"T. DE QUINCEY.

"N. B.—Mary Dawson would surely suppose that, as a mark of respect to your family, I should wish her to get mourning at my expense. If she has not done this, pray tell her that I particularly desire it may be done. I forgot to mention it before.

"I shall leave London not earlier than Tuesday, nor later than Wednesday. I have been detained in a way I could not prevent. How soon I get to Grasmere will depend on the accidents of meeting conveyances, etc. I trust I shall find you all well.

"I wrote a second letter to you last Monday, June 15."

Not long after this De Quincey received a letter from Wordsworth, bearing news of another bereavement, the close of the letter being most tender and touching in its simplicity of pathos. The following letter from De Quincey to his sister embodies it.

"GRASMERE, SUNDAY NIGHT,
"January 3, 1813.

"MY DEAR SISTER: Your letters having lain some days at the post, and James having come round by London, they did not reach me so soon as you may have calculated. I wrote to Coleridge by last Friday morning's post begging him to forward, under cover to Westhay, whatever letters he could furnish for Sicily and Malta.¹

"I have now, with sadness of heart, to inform you that dear little Thomas Wordsworth died of the measles on Tuesday, the 1st of last month. He was seized with them the Thursday before, and had none but favorable symptoms until about eleven o'clock on the Tuesday morning, after which he grew rapidly worse, and died about five in the evening. I was met at Liverpool, on my road home, by a letter from Wordsworth written the same night to inform me of the event, in which he writes:

"His sufferings were short, and I think not severe. Pray come to us as soon as you can. My sister is not at home. Mrs. Wordsworth bears her loss with striking fortitude, and Miss Hutchinson is as well as can be expected. My sister will be here to-morrow.

"Most tenderly and lovingly, with heavy sorrow for you, my dear friend,

"I remain yours,

"W. WORDSWORTH."

"Unfortunately I did not receive this letter till the very night of the child's funeral, which (though I loved him tenderly, dear child!) I was thus unable to attend."

In matters literary and poetical Wordsworth was glad to be aided by De Quincey's judgment after some degree of disparity of taste and sentiment must have become manifest more or less to both. In February, 1814, we find Wordsworth writing to De Quincey during one of his visits to Somersetshire, consulting him about an added stanza in "Lao-damia," which now appears in the poem and ends with the fine line,

While tears were thy best pastime—day and night,

and requesting him to be more detailed in the expression of his opinion on certain poems and on the Preface than he had been—his opinion.

¹ These were letters of introduction for a friend of De Quincey's.

ions, as it would appear, having been studiously general about the said Preface, and a request made for copies of the earlier draft of it. This leads Wordsworth to say that he wished De Quincey had mentioned *why* he had desired the *rough* copies of the Preface to be kept, as the request had led him to apprehend that something therein might have appeared to him better or more clearly expressed than in the after draft, adding, "I should have been glad to receive suggestions accordingly."

Things might have gone on in this way for an indefinite period, De Quincey's attachment to the children and his love of their foibles and quaint ways counteracting the coldness and severity which were growing on Wordsworth, and making themselves more and more felt in his intercourse with De Quincey. Of course people need not hope to cultivate the acquaintance of opium-eaters, and profit by their learning and large discourse, and not have a good deal to put up with now and then; and opium-eaters need not hope to find great poets always abounding in gaiety and good spirits to atone for and to compensate their own lack of goods in that particular line of exchange. De Quincey says Wordsworth was rude sometimes even in his way of declining a friendly aid.

In Mr. J. R. Findlay's "Recollections," under date of the 2d March, 1855, we read:

Talking of Wordsworth's "Guide to the Lakes," De Quincey said that on its original publication he offered an account of the origin and character of the language of the Lake District which unlocked all its peculiar nomenclature; but Wordsworth, who never liked to be obliged to anybody for anything, declined it in his usual haughty and discourteous manner, and it was ultimately published in a Kendal newspaper.

Certainly in his self-absorption Wordsworth was somewhat indifferent sometimes to the feelings or the whims of others, as when in his impatient haste he ran the buttery knife through the uncut leaves of one of Southey's tomes, leaving the impress of his impetuosity all too manifest on its pages. But there might have been no open rupture if De Quincey had not married the woman he did marry. Margaret Simpson was only a small "statesman's" (or yeoman-farmer's) daughter, and made no pretension to culture or to intellect. But from all we can learn of her she ought to have attracted Wordsworth's regard as "a woman of a steady mind," like his own Margaret in "The Excursion." De Quincey celebrates her patient practical tact, and her devoted sympathy and helpfulness to him in many ways. She lives in the "Confessions" as M.—his Electra. He writes:

For thou, beloved M., dear companion of my later years, thou wast my Electra! and neither in nobility

of mind nor in long-suffering affection, wouldst permit that a Grecian sister should excel an English wife. For thou thoughtest not much to stoop to humble offices of kindness, and to servile ministrations of tenderest affection—to wipe away for years the unwholesome dew upon the forehead, or to refresh the lips when parched and bated with fever; nor, even when thy own peaceful slumbers had by long sympathy become infected with the spectacle of my dread contest with phantoms and shadowy enemies, that oftentimes bade me sleep no more!—not even then didst thou utter a complaint or any murmur; nor withdraw thy angelic smiles, nor shrink from thy service of love more than Electra did of old. For she, too, though she was a Grecian woman, and the daughter of the king of men, yet wept sometimes, and hid her face in her robe.

With the casuistry of love, he finds opportunities to celebrate the devotion of his wife in many relations. He acknowledges of the earlier period of his married life in Westmoreland, "Without the aid of M. all records of bills paid, or to be paid, must have perished; and my whole domestic economy, whatever became of political economy, must have gone into irretrievable confusion." And again, when he has been led by the fantasy of inviting a painter to reproduce the interior of his Grasmere cottage, with all its surroundings in these evil days,—ruby opium-decanter and all,—to refer to the personal appearance of his wife, he exclaims, "But no, dear M., not even in jest let me insinuate that thy power to illuminate my cottage rests upon a tenure so perishable as mere personal beauty; or that the witchcraft of angelic smiles lies within the empire of any earthly pencil."

The Wordsworths took no notice of her. De Quincey, it would appear, condescended to beg of them to do so, with no satisfactory result, leaving in De Quincey's mind a rankling sense of wrong. We can read between the lines that the good and wise Dorothy endeavored to play the peacemaker, but unsuccessfully; for we have proof that she visited Mrs. De Quincey so long as she was in Grasmere, though probably in a half underhand way, and did many a little service to the children hiddenly. When De Quincey went the second time to Edinburgh in 1828, to make an attempt to settle there and to prepare the way for the advent of his family,—though the comfort and the company at Professor Wilson's, where he staid, did not, we fear, add to his energies in practical matters,—we find Dorothy writing in the following strain of friendly and helpful interest, and, on the assumption of mutual sympathy still strong, tendering advice which was acted on:

"RYDAL MOUNT,

"Thursday, November 16.

"MY DEAR SIR: A letter of good tidings respecting Mrs. De Quincey and your family

cannot, I am sure, be unwelcome; and besides, she assures me that you will be glad to hear of my safe return to Rydal after a nine months' absence. I called at your cottage yesterday, having first seen your son William at the head of the schoolboys—as, it might seem, a leader of their noontide games; and Horace among the tribe, both as healthy looking as the best, and William very much grown. Margaret was in the kitchen, preparing to follow her brothers to school, and I was pleased to see her also looking stout and well, and much grown. Mrs. De Quincey was seated by the fire above-stairs with her baby on her knee. She rose and received me cheerfully, as a person in perfect health, and does indeed seem to have had an extraordinary recovery, and as little suffering as could be expected. The babe looks as if it would thrive, and is what we call a nice child. . . .

"Mrs. De Quincey seemed on the whole in very good spirits, but, with something of sadness in her manner, she told me you were not likely very soon to be at home. She then said that you had at present some literary employments at Edinburgh, and had, besides, had an offer (or something to this effect) of a permanent engagement, the nature of which she did not know, but that you hesitated about accepting it, as it might necessitate you to settle in Edinburgh. To this I replied: 'You not settle there for a time, at least, that this engagement lasts? Lodgings are cheap in Edinburgh, and provisions and coals not dear. Of these facts I had some weeks' experience, four years ago.' I then added that it was my firm opinion that you could never regularly keep up to your engagements at a distance from the press, and said I, 'Pray tell him so when you write.' She replied, 'Do write yourself.' Now I could not refuse to give her pleasure by so doing, especially being assured that my letter would not be wholly worthless to you, having such agreeable news to send of your family. . . .

"I do not presume to take the liberty of advising the acceptance of this engagement or of that, only I would venture to request you well to consider the many impediments to literary employments to be regularly carried on in limited time at a distance from the press in a small house and in perfect solitude. You must well know that it is a true and faithful concern for your interests and those of your family that prompts me to call your attention to this point; and if you think that it is a mistake, you will not, I am sure, take it ill that I have thus freely expressed my opinion.

"It gave me great pleasure to hear of your good health and spirits, and you, I am sure, will be glad to have good accounts of all our

family, except poor Dora, who has been very ill—indeed, dangerously ill; but now, thank God, she is gaining ground, I hope, daily. Her extreme illness was during my absence, and I was therefore spared great anxiety, for I did not know of it till she was convalescent. I was, however, greatly shocked by her sickly looks. They improve, however, visibly, and she gains strength and has a good appetite. Whenever weather permits she rides on horseback. My brother's eyes are literally quite well. This surely is a great blessing, and I hope we are sufficiently thankful for it. He reads aloud to us by candlelight, and uses the pen for himself. My poor sister is a little worn by anxiety for Dora, but in other respects looks as well as usual. . . .

"I cannot express how happy I am to find myself at home again after so long an absence, though my time has passed very agreeably, and my health been excellent. I have had many very long walks since my return, and am more than ever charmed with our rocks and mountains. Rich autumnal tints, with an intermixture of green ones, still linger on the trees.

"My brother and sister do not know of my writing, otherwise they would send their remembrances. Make my respects to Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Wilson, and

"Believe me, dear sir,

"Yours affectionately,

"D. WORDSWORTH.

"P. S.—Excuse a very bad pen and haste.

"*One o'clock Thursday*: I have been at Grasmere and again seen your wife. She desires me to say that she is particularly anxious to hear from you on her father's account. The newspaper continues to come directed to my brother, though, some time since, my brother wrote to request that it might not. The new editor, no doubt, however, wished to continue the connection with you; but we think that it would be much better that Mrs. De Quincey should write to order it not to be sent, at least until your return to Grasmere, especially as at present you are not likely to contribute anything to the paper. She agrees with me in thinking it right so to do, and will write to the editor unless you order to the contrary. Perhaps you will write yourself. Pray mention this matter when you next write to her."

In after years De Quincey unburdened himself on the subject of his grievance against Wordsworth in the following strain, which, however, he did not reprint from the magazine in which it appeared.

To neither of us [that is, neither to himself nor to Professor Wilson], though at all periods of our

lives treating him with the deep respect which is his due, and, in our earlier years, with a more than filial devotion, nay, with a blind loyalty of homage which had in it something of the spirit of martyrdom, which for his sake courted even reproach and contumely, yet to neither of us has Wordsworth made those returns of friendship and kindness which most firmly I maintain we were entitled to have challenged.

... Let me render justice to Professor Wilson as well as to myself; not for a moment, not by a solitary movement of reluctance or demur, did either of us hang back in giving that public acclamation which we by so many years had anticipated; yes, we singly—we, with no sympathy to support us from any quarter. The public press remains, with its inexorable records, to vouch for us that we paid an oriental homage, homage as to one who could have pleaded antique privilege and the consecration of centuries, at a time when the finger of scorn was pointed at Mr. Wordsworth from every journal in the land; and that we persisted in this homage at a period long enough removed to have revolutionized the public mind, and also long enough to have undermined the personal relations between us of confidential friendship. Did it ask no courage to come forward, in the first character, as solitary friends, holding up our protesting hands amidst a wilderness of chattering buffoons? Did it ask no magnanimity to stand firmly to the post we had assumed, not passively acquiescing in the new state of public opinion, but exulting in it, and aiding it, long after we had reason to think ourselves injuriously treated? Times are changed! It needs no courage, in the year of our Lord 1839, to discover and proclaim a great poet in William Wordsworth; it needed none in the year 1815 to discover a frail power in the French Empire, or an idol of clay and brass in the French emperor!

And then, after having maintained for Wordsworth an "unimpeachable integrity," he goes on to say that there are cases of wrong for which the conscience is not the competent tribunal, and thus sums up the whole matter:

The case of a man who for years has identified himself closely with the domestic griefs and joys of another, over and above his primary service of giving him the strength and encouragement of a profound literary sympathy, at a time of universal scowling from the world; suppose this man to fall into a situation in which, from want of natural connections and from his state of insulation in life, it might be lent him by a family having a known place and acceptance, and what may be called a root in the country, by means of connection, descent, and long settlement. To look for this might be a most humble demand on the part of one who

had testified his devotion in the way supposed. To some it might. But enough. I murmur not; complaint is weak at all times; and the hour is past irrevocably and by many a year, in which an act of friendship so natural, and costing so little (in both senses so priceless), could have been availing. *The ear is deaf that should have been solaced by the sound of welcome call, but you will not be heard; shout aloud, but your "Ave!" and "All hail!" will now tell only as an echo of departed days, proclaiming the hollowness of human hopes.* I, for my part, have long learned the lesson of suffering in silence, and also I have learned to know that whosoever female prejudices are concerned, there it will be a trial more than herculean of a man's wisdom if he can walk with an even step and swerve neither to the right nor to the left.

In confirmation of this we find the following in a contemporary letter by one who was not likely to assume knowledge when he had it not:

You will doubtless read the last "Tait's Magazine." It contains the first of a series of articles by De Quincey on Wordsworth. Poor De Quincey had a small fortune of eight or nine thousand pounds, which he has lost or spent, and now he lets his pen for hire. You know his articles on Coleridge. Wordsworth's turn has come now. At the close of his article he alludes to a killing neglect which he once received from the poet, and which embittered his peace. I know the facts, which are not given. De Quincey married some humble country girl in the neighborhood of Wordsworth: she was of good character, but not of that rank in which Wordsworth moved. The family of the latter never made her acquaintance, or showed her any civilities, though living comparatively in the same neighborhood. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ.* When you read De Quincey's lamentations, you may thus better understand them.¹

Mr. Sumner knew the facts, but he did not know them all. If he had done so, it is scarcely possible but he would have made an exception in favor of Dorothy Wordsworth, who certainly made Mrs. De Quincey's acquaintance and paid her many civilities, and did her many friendly services, though we are afraid not with the full countenance of those of Rydal Mount.

A very sorry ending to an interesting and elevating friendship, begun in heroic devotion on the one side and with high respect and admiration on the other.

¹ Charles Sumner to George Hillard, January 23, 1839.—*Memoir of Sumner.*





TWO EXPEDITIONS TO MOUNT ST. ELIAS.

I.—THE EXPEDITION OF "THE NEW YORK TIMES" (1886).



THE main object of "The Times" Alaskan expedition of 1886 was geographical research in the vicinity of the St. Elias range of Alaska. If the rear or even the higher points of that ponderous pile of peaks could be reached, it was known that wholly unexplored land on the British American side would be exposed to view. The attempt to cross the mountains was abandoned when we ascertained that only one trail led across the range, and that this could be traveled only in winter. In scaling the St. Elias peak we were fairly successful. Two previous expeditions had attempted without success the ascent of this colossal peak, the highest above the snow level in the world. The mighty St. Elias range, greater by far than the Swiss Alps, is off the line of ordinary travel and has only of late been accessible to tourists. It was therefore seldom visited except by those engaged in the duties of ex-

ploration. A fur trader here and there, or a prospecting party of miners, had invaded a few points offering favorable inducements to their vocation, but very little geographical knowledge of the country was gained through these sources.

From the northwest corner of the United States, along the Pacific coast-line of British America and the shores of Alaska to within sight of the St. Elias range, a beautiful, picturesque, and protected waterway extends for nearly two thousand miles, flanked by perhaps the most magnificent mountain and glacier scenery in the world.

It was originally intended, upon reaching Sitka by the excursion steamer, to employ the largest kind of native canoes, and in one or two of these to reach the nearest point off the St. Elias range; but we were not compelled to make use of canoes at all, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Whitney, the Secretary of the Navy, who authorized the

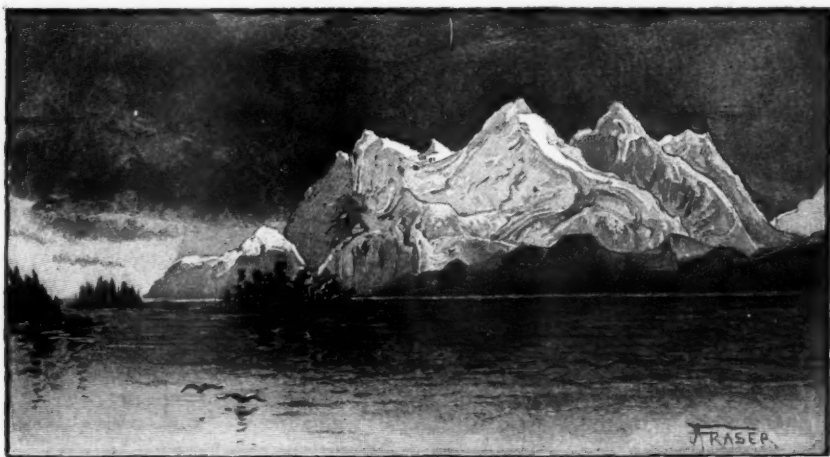
use of the man-of-war *Pinta* in the Alaskan waters.

Our party left Sitka on the 10th of July. It was composed of Professor Libbey of Princeton, who had charge of the barometrical and meteorological work, and who also made an ethnological collection from the Yakutat Indians; Mr. H. W. Seton-Karr, an Englishman and experienced Alpine climber, who joined forces with us and was the only person in our party able to sketch; Joseph Wood and John Dalton, cooks and men of all work; and Kersunk, or Frederick, a native boy from the Sitka mission school, who was taken along as interpreter. He was a perfect master of the Tlinkit language, and withal a thoroughly conscientious lad, on whom we could rely when we could understand his imperfect English.

dozen magnificent unnamed points and pinnacles besides.

Even as late in July as this the snow reached almost to the bases of the great peaks, and I could well appreciate that when Cook, the English navigator, first saw this part of the Alaskan Alps, in May, 1778, "these mountains were wholly covered with snow from the highest summit down to the sea coast." Down their rugged gorges creep some of the grandest glaciers south of the polar zone itself. Just beyond the base of Mount Fairweather, which reaches the ocean in a bold, beetling spur, lies La Grande Plateau Glacier, with a terminal front of some four or five miles. It is only one of many such frozen rivers between Cross Sound and Yakutat Bay, our destination.

On the morning of the 12th of July I did



SALISBURY SOUND.

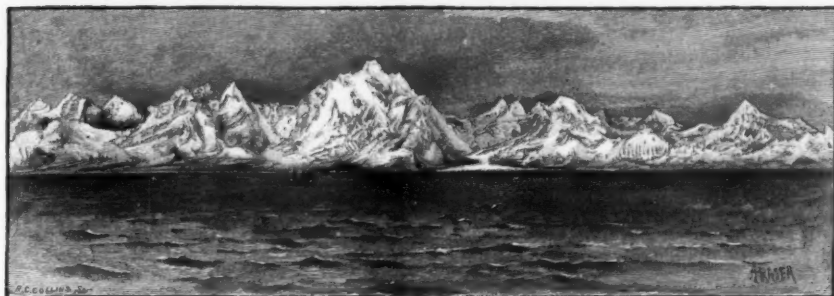
He also did good duty for us as a packer, an art in which all Tlinkit Indians are proficient, the adults averaging about one hundred pounds over the roughest mountain trails for ten and twelve hours a day.

We left Sitka at ten o'clock, and after five hours spent in threading the complicated network of inland passages we reached Salisbury Sound, which opens into the Pacific Ocean. Just as we left the Sound Seton-Karr succeeded in getting a sketch of the cape at the northern entrance.

About ten o'clock the next morning the heavy fog that obscured the rising sun began slowly to lift, revealing the glistening white glaciers; then the misty vapor swept away, and like some wonderful phantasmagoria all the southern spurs of the mighty St. Elias range came into view. There were Fairweather, Crillon, Lituya, Diteget, La Perouse, and a

not arise until broad daylight, which might be considered procrastination on the part of an explorer; but as it was daylight at 2 A. M., and I had not retired till twilight, at 11 P. M. the night before, it was not inexcusable laziness. The sky was as clear as the proverbial crystal. We were just rounding Ocean Cape to enter Yakutat Bay as I looked from the little window on the port side of the *Pinta*, and there burst into view one of the most glorious alpine spectacles one could possibly imagine, with Mount St. Elias in the central background, covered to the very base with ice and snow, and raising his glistening white head for nearly twenty thousand feet¹ into the light steel-blue sky. There are half a dozen peaks in sight from Mount St. Elias, to the eastward; Mount Cook and Mount Vancouver in the foreground, and Mount Malaspina

¹ 15,327 feet by later measurement.



AFTER THE CLOUDS HAD LIFTED.

farther to the rear, are the only ones that are named. St. Elias stands isolated from the other high peaks, and to this isolation is undoubtedly due much of its grandeur and impressiveness.

Five o'clock in the morning saw us at anchor just in front of the Yakutat Indian village. It was as silent and deserted as a midnight graveyard. A solitary cur looked at us sleepily, and then slunk off into the high weeds back of the buildings. The Indians, we soon learned, were at the head of the bay hunting seals for their winter supply of oil and skins. In these waters seals abound, and the Yakutats catch them by shrouding the bows of their crafts with white cloth so as to resemble ice. In this way they are able to approach close enough to the seals to harpoon them.

The Indians considered our expedition a dangerous one, and it was five or six days before we could come to any agreement with them. Some solace was found between discussions in wandering around and examining the curious features of the new country. One of the most unexpected was the dense profusion of strawberry-vines, loaded with fruit.

The Indians were at last obtained, a small Yakutat canoe was added to the party's property, and the *Pinta* headed for Icy Bay, some fifty miles farther up the coast, it being a better base for operations in the little-known region about Mount St. Elias. A mighty glacier from the seaward flanks of the mountain has advanced at this point a short way into the ocean, and the shallow crescent thus formed is called Icy Bay.

Of course it was out of the question to think of landing on the side of Icy Bay formed by the glacier, the least contact with its sides being liable to detach an iceberg, which would add an unpleasant amount of freight to the boat that started it, not to mention the abrupt way in which it would be loaded. The other side of the bay—the eastern—was a low,

flat, sandy coast, on which the high surf from the great Pacific swells kept constantly thundering, even in the best of weather. To get through that surf was the problem of the day. It was, however, finally solved in a way not altogether devoid of ingenuity. The boat was rowed till it was very near the line of breakers forming the first indications of the surf, when a light anchor was cast over the bow and the boat headed seaward, every sailor being at his oar. The anchor rope was then slowly paid out, until the boat was nearly on the crest of the breaking surf, any attempt of the rushing waves to carry it ashore being overcome by the oars and the rope until the breakers were at their minimum height and force, when the boat was allowed to drift in on a favorable crest, the men jumping overboard as it struck, and remaining alongside to push it farther up as each succeeding wave lifted it. In this way all our effects were landed with immaterial wetting, although the men were drenched to the skin in the splashing surf. There yet remained on the *Pinta* the little Yakutat canoe. We had about given up attempting to get it ashore, when one of our Yakutat Indians, who saw our dilemma, volunteered to bring the craft to us safely, and returned in the last ship's boat for that purpose. His feat of landing the little canoe through the heavy surf was the prize act of that day's performance, and was witnessed both by those on land and those on shipboard. Many of the latter were old sailors who had "surf-ed it" on almost every coast of the world where the surf beats and breaks, and they too pronounced it the "slickest" piece of nautical work a mortal could do. Its bare narration can do it but scanty justice, even though an abler pen than mine should essay it. Approaching the first white-cap on the breaker, he steadied his little craft carefully until what must have appeared to him to be a favorable opportunity, though it was the very reverse of the large boat's choice, for he selected the biggest breaker, and, mounting its crest as it broke into suds around

him, he maintained this position by lightning-like strokes of his paddle, the great breaker throwing him as if from a catapult, and landing his canoe in the seething foam that spread up the shallow, sandy shore. Half a dozen sturdy fellows seized the craft, and actually pulled it up to the dry sand beyond, while the Indian still sat laughing in the canoe, the inside of it as dry as dust.

The *Pinta*, with whistle screaming, sailed away. A day or two was occupied in wandering around among newly discovered strawberry fields, measuring grizzly-bear tracks, some of them eight by fourteen inches in di-

gained during the remainder of our time on its course, convinced me that we had probably struck it during a comparatively low stage of water. Its western bank was the same glacier that formed the western shores of Icy Bay; but as the swift-running water, loaded with sediment and cutting like sandpaper, eroded the glacial front even more rapidly than the pounding waves of the open bay, there was more white ice exposed along its course. The point where this marble-like bank faded into the dark moraine far away to our left we inferred to be the mouth of the river. It appeared to me at the time, and subsequent investiga-



LOOKING ACROSS JONES RIVER TO GUVOT GLACIER FROM CAMP NO. 2.

mensions, and getting our effects in shape for our contemplated journey to the interior. The first party got away on the 19th of July, in the morning, and our route lay along the shore of Icy Bay, almost at right angles to our general course. As we started we had a good view of the upper part of Mount St. Elias projecting through the drifting clouds. A perfectly clear atmosphere about this great range is almost unknown in summer. The vapor in the warm air above the equatorial ocean current which impinges upon this coast is condensed into fog as it strikes the frozen sides of the great mountain, and thus keeps it perpetually cloud-capped.

Shortly after ten o'clock, as we broke through a pretty little clump of firs and hemlock, we came suddenly on the banks of the great river described by the Indians. It was probably a mile and a half wide. My first idea was that we had found it during a high freshet, but the assurances of the natives, and the knowledge

tions confirmed the idea,—though not beyond all cavil, I will admit,—that the flow of this mighty stream was too steady to be fed only by the seaward watershed of the St. Elias range. I named it the Jones River, after Mr. George Jones of New York City, the patron of the expedition. A short distance up its course we came unexpectedly upon what appeared to be an unknown tributary coming in from the right. It turned out to be a channel of the main river that had swung far out into the country, and was probably caused by the slow forward movement of the western glacier intruding upon the river-bed.

That evening we reached a point about ten miles from the coast, and camped where Jones River came out from between two huge glaciers. The scene here is weird and desolate, but withal extremely picturesque. About two miles from Camp No. 2 the glacier from the east—which I named Agassiz Glacier—comes down to the river-bed and spreads over

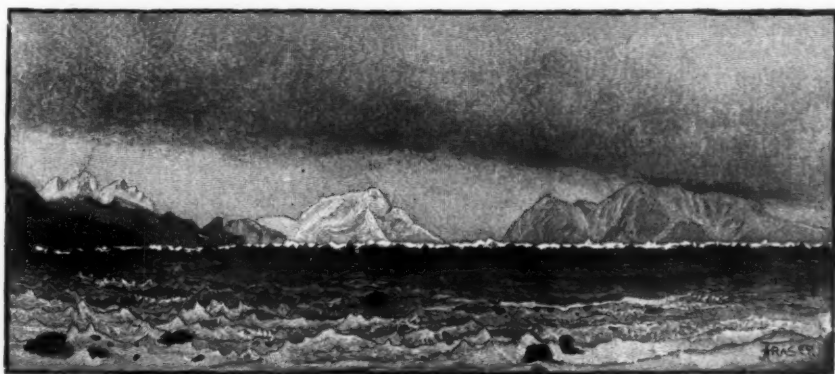


MEETING OF AGASSIZ AND GUYOT GLACIERS.

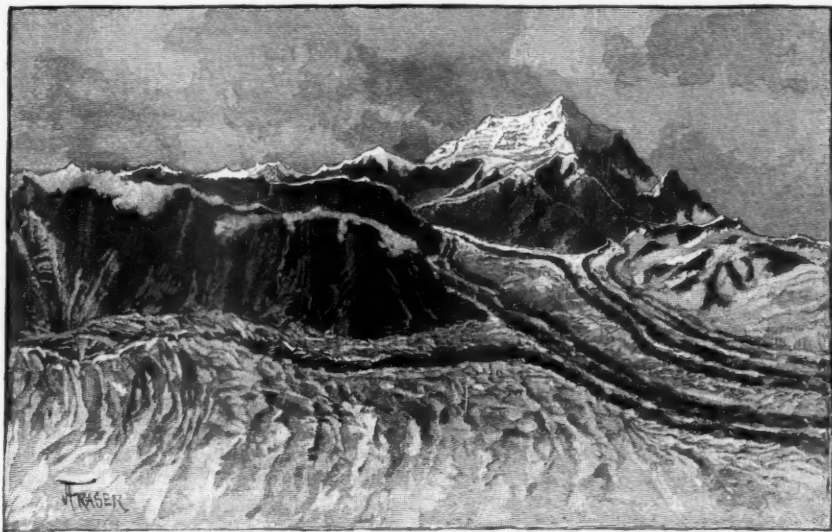
the huge stream in a natural bridge of ice till it abuts upon the glacier from the west, or Guyot Glacier. From this point of juncture to the foothills of St. Elias Jones River is a subglacial one, and in our trips of from twelve to fifteen miles across the ice we often passed from one glacier to the other over the ice bridge thus formed. The line of demarcation between the two seas of ice was well marked. The debris of rocks, so characteristic of all glaciers, on the Agassiz was nearly all dark colored and of igneous origin, while the Guyot moraines were lighter in tint and of sedimentary character. The hard Plutonic rocks of the first glacier were but little worn, while the soft sandstones and shales of the other were ground into powder, which, mixed with the melting ice, made fields of mud.

The two days' tiresome trip across the chaotic hummocks of ice being completed, we entered a little forest at the foot of some hills, which I called the Chaix Hills, after the president of the Swiss Geographical Society. These

hills were covered with green moss and alpine shrubs, and looked like an oasis in the desert, surrounded as they were with fields of ice for many miles around. At one point the ice-foot of the glacier had shoved down into the timber, crushing into pulp and splinters huge trees five and six feet in diameter and piling them up in immense windrows, as a child would sweep together his pile of jackstraws with his hand. Where two branches of the Jones River united just before passing under the ice bridge already spoken of a beautiful lake had been formed. The quantity of water, being too great to rush easily through the subglacial culvert, had caused it to gather here. Huge icebergs were detaching themselves and floating out into the deep water from both the Agassiz and the Guyot fields. The lake, having no outlet, was so clogged with bergs and fields of floating ice that only in a few places was open water to be seen. I named this lake Caetani, after the president of the Italian Geographical Society.



MOUNT COOK AND MOUNT VANCOUVER ACROSS TYNDALL GLACIER.



MOUNT ST. ELIAS AND TYNDALL GLACIER.

On the 25th of July we traveled from the forest at the base of the Chaix Hills to the foot of Mount St. Elias. The entire distance of fifteen or eighteen miles was over glaciers, about a fourth or fifth of the way being over the Guyot and the rest over a new glacier coming from the *névé* of St. Elias itself, and which I named the Tyndall Glacier. All around us was a wild scene of alpine and arctic desolation, and on a scale that nearly overpowered the senses. Mr. Seton-Karr said that the Alps seemed like toy representations of the colossal chain ahead of us, all white with snow, steel-blue with glacial ice, or black with frowning flanks of igneous rock. Cumulus clouds threw over the snow shadows like gigantic fields of retreating black.

The early morning of the 26th revealed a clear sky with only a few light clouds clinging to the cones of St. Elias. The night had been so cold that ice had formed; this is indeed a summer resort for those desiring cool weather!

The point of attack on St. Elias was to be by way of the Tyndall Glacier, and the plan was to keep going, if nothing interfered, from early morning—from four to six o'clock—all that day and the next day till nine or ten o'clock in the evening; or, in short, about forty hours' continuous walking and climbing, broken only by rests so short that we should not get chilled in the intervals. There were three persons to make the ascent, Seton-Karr, Wood, and I, each carrying from ten to twenty pounds of food, extra clothing, and scientific instruments, all packed in the most condensed form.

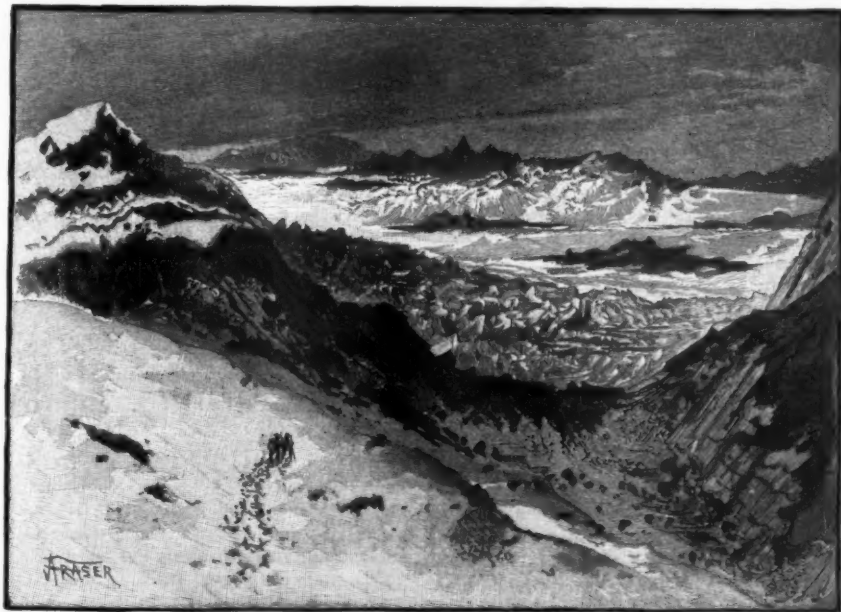
We scrambled up the broken, winding, icy ways between the crevasses on the edge of the Tyndall until we got to the center of the glacier, where we found better walking. The ascent from this point became somewhat steep. At seven o'clock we halted for a short rest; not that we needed it, but the alpine scene before us was so inexpressibly perfect that we stopped long enough for Mr. Seton-Karr to get a sketch of it. A half-hour's more walking brought us to a change in the aspect of the glacier. Heretofore the ice of the glacier and the snow bridging the crevasses could be easily distinguished, and the latter readily avoided as the more dangerous. But now the snow bridges could hardly be told from the weather-worn ice on the surface of the glacier, and, as is usual in such alpine climbing, the members of the party were tied together with a rope. We were arranged in the following order: Wood came first at the head of the rope, I second, and Mr. Seton-Karr last. At quarter-past ten we were high up on the Tyndall Glacier, and could truly say we were ascending the mountain proper. Both center and sides of the great ice stream were now breaking into frightful crevasses running in all directions, with very few snow bridges spanning them, and these required the most laborious windings to reach. We often walked a hundred yards to make a dozen along the axis of the glacier. Straight ahead towards the great mountain we could plainly see every glacier on its southern side. At a long distance they had looked easy enough of ascent, but a nearer inspection revealed an ice

cascade, that bane of alpine climbers, on every one. The perpendicular descent of the smallest was probably hundreds of feet, and being at an inclination of not less than from sixty to seventy-five degrees they were simply impassable. It was quite evident to any one that the only road would be up some of the rocky ridges that projected through the ice and snow like black buttresses from a marble building. Once above 10,000 or 12,000 feet, the summit of the highest cascades, it was evident that there might be some hope of traveling over the snow and ice again. With this idea in view we started for the most practicable-looking ridge of rock ahead of us, but long before we had reached its base we could see that it too was impassable, a front view exposing an arch of ice connecting the flanking glaciers the face of which was perpendicular for at least a hundred feet.

In about another half-hour's struggle over the heavy hummocks the ice began to be broken by both lateral and transverse crevasses into a mass of steel-blue pinnacles. There were very few snow bridges now, the crevasses being so wide that the bridges apparently could not sustain themselves over the abysses. Often two of the three persons would be on a wide bridge at one time, and more than once it happened that the whole party was on one at the same instant which would give a crevasse over fifty feet in width.

As we advanced the crevasses became wider and wider, and at some points we walked as if on the comb of a roof. As the transverse crevasses became wider the snow bridges became scarcer, having tumbled into the abysses below, and at last we reached a point where no man could go unless furnished with wings. We had got far enough to see that the ridge ahead was impracticable, when we were compelled to turn back on that route. There was still another to our left, however, and thinking we might find a circuitous route here we essayed it about noon; but light clouds were now collecting on the mountain side and heavy fog-banks were seen rolling in over the Chaix Hills from the ocean. St. Elias had received the best of reinforcements in the struggle.

The ascent of this ridge of the mountain lasted from 12.40 P. M. till within a few minutes of five o'clock, when we were 5800 feet high, with the clouds rapidly closing in on us. Our fight off the glacier and up the ridge was the usual alpine struggle, and I will not dilate upon it except to mention one incident. We had come to a crevasse seemingly too wide to jump; the second bench of ice was also some feet below the first, and it would be like jumping on a stone sidewalk from an upper story. At one point we found a snow-bank jutting forward over the bench we wished to reach, and although it was a sort of Sam Patch game we



SEVEN THOUSAND FEET UP THE ST. ELIAS SLOPES.

made it, cutting steps up the incline to the ice on the other side.

It was now deemed advisable to stop and read the mercurial barometer, as at least three readings should be had, each a half-hour apart, which would take up a little over an hour in time—a long period considering the threatening weather. Mr. Seton-Karr and Mr. Wood volunteered to try to get a little higher before the clouds made work over dangerous paths impossible, and an aneroid barometer was given the former to compare with the standard before going and after returning. My mercurial barometrical measurements show 5800 feet as the point reached by that instrument, to which must be added 1500 gained by the aneroid, or 7300 feet altogether, fully nine-tenths of which was above the snow level, and which is believed to be the highest climb above the snow limit ever made—a result well worth the expedition.

The return to Icy Bay was made over the same route by which we came. The *Pinta* had

left us a whale-boat, and in it we hoped to reach Yakutat Bay. The first attempt to launch our craft in the heavy surf of Icy Bay was a disastrous failure, swamping the boat and wetting its contents. Our Indians, who were the only persons present knowing anything of such nautical movements, informed me afterward that probably few of us knew what danger we ran in the attempt, and which they assured me they were glad to get out of so easily. Under their management our second attempt was successful, and after a long day's rowing and sailing we reached Yakutat Bay. Here we remained about a month among the Indians of the same name, making a few excursions into the surrounding country. Before we left on the *Pinta* we saw St. Elias many times, but never long at a time, thus verifying our opinion that the lack of continuous fine weather, an absolute necessity in an alpine attempt over unknown paths, was the most formidable obstacle in conquering this king of the continent.

Frederick Schwatka.

II.—THE EXPEDITION OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY AND THE UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY (1890).



THE National Geographic Society has for its object "the increase and diffusion of geographic knowledge." In pursuance of this object an expedition was despatched in the spring of 1890 to make geographical, geological, and glacial explorations and surveys in the region about Mount St. Elias, Alaska. The expedition was under the joint auspices of the Society and of the United States Geological Survey, and was placed in my charge.

The party consisted of myself as geologist; Mark B. Kerr, topographer; E. S. Hosmer, general assistant; and seven camp hands, of whom J. H. Christie was foreman. On account of uncertain health, Mr. Hosmer left us at our first camp, and our force throughout the remainder of the season consisted of nine men all told.

The expedition sailed from Sitka on the United States steamer *Pinta*, Lieutenant-Commander O. W. Farenholt, U. S. N., commanding, early on the morning of June 25, and reached Yakutat Bay, two hundred and fifty miles to the northwest, near sunset the following day. The voyage was over rough seas, ob-

scured by fog and rain. The Fairweather range was shut out from view during the passage, and we anchored in Port Mulgrave, at the mouth of Yakutat Bay, without a glimpse of the magnificent scenery for which that region is famous.

At Port Mulgrave there are two small Indian villages, one on the southeastern end of Khantaak Island, the other on a point of the mainland a mile and a half east. At the village on the mainland there is a trading post sustained by Sitka merchants, and a Moravian mission in charge of the Rev. Carl J. Hendrickson, who has one assistant, like himself a son of Sweden. The native inhabitants of these villages number about fifty and call themselves Yakutats. They form the most westerly settlement of the great Tlinkit family, which occupies all of southeastern Alaska and part of British Columbia. The Yakutat Indians are of fine physique, have well-built houses of their own design and workmanship, and live by hunting and fishing. They are "canoe Indians," and spend a large part of their time on the water in quest of salmon, seals, and sea otters. The catch of sea otters, whose furs are most valuable of all, during the summer of our visit numbered thirty, and they were sold at from seventy-five to one hundred dollars each. The money derived from this source, and from

the sale of bear, goat, and hair seal skins, and from baskets woven in large numbers by the women for the tourist trade in Sitka, brings a comparatively large revenue to the village and enables the natives to live in comfort.

The weather after our arrival continuing foggy, with heavy rain squalls, Captain Farenholt deemed it inexpedient to take his vessel up the bay, where all sorts of imaginary dangers were reported to await her. Purchasing a canoe from the trader and hiring another of large size from the Indians, we left Port Mulgrave at sunrise on June 28 in a driving rain storm, accompanied by two of the *Pinta's* boats in charge of Ensign C. W. Jungen. Mr. Hendricksen went with us as guide and interpreter, and, as on several subsequent occasions, greatly assisted our enterprise. Our little flotilla, traversing the narrow, misty water-ways between the forest-covered islands along the eastern border of the bay, made a very pleasing picture. The trim white boats of the *Pinta* with their rhythmic oar-beats contrasted strongly with the more graceful canoes manned by our men, few of whom were experts with oars or paddles. The canoes of the Yakutats, hewn from a single spruce log, have high overreaching stems and sterns which give them a picturesque, gondola-like appearance. They are of all sizes, from tiny crafts seeming scarcely large enough to hold a single Indian, up to sea-going boats fifty feet or more in length, and capable of carrying a ton of merchandise and a score of men.

About noon on the day we left the *Pinta* a camping-place was found on the shore of the bay near the north end of Knight Island. Our tents having been pitched on a stretch of gravelly beach between the water and the encircling forest, the *Pinta's* boats sailed away to the southward before a freshening breeze, and our last connection with civilization was broken.

On the third day after leaving the *Pinta* we reached the west shore of Yakutat Bay a few miles from its head, a locality long before selected for beginning our work. We landed through the surf on a low, sandy beach, heavily encumbered with icebergs, among which the waves were churned into foam. The landing was effected by the aid of Indians in small canoes, with such skill as to prove them experienced surfmen. All of our baggage was carried through the fringe of floating ice and placed above the white line of breakers without serious damage.

Our first walk on the shore taught us something of the nature of the as yet unseen land around us. The black sands of the beach contained garnets, and, as we afterward learned, occasional flakes of gold. The boulders were

of many kinds of crystalline rock, including large masses of glittering white marble; indicating that the mountains from which they are derived consist in part, at least, of metamorphic rock. The strand was pitted with irregular holes, the origin of which was a puzzle until it was noticed that icebergs stranded on the beach and rocked to and fro by the waves were making similar excavations.

Late in September we were again encamped on this same shore during a northeast gale which piled the icebergs high on the beach, and fringed with blue and white the line where land and water meet. Many of the larger bergs, stranded in thirty or forty feet of water, stood like rocks against which the heavy swells broke in splendid sheets of foam. The shattered waves, dashing high in the air, often quite obscured the icy ramparts that sought to hold them back. The icebergs are of pure, glittering white or of turquoise blue, with every intervening tint and shade that a painter could fancy; those of deepest color had recently turned over, or had been repeatedly swept by breaking waves. One night when the storm was more than usually severe the hoarse roar of the tempest, mingled with the grinding and crashing of thousands of tons of ice, rendered sleep impossible. The raging waters, the black, stormy heavens, the strange moving shapes on the shore, like vessels in distress, now faintly visible in the uncertain light, and now buried in foaming brine, made a strangely fascinating picture. The romance of the scene was heightened, perhaps, by the fact that the rising tide, combined with the shoreward blowing gale, threatened to sweep away our tents. The white line of roaring breakers, thick with ice fragments, crept higher and higher, until only a few inches intervened between the edge of the surf and the crest of the bank that sheltered us. But the limit was reached at last; the waters ceased to advance, and then began to fall, leaving a fringe of ice within arm's reach of our frail shelters.

The day after we reached the west shore of the bay dawned clear and beautiful. The veil of mist vanished from the mountains, revealing for the first time to our eager eyes a scene of surpassing beauty. The days of sunshine in a land of mist and rain are so lovely, the air is of such wonderful transparency, and the warmth is so welcome, that even the most stoical cannot resist their inspiration. We found ourselves at the base of a magnificent mountain range trending northwest and southeast and bordered along its southern base by a low tableland stretching many miles seaward. Yakutat Bay divides this tableland like a wedge, the sharp end of which, reaching northward, cuts through the first rampart of mountains to the base of

the snow-covered peaks beyond. The waters of the bay flashed brightly in the warm sunlight and broke into foam where kissed by the breeze. Scattered over the broad shining plain were thousands of icebergs, seemingly a countless fleet of fairy boats with hulls of crystal and fantastic sails of blue and white. When the summer days fade into the long northern twilight marvelous mirage effects are added to the beauty of the softly lighted, far-reaching view. Floating bergs miles away become of huge proportions and assume strange, deceptive shapes; at times appearing like fountains gushing from the sea, but most often simulating magnificent cities with towers, battlements, and minarets of unknown architecture. One's early training in geography is apt to leave the impression that the sultry desert is the home of the mirage; but as wonderful effects due to the refraction of light are to be seen among the ice-packs of the North as ever deceived a weary traveler on the alkali deserts of Utah or Nevada, or on the sand-blown plains of Sahara.

The shores of Yakutat Bay, where the slopes are moderate, are densely wooded up to a height of about fifteen hundred feet; above that elevation there is a belt tinted with alpine blossoms, intervening between the forest and the great snow fields which cover all the higher peaks. North of our camp and less than a mile distant a rugged mountain slope rose abruptly from the sea, its higher summits brilliant with snow, and every gorge and cañon on its sides filled with glacial ice. Beyond this dark, sharply defined foreground, and filling all the northern sky, were numerous peaks and crests of dazzling whiteness, stretching away to the eastward and blending in the dim distance with the vapory mountains of the sky. Many of the spires and roof-like crests rise precipitously to a height of more than six thousand feet, forming a splendid panorama in which fresh details are revealed with every change of light. A more interesting or more completely unexplored land was never unveiled before even the greatest of voyagers. None of the great peaks in sight had ever been climbed, none had been named, and few had ever been seen by white men. A new land awaited us. No one could even fancy what wonders it might contain.

The most interesting excursion made from our camp on the shore was a canoe trip to a high rocky island in the upper part of the bay. This, the farthest point in the bay reached by the Spanish explorer Malaspina in 1792, was named by him Haenke Island, after the naturalist of his expedition. It stands in the opening through which Yakutat Bay penetrates the first mountain rampart, and rises a thousand feet

above the water. Its rounded summits of polished and striated sandstone tell of a time when the ice streams of Alaska were at their flood, and Yakutat Bay was filled by a seaward flowing glacier more than two thousand feet thick. Our trip to the island in a frail canoe was not without excitement and danger. The bay was crowded from shore to shore with floating ice, and a heavy swell was rolling in from the ocean. To navigate this grinding ice-pack required not only skill in the use of the paddle, but also much muscular effort to keep our canoe from being crushed. But the reward gained on reaching the summit of the island more than repaid for the fatigue and danger incurred in doing it. As we ascended the steep bluffs hundreds of sea birds, startled from their nests in the cliffs, filled the air with their cries.

To one standing for the first time on those polished domes and surrounded by a strangely magnificent landscape in which all the changes of season are combined in a single view, there comes a feeling of awe and unworthiness. The island is the stage in a vast amphitheater. The spectators are hoary mountain peaks, each a monarch crowned by time, and holding his place in defiance of the ceaseless war of the elements. How insignificant the wanderer who confronts such an audience!

The shores of the bay, both east and west of the island, are formed of rocky promontories, bare of vegetation except at their immediate bases. From these dark headlands the shore sweeps away to the north, forming a rude semicircle inclosing a plain of blue on which float countless ice fragments broken from the ice walls to the west and north. From a wild, cliff-inclosed valley on the west there flows a broad river of ice, the sources of which are far back in the heart of the mountains. This ice stream, named the Dalton Glacier, creeps down a steep rocky descent and pushes far into the bay before it is broken up by the waves. It expands abruptly on getting clear of its confining walls, and ends in an outward-curving ice-foot, the seaward border of which is a blue wall of ice some three hundred feet high, diversified by outstanding pinnacles and glittering buttresses. The waves, aided by the tide, undermine the cliffs, causing great masses of ice to topple over and disappear in a cloud of rocket-like spray. Owing to the distance, the ice seems to break away without a sound and the foam to fall in silent cataracts; but soon there comes a roar like distant thunder, echoing from mountain to mountain, until an answering roar, still deeper and more prolonged, comes from the great Hubbard Glacier at the head of the inlet. The Hubbard Glacier, named in honor of the president of the National Geographic Society, where it enters the sea presents the most magnificent

ice cliffs of any of the glaciers of Alaska yet seen. From Haenke Island the eastern extension of this line of dazzling cliffs is concealed from view by a projecting headland, but this obstruction only adds to the fascination of the scene, and makes one fancy that the frozen ramparts may extend on indefinitely. At the end of the season we ascended Yakutat Bay in the *Corwin*, and, so far as known, penetrated farther towards the head of Disenchantment Bay than any vessel had previously ventured. During this trip we had the full extent of the ice cliffs of this great glacier in full view, and saw also, for the first time, another large, unnamed glacier to the eastward. This glacier descends from the mountain in two broad rivers, which unite but fail to reach the sea. Its lower portion is so completely buried beneath stones and earth that one not familiar with the habits of glaciers in this region might easily fail to recognize it as a living ice stream.

Towering above the glaciers and marshaled in long ranks towards the east are a host of sharp, angular peaks white with snow throughout the year. These give rise to many secondary glaciers that descend in blue ice tongues below the summer limit of the snow fields. The cyclorama of iceberg-crowded waters, ice cliffs, glaciers, precipices, snow fields, and towering mountain peaks encircling the observer on Haenke Island is so magnificent and has so many features of absorbing interest that I have almost forgotten the long journey the reader is to take with me towards Mount St. Elias.

From our camp on the shore we moved westward across the first mountain spur. To reach this we had to cut a trail through vegetation so dense that it was almost impassable. Once through it, however, and having gained the summit of the divide joining the end of the mountain spur with an outstanding butte, we had our first view of St. Elias. Its summit is a bold pyramid firmly placed on a rugged mountain mass and towering above angular foothills, each one of which would be celebrated for its grandeur in a less mountainous country. The great peak rose clear and sharp against the sky, and formed the central point in the vast landscape. At our feet lay a dirt-covered glacier several miles broad, bordered on the west by another southward-stretching mountain spur similar to the one first reached; beyond that again, another great glacier flowing down from the mountains is lost in the sea of ice to the south. Beyond the second glacier is another mountain spur, succeeded to the westward by yet another southward-flowing river of ice of far greater magnitude than those at our feet. The ice streams expand on leaving the valleys which direct their courses, and form

a great ice plateau adjacent to the sea. This plateau extends from the shore of Yakutat Bay westward to beyond the base of St. Elias. The area of this great ice field exceeds five hundred square miles. Its glacial character was first recognized by officers of the United States Coast Survey, who named it Malaspina Glacier in remembrance of the great but unfortunate navigator Malaspina. West of St. Elias there is another vast ice field bordering the ocean, but whether this has a direct connection with the Malaspina Glacier remains to be determined. Our present knowledge of it is derived from distant views from commanding mountain peaks.

Late in the season I made an excursion far out on the Malaspina Glacier, and found it a vast, slightly undulating plateau of clear ice, with a general elevation of about fifteen hundred feet above the sea. Its surface is rough and irregular owing to thousands of shallow crevasses, and is bare of stones and earth. From the summits of the gentle swells the view is unbounded; the observer seems to be on a limitless plain with nothing to obstruct the vision excepting the great mountains to the north. It is one vast rolling prairie of ice. From the mountain spurs projecting like ocean capes into this veritable sea of ice one may look down on the great plateau from an elevation of two or three thousand feet without being able to discover its southern limits. The courses of the long lines of moraines stretching away from the mountain spurs can be followed for many miles; and far to the south the eye can distinguish a dark band near the southern margin, formed by stones and earth that have been concentrated at the surface as the ice melted. The outer border of this belt of moraines, like the lower, dirt-covered portions of many of the smaller ice streams, is densely covered with vegetation, and in places supports a vigorous forest of spruce trees. Dark evergreen forests with rank undergrowths of alders, ferns, and flowers, growing on living glaciers hundreds of feet thick, are among the most novel and interesting features of the Alaska glaciers, and, so far as I am aware, have not been noted in other countries. The great Malaspina Glacier is fed by the ice streams flowing from the mountains, and is truly a living glacier although of unique character. In many of its features it resembles the great continental glacier which covered the New England States and much of Canada during the geologically recent glacial epoch. It is the largest known glacier in the northern hemisphere with the exception of the ice fields of Greenland. When fully explored and carefully studied it should add an interesting and instructive chapter to glacial geology.

To continue our march: We crossed the first large glacier west of Yakutat Bay and traversed a deep transverse gorge in the next mountain range, which was once deeply filled with stones and earth and again excavated by running waters, leaving curious terraces along its borders. Beyond this spur we crossed another great glacier bare of debris and reached the next succeeding mountain spur. Traversing the bed of a lake at the southern end of this range, we reached another moraine-covered ice field which we named the Marvine Glacier. On the eastern border of this glacier there is a rocky island that rises through the ice and is densely clothed with ferns and flowers and deep-shadowed groves of spruce. This lovely oasis in a desert of ice we named Blossom Island. Here we established a base camp from which to explore the high mountains.

The vegetation on the lower portions of the mountains of southern Alaska, where the slope is not too steep to retain the soil, is so rank and luxuriant, and so marvelously rich in brilliantly colored flowers, that it must ever be a surprise and a joy to those who see it for the first time. The "Great North Land" is not a region of eternal frost and snow, but, during a portion of the year at least, is a land of flowers. The season of growth is short and the blossoms of the whole year appear all together. The violets of spring bloom side by side with the purple lupines of summer and the asters and gentians of autumn. The many hours of sunshine during the long summer days, when the twilight has not faded before the east is flushed by the dawn; the abundant moisture; the richness of the soil, fertilized by the slow decay of hundreds of generations of plants—all combine to force the vegetation and give it a rank luxuriance not exceeded even under the equator. The upper limit of tree growth, the "timber line" on the foothills southeast of St. Elias, is at an elevation of about two thousand feet, but decreases rapidly towards the west. All the seaward portion of western Alaska, including the Aleutian Islands, is treeless. The most abundant tree, and the only one on Blossom Island, is the spruce (*Picea pungens*, Eng.), which grows in dense groves on rocky ridges and attains the size of a noble forest tree. The dense thickets are formed of alder, currant, and salmon-berry bushes, with here and there a showy mountain ash, loaded in September with bunches of scarlet berries that rival the flame of its ripe foliage. In August and September the thickets are filled with a profusion of berries remarkable for their size and richness of color. Huckleberries of large size are abundant, while the salmon berries surpass all other similar fruits in size and richness of color, and ripen in such profusion that they frequently

give a tint to the shrubbery. Purple-black currants are the most abundant of all the fruits, but the least palatable. On sandy tracts near the shore strawberries bloom throughout the summer and produce berries that are as large and fine as many cultivated varieties. The most delicious of all the berries on which we feasted were the dwarf raspberries (*Rubus arcticus*, L.), which grow with the strawberries amid the rank grasses on the shore.

On the lowlands the spruce trees stand so thickly that the sunlight can scarcely penetrate their interlocked branches, and mosses, lichens, and fungi flourish beneath them in strange beauty. Throughout the forests the ground is covered with a soft, spongy mat of mosses two or three feet thick. Each fallen trunk is a lovely bank of green and brown adorned with graceful ferns and brilliant flowers. Even the trunks and branches of the living trees are heavily loaded with mossy coverings, making strange, weird shapes in keeping with the noonday twilight. These somber retreats are most beautiful after a storm, when the air beneath the trees is heavy with drifting mists, and the deep, rich tints of the shaggy trunks are brightened here and there with patches of sunshine.

The fields of flowers skirting the forests surpass in rank luxuriance and in brilliancy of color anything of the kind it has been my fortune to see elsewhere. On the terraces and lower slopes of the mountains projecting into the Malaspina Glacier one may walk for miles through flowery meadows, shoulder-deep in a sea of bloom. No daisy meadow in New England is more thickly carpeted with blossoms than these remote, unexplored gardens of southern Alaska. Winter and summer, lovely verdure and icy desolation, are here side by side. One may stand on the border of an ice field miles in breadth and pluck as beautiful a garland of flowers and ferns as ever graced a May festival.

A few hundred feet above the timber line it is always winter. Near the lower limit of the summer's snow there are occasional sunny slopes so situated as not to be swept by avalanches, which are covered with a dense plush of brilliant alpine blossoms, and form a most pleasing contrast to the sparkling cliffs of snow and ice surrounding them. In the higher mountains there is absolutely no vegetation. Even the tints of lichens and mosses are absent from the precipices, and all the less rugged slopes are buried beneath snow and ice.

After leaving the shores of Yakutat Bay, we did not see a single sign to indicate that man, either civilized or savage, had preceded us. No trail, except those made by the bears, was met with; not a tree had been cut; no

half-burnt embers marked the site of former camp-fires; no tin cans or fragments of black bottles, the flotsam and jetsam of the advancing wave of civilization, were anywhere seen. For the first time in my life I had the experience, dear to the wanderer's heart, of traversing a region never before seen by man and bearing no marks of his destroying hand. I could join with the poet in saying:

Nature is perfect wherever we stray,
'T is man that deforms her with care.

The rank vegetation seems to fulfil no other mission than the scattering of its own seeds. There are but few birds or mammals to eat the luscious fruits. The only animals besides the birds that feed on the berries are the bears. Of these there are at least two species, the black and the brown. The brown bears are closely related, if not specifically identical, with the grizzly: they have the same square head, and are as large, and probably exceed in size the rulers of the California forests. Two that I saw near at hand seemed as large as the largest of polar bears. The tracks made by one walking across a smooth, soft surface measured nine by seventeen inches; the stride was sixty-four inches. There are many marmots among the cliffs and living in burrows. Besides the bears and marmots no other game was seen. The mountain goat is known to live on the southeastern side of Yakutat Bay, but no signs of its presence were observed in the region we explored. Apparently the only animals that can exist there are such as hibernate during the winter.

On the 2d of August, Mr. Kerr and I left Blossom Island with its wealth of summer bloom, and started for the higher mountains to the northwest. Our course at first led up the most westerly of the main tributaries of the Marvin Glacier, where it seemed likely that a pass would be found leading westward towards St. Elias, the summit of which it was desirable to occupy in order to map the surrounding country. The day we started was stormy, and thick mists covered the mountain. Occasional rain squalls swept down from the higher ice fields and made traveling both difficult and uncomfortable. At the start we were accompanied by all of the camp hands, each man having a heavy load of instruments, rations, blankets, tents, etc., but about noon all of the men except two turned back, leaving their packs at a rendezvous on the ice. During our stay above the snow-line the men who returned to Blossom Island were busy in advancing supplies from caches made on the trail leading to Yakutat, and in carrying such things as were desired to the rendezvous at

the snow-line. The men who shared our fortunes during the most of our stay in the snow were W. L. Lindsley and Thomas Stamy. After our party divided, our little band of four pressed on through the storm and gained an elevation a short distance above the snow-line, where the clear blue ice of the lower portion of the glacier disappeared beneath the white *névé* fields above. We there made our first camp in the snow. All of the valley and all of the mountain slopes not precipitous were covered with snow and ice. The mountain spurs, descending out of the clouds, plunged down beneath the snow in steep precipices, leaving not a square foot of level rock on which to pitch our tent. By the side of a steep lateral gorge, where a small quantity of dirt and stones had fallen on the glacier, and where we judged we should be safe from avalanches, we leveled off the surface so as to mark a platform about seven feet square, sustained on the lower margin by a wall of stone. On this little terrace we pitched our tent, and after a light supper, cooked over our small coal-oil stove, spread our blankets and sought the sleep that usually comes so quickly to the mountain climber. The storm increased as the night came on, and, what is quite unusual in southern Alaska, the rain fell in heavy drops, like a tropical storm, and beat through our tent, filling the interior with spray. As the storm increased, the louder and more frequent became the roar of the avalanches. Now a heavy crash, mingled with the sharp rattle of falling stones, would come from the cliffs on the opposite side of the valley, telling that an avalanche had discharged many tons of snow and rock on to the glacier; this would be answered by another similar roar, near at hand, and repeated again and again from other cliffs somewhere out in the darkness. The wilder the storm the louder became the avalanche-thunder, the bolts of which are more to be dreaded than the lightning's flash. Soon we were startled by the rush of a small avalanche right at our door, telling that the rocks above had been loosened by the rain, and that our perch was no longer tenable. Looking out, I saw rocks the size of one's head whizzing past within arm's reach of the tent. The next instant a falling stone struck the alpenstock to which our tent was fastened, carried it away, and left us exposed to the pouring rain. As quickly as possible we moved our tent down to the open glacier, at the extremity of a tapering mountain spur which projected far into the ice, where it seemed impossible for falling rocks to reach us. Moving our soaked blankets to this new shelter, if such it could be called when those within were nearly as wet as the storm-swept cliffs without, we passed

the night as best we could, sleep being impossible. On this occasion, as on many others while camped in the snow, we found our oil stove not only a convenience but a blessing. A cup of coffee was soon made, and the tent warmed sufficiently to be comparatively comfortable.

The following morning the vapor wreaths were rolled away from the great peaks, revealing to our astonished eyes glaciers and snow fields, vast precipices and towering pinnacles, grouped in one wild, picturesque, mountain panorama. Not a tree or shrub was in sight, but a few of the lower mountain slopes were aglow with alpine flowers. The temptation to return to Blossom Island, where all was sunshine and summer, was great, but we pressed on, taking the center of the glacier as our route, and threaded our way between deep crevasses to the heights above.

Space will not permit a detailed account of our life above the snow line, which will be described more fully elsewhere. Each day we advanced over the crevassed ice, many times crossing the yawning chasms on narrow snow bridges, and at night pitched our tent where darkness overtook us, or when we became too weary to travel farther. Sometimes we found a perch on the crest of a rocky ridge at a sufficient distance from the cliffs above to escape the falling stones, but many times were forced to camp on the open glaciers, without even the luxury of a few handfuls of gravel to keep our blankets from freezing to the ice.

On the third day after leaving Blossom Island we reached the head of the Marvine Glacier at the point where the most westerly spur of Mount Cook leaves the main mountain mass. Fortunately for us a break there occurs in the mountains, forming a pass leading westward. From the many tapering spires and pinnacles on the cliffs overlooking this natural highway we named it "Pinnacle Pass." The elevation of its summit is 4000 feet above the sea, and on its northern side there is a magnificent line of cliffs from 1000 to 2000 feet high, trending east and west. From the divide at Pinnacle Pass the snows flow both east and west and form a gentle grade, which would be easy to traverse were it not for the multitude of open fissures or crevasses. Crossing Pinnacle Pass we descended the western snow slope for several miles, having on our right the great line of cliffs already mentioned, which shut out the view of mountains to the north; but on passing the end of these cliffs and gaining the Seward Glacier, the next ice stream which flows southward down the mountains, the St. Elias range with its many giant peaks bursts into view. From this point we had our first unobstructed view of Mount St. Elias. The sun

was just setting behind the great pyramid that forms the summit of the mountain, and all of the white-robed peaks to the north were flushed with a soft sunset glow. At last we had reached the most secret recesses of the mountains. The veil was lifted, and we stood silent with awe in the holy of holies!

The Seward Glacier is by far the largest and grandest of the alpine glaciers discovered during the expedition, and was named in grateful remembrance of Hon. William H. Seward, the purchaser of Alaska. At the place we first reached it the ice flows down a moderate slope, and is broken in a wonderful way. The ice stream here forms a rapid, the descent not being steep enough to produce what is known as an ice cascade. The ice is so shattered that it was impossible to cross, and we had to climb a projecting mountain spur and ascend the bank of the stream for a distance of two or three miles before being able to find a way to the western shore.

We crossed the Seward Glacier above the rapids, and, ascending a tributary stream of ice which comes in from the west, found another pass having about the same elevation as Pinnacle Pass, and, like it, leading westward. On each side of the crest of this divide there stands a bold, snow-covered dome, which suggested the name "Dome Pass" for the opening. Westward from the pass the snow surface slopes downward and joins another glacier which is fed by the snows falling on the southern slope of the main range between St. Elias and Malaspina. The lower end of this glacier, far to the south of where we crossed it, was named Agassiz Glacier by the expedition in charge of Lieutenant Schwatka in 1886. Its western branch drains the snow from the northeast slope of the crowning pyramid of St. Elias. Our way led up this western branch, which we called the Newton Glacier after the great triangular pyramid on the main mountain ridge above, next northeast of St. Elias. To gain the highest snow field of this glacier we had to ascend two ice-falls; one in the Agassiz Glacier, and the second where the Newton branch joins it. At these places the ice flows over precipices, and is so greatly shattered and crevassed that it is all but impassable. These cascades have a resemblance to what one might fancy would occur if a closely built city had been upheaved and tossed about by an earthquake. A more rugged or more fearful assemblage of chaotic ice forms could scarcely be fancied. After trying unsuccessfully to find a way through the first of these wildernesses of ice pinnacles, bottomless cañons, and broken and tossed tablelands, we left the glacier and endeavored to ascend the side of the ice stream. After much difficulty, and one or two unsuc-

cessful attempts, we found a passage leading to the comparatively smooth plateau of snow above the cascade, and encamped for the night on the top of a large table of ice bordered on all sides by crevasses hundreds of feet deep, in which no bottom could be seen.

The next day we attempted to thread our way through the maze of crevasses and pinnacles of the upper fall, but after several hours of weary climbing were obliged to turn back and endeavor to scale the cliff at the side. This cliff is nearly perpendicular and runs at right angles to the course of the glacier. Its prolongation beneath the ice gives origin to the ice cascade. Near where the cliff emerges from the ice there seemed to be a practicable route for reaching the top. I attempted to scale it at this point, but found the way so difficult, and was suffering so severely from snow-blindness, that I was obliged to give up the attempt. Kerr and Lindsley threw off their packs, and, taking alpenstocks and a life-line, succeeded in finding a way through the deeply crevassed ice to the top of the cliff at the point where I had endeavored to ascend it. Soon a rope was made fast, and a way to the snow plateau above was secured. Along the top of this precipice, which we called "Rope Cliff," towered an overhanging wall of ice, thirty or more feet in height, which threatened every moment to crash down in avalanches; but by making the ascent while the cliffs were in shadow this danger was greatly lessened. Above Rope Cliff our way led for half a mile close underneath a towering mountain mass, from which avalanches frequently descended. This was the most dangerous portion of the ascent. The cliffs above us rose fully a thousand feet, and were covered with crevassed ice which had every appearance of being ready to fall. We had to cross the tracks of several avalanches, and once while we were making the passage an avalanche of new snow started from the cliffs above and flowed down, spreading as it descended, until within a few yards of our trail, when it ceased. On retracing our steps over this portion of our route in descending we found that the tracks made while going up had been swept away. The path of one of these avalanches was deeply grooved, and sheathed with glare ice, formed by the freezing of the waters melted by the friction of the descending mass.

A mile above the cliffs that had given us so much trouble we found the snow even more heavily crevassed than usual, and our way blocked by precipices of snow and ice from 50 to 100 feet high. We searched for several hours for a passage through this labyrinth, but found none. At last we attacked one of the cliffs with our hatchet, and after two hours'

hard work had a set of steps leading to the top. This was the last serious obstacle in the ascent. Above the steps we found ourselves on a vast plateau bordered on all sides, except that on which the glacier flowed, by cliffs and towering mountain slopes white with the snows of many winters. The highest point on the rim of this great amphitheater was Mount St. Elias, which rose above us, a vast pyramid five thousand feet in height.

Crossing the great snow field forming the floor of the amphitheater were hundreds of yawning chasms, many of them twenty to forty feet in breadth and half a mile in length. These we had to cross by narrow snow bridges or follow for long distances before being able to pass around their ends. A view into the blue depths of one of these great crevasses is a sight never to be forgotten. Their lips are of white snow, festooned and overarching in a thousand fantastic forms; below, the color changes by imperceptible gradations to the deepest blue. Their extreme depths are as dark in color as the unfathomable sea. Many times their bottoms are beyond the reach of vision; again they are level-floored and form a fairy-like valley with walls of sculptured crystal; in other instances they are partly filled with water of the deepest indigo, in which every detail of the fretted walls above is reflected. Some of the larger crevasses are crossed by snow arches, thrown directly from bank to bank, and resembling in their grand proportions the Natural Bridge of Virginia. Our way lay for miles across this beautiful but treacherous pavement, along the brink of dizzy precipices, and across narrow bridges with bottomless gulfs on each hand. Although we had been living on the glaciers for weeks and had become familiar with many of their wonders, the great crevasses in the upper snow regions were so magnificent in their proportions and so wonderful in color that they called forth exclamations of admiration from every member of our party.

On the evening of August 21 we pitched our tent in the snow at the border of a blue glacial pond near the immediate base of the great pyramid forming the culminating point of St. Elias. For ten days we had enjoyed beautiful weather, and the sun went down behind the great mountain peak we wished to climb, spreading a flood of yellow light over the rugged landscape and promising a continuance of clear skies. Every inch of the way to the top of the mountain was in plain view, and we felt confident of making the final climb on the morrow. When we retired each peak stood out clear and sharp against the dark, starlit heaven; but when we awoke next morning it was apparent that a change had taken place. The peaks were no longer clearly defined, and

from the higher summits cloud banners were streaming off towards the southeast. The vapor banks in the east were flushed by long streamers of light, and then faded to a dull, ashen gray, while the cloud banners between us and the sun became brilliant with rainbow tints. The rare beauty of that silent, wintry landscape, so delicate in its pearly half-tones and so softly lighted, was unreal and fairy-like. The winds were still, but strange forebodings of coming changes filled the air. Long, waving threads of vapor were woven in lace-work across the sky. The white-robed mountains were half concealed by shapeless cloud-masses that drifted like spirits along their mighty battlements, and far, far above, from the topmost pinnacles, irised banners were signaling the coming of a storm.

In spite of the unpromising conditions, we started on what we hoped would be the final climb; but the indications of bad weather increased, the clouds grew heavier, and at last, at an elevation of 9500 feet, we reached the base of a dark vapor bank which concealed the view above, and snow began to fall. After twenty days of fatigue and hardship since leaving Blossom Island, with our goal almost within reach, we were obliged to turn back. Regaining our tent, we concluded to remain until the morrow, hoping that the weather would moderate. But the snow continued to fall throughout the day, and the storm increased in force as night came on. In the morning the tempest was still raging. We were in the midst of the storm cloud; the vapor and fine drifting snow crystals obscured everything from view. The snow was already more than three feet deep about our tent, and to remain longer with the short supply of provisions on hand was hazardous, as there seemed no limit to the duration of the storm. Resuming our packs, we roped ourselves together and began to descend through the blinding mist and snow, which rendered the atmosphere so dense that a man could not be distinguished at a distance of fifty yards. With only our instinct and the direction of the storm to guide us, we worked our way downward between the deep crevasses and over the snow bridges that had obstructed our way during the ascent. All day long we continued our slow journey through the blinding storm, and at night believed ourselves to be near the steps cut during the ascent, but the darkness came on before we reached them. Shoveling the snow away as best we could with our hands and our basins, we cleared a space down to the old snow large enough for our tent, and went into camp. In the morning the storm had spent its force, leaving the mountains with an immaculate covering of white, and still

partly veiled with shreds of storm clouds. We found ourselves on one of the many tables of snow, bounded on all sides by yawning crevasses, and not far from the great crevasse in the side of which we had cut steps. The steps were obliterated by the new snow, but by means of a rope and alpenstocks we made the descent without much difficulty, and passing beneath the cliffs, dangerous on account of their avalanches, reached the precipice where we had left a rope. A heavy avalanche had swept down from the heights above during our absence, sending its spray over the cliff where we had to descend. We gained the previous camping-place below the cliff, but far enough away to be out of reach of the stones and avalanches that were frequently shot down from above, and there passed the night.

The following day, after some consultation, it was decided to attempt once more to reach the summit of St. Elias. Lindsley and Stamy, who had shared without complaint the privations of our life in the snow, volunteered to descend to a lower camp for additional rations, while Mr. Kerr and myself returned to the higher camp, hoping that we might be able to ascend the peak before the men returned, and if not, to have sufficient rations, when they rejoined us, to be enabled to continue the attack. The men departed on their difficult errand, while Mr. Kerr and I, with blankets, tents, oil stoves, and what rations remained, once more scaled the cliff, where we had placed a rope, and returned on the trail made the day previously. About noon we reached the excavation in the snow where we had bivouacked in the storm, and there prepared a lunch. It was then discovered that a mistake had been made as to the quantity of oil in our cans, as scarcely enough remained to cook a single meal. To attempt to live several days in the snow with this small supply of fuel seemed hazardous. Mr. Kerr volunteered to descend and overtake the men at the lower camp, procure some oil, and return the following day. We then separated, Kerr starting down the mountain, and leaving me with a double load to carry through the deep snow to the high camp previously occupied.

Trudging wearily on through the deep snow, I reached the high camp at sunset. I pitched my tent in the excavation previously made, using my alpenstock for one tent-pole, and piling up snow, saturated with water, for the other; the snow froze in a few minutes and held the tent securely. The ends of the ridge-rope were then stamped into the snow and water was poured over them; the edges of the tent were treated in a similar manner, and my shelter was ready for occupation. Cooking some



ST. ELIAS FROM DOME PASS, LOOKING NORTHWEST.

supper over my oil stove, I rolled myself in a blanket and slept the sleep of the weary. On awakening in the morning I found the snow drifting into my tent, and, on looking out, discovered that I was again caught in a blinding storm of mist and snow. The storm raged all day and all night and continued without interruption till the evening of the second day. The coal oil becoming exhausted, I filled a can with bacon grease, in which a cotton rag was placed for a wick, and over this "witch lamp" did my cooking during the remainder of my stay. The snow, falling steadily, soon buried my tent, already surrounded on three sides by a wall of snow higher than my head, and it was only by constant exertion that I kept it from crushing in. With a pint basin for a shovel, I cleared the tent as best I could, and several times during the day re-excavated the hole leading down to the pond, which had long since disappeared beneath the level plain of white. I also began the excavation of a tunnel in the snow, with the expectation that the tent would soon become uninhabitable. The night following I found it impossible to keep the tent clear in spite of almost constant efforts, and early in the morning it was crushed in by a great weight of snow, leaving me no

alternative but to finish the snow-house and move in. I excavated a tunnel into the snow some four or five feet, and made a chamber at right angles to this, about six feet long by four wide and three feet high. In this I placed my blankets and other belongings, and hanging a rubber coat, supported by an alpenstock, at the entrance, found myself well sheltered from the tempest. There I passed the day and the night following. In the morning I was awakened by the croaking of a raven on the snow immediately over my head, and found that the soft blue light of my grotto was replaced at the entrance by a pink radiance, telling that the day had dawned bright and clear.

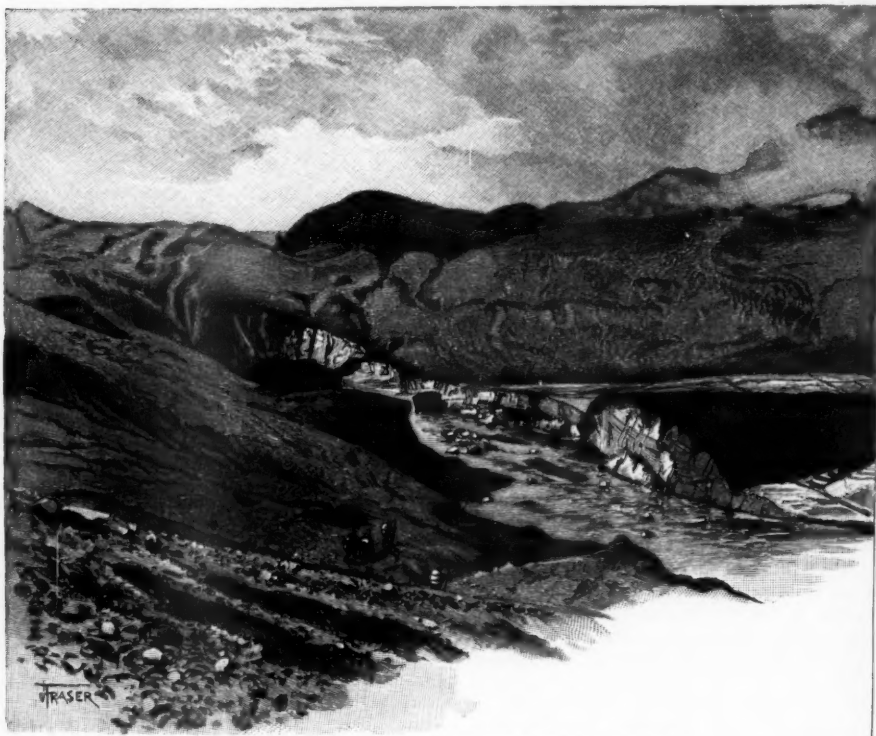
What a glorious sight awaited me! The heavens were without a cloud, and the sun shone with dazzling splendor on the white-robed mountains. The broad, unbroken snow plain seemed to burn with light, reflected from millions of snow crystals. The great peaks were draped from base to summit in the purest white, as yet unscarred by avalanches. On the steep cliffs the snow hung in folds like drapery, tier above tier, while the angular peaks above stood out like crystals against the sky. St. Elias was one vast pyramid of alabaster.

The winds were still. Not a sound broke the solitude. Not an object moved. Even the raven had gone, leaving me alone with the mountains.

As the sun rose higher and higher, and made its warmth felt, the snows were loosened here and there on the steep slopes and broke away, gathering force as they fell, and rushed down in avalanches that made the mountains tremble and awakened the echoes with a roar.

To witness such a scene under the most favorable conditions was worth all the privation and anxiety it cost.

On the sixth day after parting from my companions, judging that they must have returned at least to the camping-place where we had separated, I packed my blankets and the meager remnants of food still remaining, abandoned the tent, and started to descend the mountain. Even under the warm sunshine of



A GLACIER RIVER FLOWING OVER ICE AND ENTERING A TUNNEL.

like thunder. From a small beginning high up on the slopes the new snow would slip downward, silently at first, and cascade over precipices hundreds of feet high, looking like a fall of foaming water; then came the roar, increasing in volume as the flowing snow involved new fields in its path of destruction, until the great mass became irresistible and plowed its way downward through clouds of snow-spray, which hung in the air long after the roar of the avalanche had ceased. All day long, until the shadows of evening fell on the steep slopes, this mountain thunder continued. The echoes of one avalanche scarcely died away before they were awakened by another

the previous days the snow refused to melt sufficiently to enable it to freeze at night and form a crust. It had settled somewhat, but was yet six feet deep. Tramping wearily on through the dry, chaff-like snow, I slowly worked my way downward and again threaded the maze of crevasses and snow bridges now partly concealed by the newly added layer. Midway to the next camping-place I met my comrades, coming up to look for me.

During my imprisonment at the highest camp Mr. Kerr was detained under similar circumstances at the camping-place below Rope Cliff. On endeavoring to rejoin me with the supply of coal oil, so very valuable under



SKETCH MAP OF MOUNT ST. ELIAS REGION. (WESTERN PORTION FROM MAPS BY H. W. SETON-KARR AND H. W. TOPHAM.)

the circumstances, he was caught in the storm and was unable to reach the meeting-place appointed. He reached Rope Cliff in the afternoon of the first day of the storm, climbed the precipice, and found his way through the gathering darkness along the nearly obliterated trail beneath the avalanche cliffs and up the steps cut in the side of a crevasse to the site of our bivouac camp. Finding nothing there, and being unable to proceed farther through the blinding storm, he abandoned the attempt and returned to the camping-place below Rope Cliff. In descending the rope he found that its lower end had become fast in the snow. The taut line, sheathed with ice, was an uncertain help in the darkness. Midway in the descent his hands slipped and he slid to the bottom, but the cushion of new snow broke the fall and prevented serious injury. Alone, without fire,

without blankets, having only a canvas cover and a rubber blanket for shelter, and with but little food, he passed three anxious days and nights before the return of the camp hands.

Deciding that the ascent of St. Elias could not be accomplished through the deep snow, the attempt was abandoned and the descent begun. Our retreat was none too soon. Storm succeeded storm throughout September, and each time the clouds lifted the mantle of new snow was seen to have descended lower and lower. Our last view showed the wintry covering nearly down to timber line.

After an excursion up Seward Glacier nearly to the upper ice-fall, where I was again turned back by a heavy snow-fall, I returned to Blossom Island and there found Mr. Kerr, who had descended immediately after our failure to reach the summit of St. Elias. My stay above

the snow line lasted from August 2 to September 6. Though traveling through rain and snow and sleeping on the ice is uncomfortable, I shall never regret the experience gained and never forget the magnificence of the great mountains when freshly robed in snow.

From Blossom Island Mr. Kerr returned at once to the mission at Port Mulgrave, while I made an excursion out on the great plateau of ice intervening between the mountains and the Pacific, which has already been briefly described. From the level sea of ice into which the mountains thrust rugged headlands the mighty range to the north appears higher and more rugged than from any other point of view. St. Elias rises from the ice in what appears a sheer precipice, fifteen thousand feet high. I doubt if a more impressive mountain face exists anywhere else in the world.

Retracing our steps to the shore of Yakutat Bay, we reoccupied our former camping-place, and in a few days were rejoiced to see the United States Revenue Marine steamer *Corwin* coming up the bay. Captain C. L. Hooper, her commander, did everything in his power to make us welcome, and to him we are indebted for a delightful voyage back to civilization. The morning of our departure was exceptionally bright and clear, thus adding to our joy at finding a ready means of returning to homes and loved ones.

After steaming up the bay nearly to the ice cliffs of the Hubbard Glacier, and giving us a fine view of the mountains and glaciers about Disenchantment Bay, the *Corwin* returned to Port Mulgrave and on September 25 put to sea. After a splendid ocean passage we arrived at Port Townsend on October 2.

During our stay in Alaska not a man was sick and not an accident happened. The work planned at the start was carried out almost to

the letter, with the exception that we did not reach the summit of St. Elias. The results of the expedition embraced geological and glacial studies, and a topographic map of an area of upward of a thousand square miles, previously entirely unknown. The heights of all the principal peaks within a distance of many miles of our route were determined. Although the elevations of the mountains were found to be less than was previously supposed, they are still to be ranked among the most magnificent uplifts on the North American continent. The highest peak in the region explored is St. Elias, which has an elevation of 15,350 feet; next in importance is Mount Augusta, 13,105; Mount Cook, 12,370; and Mount Logan, named in honor of Sir William E. Logan, formerly Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, 12,616; Mount Irving, named for Professor Roland D. Irving, late professor of geology in the University of Wisconsin, 9,151; Mount Newton, in honor of Professor Henry Newton, formerly of Columbia School of Mines, 11,387. Other peaks of equal magnificence are too numerous to name. For these measurements I am indebted to Mr. Kerr.

These mountains are not ancient volcanoes, as has been stated by certain writers, but are composed of stratified sedimentary beds which have been broken by profound fractures and upheaved as great mountain blocks. The huge pyramid presented by St. Elias when seen from Yakutat Bay is not a volcanic cone like Mount Shasta or Mount Rainier, as its shape might suggest, but is the end of a roof-like ridge. It is the highest corner of a great mountain block, and furnishes a typical example of a class of mountains formed by the upheaval and tilting of massive blocks of the earth's crust without folding or crumpling.

Israel C. Russell.

THE TWENTY-THIRD OF APRIL.

A LITTLE English earth and breathed air
 Made Shakspeare the divine: so is his verse
 The brodered soil of every blossom fair;
 So doth his song all sweet bird songs rehearse.
 But tell me, then, what wondrous stuff did fashion
 That part of him which took those wilding flights
 Among imagined worlds — whence the white passion
 That burned three centuries through the days and nights?
 Not heaven's four winds could make, nor the round earth,
 The soul wherefrom the soul of Hamlet flamed;
 Nor anything of merely mortal birth
 Could lighten as when Shakspeare's name is named.
 How was his body bred we know full well,
 But that high soul's engendering who may tell!

R. W. Gilder.

COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE.—VI.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

CHAD ON HIS OWN CABIN FLOOR.



HE night after the eventful dinner in Bedford Place the colonel, accompanied by his guests, had alighted at a dreary way station, crawled into a lumbering country stage, and with Chad on the box as pilot stopped before a great house with ghostly trailing vines and tall chimneys outlined against the sky.

When I left my room on the following morning the sunlight was pouring through the big colonial window, and the breath of the delicious day, laden with the sweet smell of bending blossoms, floated in through the open blinds.

Descending the great spiral staircase with its slender mahogany balusters,—here and there a break,—I caught sight of the entrance hall below with its hanging glass lantern, quaint haircloth sofas lining the white walls, and half-oval tables heaped with flowers, and so on through the wide-open door leading out upon a vine-covered porch. This had high pillars and low railings against which stood some broad settles—all white.

The colonel, Fitz, and the English agent were still in their rooms,—three pair of polished shoes outside their several doors bearing silent witness to the fact,—and the only person stirring was a pleasant-faced negro woman with white apron and gay colored bandana, who was polishing the parlor floor with a long brush, her little piccaninny astraddle on the broom end for weight.

I pushed aside the hanging vines, sat down on one of the wooden benches, and looked about me. This, then, was Carter Hall!

The house itself bore evidence of having once been a stately home. It was of plaster stucco, yellow washed, peeled and broken in places, with large dormer windows and sloping roof, one end of which was smothered in a tangle of Virginia creeper and trumpet vine climbing to the very chimney-top.

In front there stretched away what had once been a well-kept lawn, now a wild of coarse grass broken only by the curving line of the driveway and bordered by a row of Lombardy poplars with here and there a gap—bitten out by hungry camp-fires.

To the right rose a line of hills increasing in height as they melted into the morning haze, and to the left lay an old-fashioned garden—one great sweep of bloom. With the wind over it and blowing your way, you were steeped in roses.

I began unconsciously to recall to myself all the traditions of this once famous house.

Yes, there must be the window where Nancy waved good-by to her lover, and there were the flower-beds into which he had fallen headlong from his horse—only a desolate corner now with the grass and tall weeds grown quite



POLISHING THE PARLOR FLOOR.

up to the scaling wall, and the wooden shutters tightly closed. I wondered whether they had ever been opened since.

And there under my eyes stood the very step where Chad had helped his old master from his horse the day his sweetheart Henny had been purchased from Judge Barbour, and close to the garden gate were the negro quarters where they had begun their housekeeping. I imagined I could pick out the very cabin.

And that line of silver glistening in the morning light must be the river Tench, and the bend near the willows the spot where the colonel would build the iron bridge with the double span, and across and beyond on the plateau backed by the hills the site of the future city of Fairfax.

I left my seat, strolled out into the garden, crossed the grass jeweled with dew, and filled my lungs with the odor of the sweet box bordering the beds—a rare delight in these days of modern gardens. Suddenly I came upon a wide straw hat and a broad back bending among the bushes. It was Chad.

"Mawnin', Major; fust fox out de hole, is yer? Lawd a massey, ain't I glad ter git back to my ole mist'ess! Lan' sakes alive! I ain't slep' none all night a-thinkin' ober it. You ain't seen my Henny? Dat was her sister's chile rubbin' down de flo'. She come ober dis mawnin' ter help, so many folks here. Wait till I git a basket ob dese yer ole pink rose-water roses. See how I snip 'em short? Know what I 'm gwine to do wid 'em? Sprinkle 'em all ober de tablecloth. I lay dey ain't nobody done dat for my mist'ess since I been gone. But, Major,"—here Chad laid down the basket on the garden walk and looked at me with a serious air,—"*I done got dat coal*



HENNY.

lan' business down to a fine p'int. I was up dis mawnin' 'fo' daylight an' I foun' dat rock, an' de crotch is dar yit; I scrape de moss offen it myself; an' I foun' de tree too. I ain't sayin' nuffin', but jes you wait till after breakfas' an' dey all go out lookin' for de coal! Jes you wait; dat 's all! Chad 's on his own cabin flo' now. Can't fool dis chile no mo'."

This was good news so far as it went; for our sudden exodus from Bedford Place was determined upon immediately after Chad's dismal failure to locate the coal-field, Fitz having carried the day against Yancey, Kerfoot, and even the agent himself, who was be-

ginning to waver over the accumulation of uncertainties.

"Dat 's enough roses to bury up de dishes. Rub yo' nose down in 'em—ain't dey sweet! Now, come along wid me, Major. I done tole Henny 'bout you an' de tar'pins an' de times de gemmen had. Dis way, Major; won't take a minute, an' ef ye all go back to-night,—an' I yerd Mister Englishman say *he* got to go,—you might n't hab anudder chance. Henny 's cookin', ye know. Dis way. Step under dat honeysuckle!"

I looked through an open door and into a dingy, smoke-dried interior, ceiled with heavy rafters and hung with herbs, red peppers, onions, and the like. This was lighted by three small windows, and furnished with a row of dressers filled with crockery and kitchen ware, and permeated by that savory smell which presages a generous breakfast. On one side of the fireplace rested the great hominy mortar, cut from a tree trunk, so common in Virginia kitchens, and on the other the universal brick oven with its iron doors—the very doors, I thought, that had closed over Chad's goose when Henny was a girl. Between the mortar and the oven opened, or rather caverned, a fireplace as wide as the colonel's hospitality, and high and deep enough to turn a coach in. It really covered one end of the room.

Bending over the swinging crane hung with pots and fringed with hooks—baited so often with good dinners—stood an old woman with bent back, and with gray head bound up with a yellow handkerchief.

"Henny, de major made a special p'int o' comin' to see ye 'fo' he gits his breakfas'."

She looked up and dropped me a courtesy.

"Mawnin', marsa. I ain't much ter see, I 'm so ole an' mizzble wid dese yer cricks in my back an' sich a passel o' white folks. How did my Chad git along up dar 'mong de Yankees?"

I gave Chad so good a character that every tooth in his head came out on dress parade, and was about to draw from Henny some of her own experiences—this loyal old servant whose life from her girlhood to her old age had been one of the romantic traditions of the roof that sheltered her—when Chad, who had gone out with the roses, returned with the news that the colonel and his guests were breathing the morning air on the front porch and were much disturbed over my prolonged absence.

The colonel caught sight of me as I rounded the corner, Fitz and the agent joining in his outburst of hilarious welcome, intoxicated as we all were with the elixir of that most exhilarating of all hours—the hour before breakfast of a summer morning in the country.

"Welcome, my dear Major; a hearty wel-

come to Caarter Hall! Come up here where you can get a view of Fairfax, suh!" were his first words, and by the time I had mounted the steps he was leaning over the railing, with Fitz on the one side and the agent on the other, sweeping the horizon with his index finger and drawing imaginary curves and building bridges and locating railroad stations in the air with as much confidence and hope as if he really saw the gangs of laborers at work across the fields, their shovels glinting in the dazzling sunlight.

"Jes cast yo' eyes, suh,"—this to the agent,—“and tell me, suh, if you have ever in yo' world-wide experience seen such a location for a great city. Level as a flo', watered by the Tench, and sheltered by a line of hills that are beauty itself—it is made for it, suh!”

The agent did full justice to the natural advantages and then asked:

“Is the coal in that range?”

“No, suh; the coal is behind us on an outlyin' spur. I will take you there after breakfast.”

And then followed a brief description of the changes the war had made in the homestead, the burning of the barns, the abandonment of the quarters, the destruction of the lawns—*K. M. W.* “A yard for their damnable wagons, suh”; the colonel pointing out with great delight the very dent in the ridge where General Early had ridden through and captured the whole detachment without the loss of a man.

While we were talking that same rustling of silk that I had learned to know so well in Bedford Place was heard in the hall, then a sweet, cheery voice giving some directions to Chad, and the next instant dear Aunt Nancy—Fitz and I had long since dared to call her so—floated (she never seemed to walk) out upon the porch with a word and a courtesy to the agent, a hand each to Fitz and me, and a kiss for the colonel.

Then came the breakfast, and such a breakfast! The outpourings of a Virginia kitchen, with the table showered with roses, and the great urn shining and smoking, and the relays of waffles and corn-bread and broiled chicken; all in the old-fashioned dining-room with its high wainscoting, spindle-legged sideboards, and deep window seats, and the long moon-faced clock in the corner—and the rest of it! After that the quiet smoke under the vine-

covered end of the portico with the view towards Cartersville.

“There comes the jedge,” said the colonel, pointing to a cloud of dust following a two-wheel gig, “and Major Yancey behind on horseback.” (They had both been dropped outside their respective garden gates the night before.) “Now, gentlemen, as soon as my attorney arrives with the surveys and deeds



MAJOR YANCEY'S HORSE.

we will adjourn to my library and locate this coal-field.”

Yancey's horse proved, on closer inspection, to be the remnant of an army mule with a moth-eaten mane and a polished tail bare of hair—worn off, no doubt, in a lifelong struggle with the Fairfax County fly. The major was without the luxury of a saddle, some one having borrowed the only one the owner of the mule possessed, and his breeches, in consequence, were half way up his knees. The judge arrived in better shape, the gig being his own and fairly comfortable,—the same he rode to circuit, a yellow-painted vehicle washed only when it rained,—and the horse the property of the village livery man, who had a yearly contract with his Honor for its use.

Chad was waiting on the flagstones when the procession stopped, and he assisted the major to alight, with as much form and ceremony as if he had been the best mounted gentleman in the land. The saddleless fragment was then led to a supporting fence. The judicial equipage was accorded the additional luxury of a shed,

where the annual contract was served with a full measure of oats—Chad's recognition of his more exalted station.

The judge bowed gracefully and with great dignity and with the air of a chief-justice entering the court room; then, preceding the colonel and his guests,—without a word having fallen from his lips,—he entered a small room opening into the parlor. There he placed upon a chair certain mysterious-looking packages, long and otherwise, one a tin case, which he uncapped, spreading its contents upon a table.

It proved to be another and larger map than the one Chad had pored over, and showed distinctly the boundary lines between two dots marked "Oak" and "Rock" dividing the Carter and Barbour estates.

Up to this time Fitz and the agent had preserved the outward appearance of two idle gentlemen visiting a friend in the country, with no interest beyond the fresh air and the environments of a charming hospitality. With the unrolling of this map, however, and the discovery of the very boundary points insisted on by Chad in Bedford Place, their excitement could hardly be suppressed. The agent broke loose first.

"Before we find out, Colonel Carter, to whom this coal belongs, which may take some valuable time, I want to examine the quality of the vein itself. I would like to go now."

"By all means, suh; and my people shall go with us," said the colonel, turning to Kerfoot with instructions to bring Chad and all the maps later. (Yancey had excused himself on the ground of the heat.) Then donning a wide straw hat and picking up a cane,—something he never used in New York,—he led the way through the rear door, across a stone wall, and up a hill covered with a second growth of timber.

The experienced eye of the Englishman took in the lay of the land at a glance, and beckoning Fitz to one side he stooped and picked something from the ground which he examined carefully with a magnifying glass. Then they both disappeared hurriedly over the hill.

When they returned, half an hour later, the perspiration was rolling from the agent, and Fitz's eyes were blazing. Both were loaded down with a collection of broken bits of rock, tied up in their several handkerchiefs, large enough to start a geological collection in a country museum.

"What is it, Fitz—diamonds?" I said, laughing.

"Yes; black ones at that." He was almost breathless. "Solid bed of bituminous! Clear down to China! Don't breathe a word yet, for your life!"

The agent was calmer. The coal-bed, he said, seemed to be of more than ordinary richness, and as far as he could judge lay in a vein of generous width. He was ready for the survey, and would like the boundary points located at once.

The next instant Chad's head peered through the tangled underbrush, followed by Kerfoot. He carried the roll of maps, the judge contenting himself with a package tied with red tape.



Kerfoot
"WHAT'S DIS, MARSA GEORGE?" (SEE PAGE 891.)

The old darcy's face was one broad grin from ear to ear.

The judge unrolled a map and placed it on a flat rock with a stone at each corner. Then he untied the package, selected an ink-stained and faded document marked "Deed—John Carter to E. A. Barbour," and ran his eye along the quaint page, reading as he went:

Starting from an oak, blazed diamond C \odot , along a line S. E. to a rock marked C cross B, C + B, in all a distance of 1437 linear feet.

"Now, Chad, we will fust find the tree," said the judge, looking around for his map-bearer. "Where is that nigger? Chad!"

The old man had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him up. The next minute we heard a faint halloo below us at the edge of a small swamp. A man was waving his hat, and shouting:

"Eve'ybody come yer!"

Fitz started on a run, and the agent and I followed on the double-quick. At the end of a crooked stone wall, half surrounded by water, was a great spreading oak, its branches reaching half way across the narrow marsh. Within touching distance of the yielding ground stood

Chad pointing to a smooth blaze, stained and overgrown with lichen. It bore this mark, ☉.

"It tallies to a dot. Now, Chad, the rock! the rock!" said Fitz, hardly able to contain himself.

The darky pointed straight up the hill, the sky line of which could be seen entire from where we stood, and indicated an isolated rock jutting out above the treetops.

I thought Fitz would have hugged him.

"How do you know it is the rock with the crotch in it? Speak, you grinning lunatic!"

"I was dar dis mawnin' by daylight."

"What 's it marked?" said Fitz, catching him by both shoulders. "What 's it marked? Quick!"

"Wid a C an' a cross an' a B—so." And the old man traced it with his finger in the mud.

"Every pound of coal on the colonel's land!" said Fitz, with a yell that brought his host and Kerfoot as fast as their aged legs could carry them.

"Stop!" said Kerfoot. "This only settles the Caarter and Barbour division. There was another division here a year ago between Miss Ann Caarter and the colonel. With that I am mo' familiar, for I drew the deeds, which are here," holding up a bundle; "and I was also present with the surveyor. You are wrong, Mr. Fitzpatrick; this entire hill outside the Barbour division is Miss Ann Caarter's, and the coal is on her land. The colonel's portion is back there along the Tench."

THE ENGLISHMAN'S CHECK.

AN hour later I found Fitz flat on the grass under one of the apple trees behind the house, completely broken up by the discoveries of the morning.

After all his work, here was the colonel worse off than ever. Nobody could tell what a woman would do. Aunt Nancy was better than the average (Fitz was a bachelor), but then she had peculiar old family notions about selling land, and ten chances to one she would not sell a foot of it, and there right in the house sat a man with his pocket full of blank checks, any one of which was good for a million of pounds sterling. Even if she did sell it she would pension the dear old fellow off on a stipend instead of an establishment. He wanted somebody to dig a hole and cover Fitzpatrick up. Anybody could see that the railroad scheme was deadlier than a last year's pass, the farm hopeless, and the house fast becoming a ruin. It was enough to make a man jump off a dock.

Fitz's tirade was interrupted by Chad, who appeared with a message. The colonel wanted everybody in the library.

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When we entered the judge occupied the head of the table, surrounded by law papers, all of which were opened. The agent was bending over him, reading attentively and entering extracts in his note-book. Everybody became seated.

"Mr. Fitzpatrick," said the agent, "I have spent an hour with Judge Kerfoot going over the title of this property and I am prepared to make a proposition for its purchase. I have reduced it to writing,"—picking up a half-sheet of foolscap from the table,—"and I submit it to the owners through you."

Fitz read it without changing a muscle and handed it to the colonel. Yancey and the judge craned forward to catch the first syllables.

The colonel read it to the end, getting paler and paler as its meaning became clear, and then, with a certain pathos in his voice that was childlike, it was so genuine, said:

"If this is accepted, I presume, *sub*, you will not look any further into my road?"

"You are right. My instructions cover only the purchase of this deposit. I have room for only one operation."

The colonel rose from his chair, steadied himself on the low window-sill, and looked out across the Tench. The silence was oppressive—only the ticking of the clock in the next room and the bees among the flowers outside.

"Wait until I return," he said, crumpling the paper.

In a moment he was back, leading in his aunt by the hand. Miss Nancy entered with a half-puzzled look on her face, which deepened into a certain anxiety as she began to realize the pronounced formality of the proceedings. The colonel cleared his throat impressively.

"Nancy, an investigation begun in New York by my dear friend Fitz, and completed here to-day, results in the discovery that what you have always considered as slight outcroppings of coal, and worthless, is really of very great value." The colonel here unbuttoned his coat and threw out his chest. "A syndicate of English capitalists have, through our guest, offered you the sum of one hundred thousand dollars for the coal-hill, with a royalty of ten cents per ton for every ton mined over a certain amount, one thousand dollars to be paid now and the balance on the search of title and signin' of the contract. I believe I have stated it correctly, *sub*?"

The agent bowed his head and scrutinized Miss Nancy's face with the eye of a hawk.

The dear lady sank into a chair. For a moment she lost her breath. Yancey handed her a fan with a quickness of movement never seen in him before, and the colonel continued.

"This will of course still leave you, Nancy, this house and about half of the farm property transferred to you by me at the foreclosure sale."

The little woman looked from one to the other in a dazed sort of way, and her eye rested on Fitz.

"What shall I do, Mr. Fitzpatrick? It seems to me a gravestep to sell any part of the estate."

Fitz blushed at the mark of her confidence, and said that with the royalty clause he thought the proposition a favorable one.

"And you, George?" turning to the colonel.

The colonel bowed his head. He must advise its acceptance.

"When do you want an answer, sir?"

"To-day, Madam," said the Englishman, who had not taken his eyes from her face.

"You shall have it in half an hour," she said gently, and rose hastily and left the room.

I looked at the colonel. Whatever great wave of disappointment had swept over him when his own idol was broken there was no trace of it in his face. Even the change that owing to this sudden influx of wealth into the family might occur for the better in his own condition never seemed to cross his mind. As between his own plans and his aunt's good fortune there was but one course for him. He did not follow her. He simply waited.

The room took on the whispered silence of a court awaiting an overdue jury. Fitz was still incredulous and still anxious, saying to me in an undertone that he felt sure she would either refuse it altogether or couple it with some conditions that the agent could not accept; either would be fatal. Yancey and the judge, who had been partly paralyzed at the rapidity of the transaction, conferred in a corner, while the agent proceeded to make a copy of the proposition with as much composure as if he bought a coal-mine every day. The colonel sat by himself, his chair tilted back, his eyes half closed.

In the midst of this uncertainty Chad entered with a message. "Miss Nancy wants de colonel." In five minutes more he entered with another. Miss Nancy wanted Fitz and me.

We followed the old servant up the winding staircase and down the long hall, past the old-fashioned wardrobe and the great chintz-covered lounge.

Aunt Nancy sat by the window in her bedroom by the side of the high post bedstead, rocking gently to and fro. The colonel was standing with his back to the light, coat open, thumbs in his armpoles, face beaming.

"I sent for you," she began, "because I want you both to hear my answer before I in-

form the agent. The land only was mine, and but for your love and devotion to the colonel would still be a wild hill. The coal, therefore, belongs to him. Go and tell the Englishman I accept his offer. The land and all the coal I give to George."

When, an hour later, the transaction was complete, the receipts and preliminary contracts signed, and the small, modest-looking check—the first instalment—had been transferred from the plethoric bank-book of the agent to the narrow, poverty-stricken pocket of the colonel, and the fact began to dawn simultaneously upon everybody that at last the dear old colonel was independent, an enthusiasm took possession of the room that soon became uncontrollable.

Fitz caught him in his arms and began hugging him in a way that endangered every rib in his body, calling out all the time that he never felt so good in his life. Yancey and Kerfoot, who had stood one side appalled by the magnitude of the sum paid, and who during the signing of the papers had looked at the colonel with the same sort of silent awe with which they would have regarded any other potentate rolling in estates and mines and millions, broke through the enforced reserve and exclaimed, with an outburst, that the South was looking up, and that a true Southern gentleman had come into his own, the judge adding with emphasis that never in his life had the colonel looked so much like his noble father as when he stooped over and signed that receipt. Even the Englishman, hard, practical fellow that he was, congratulated him on his good fortune in a few short words that jumped out hot from his heart.

With this atmosphere about him it is not to be wondered at that the colonel lost the true inwardness of the situation. The fact that his aunt's boundary line included every acre of valuable land on the plantation, while his own poor portion only bordered the Trench, was to him simply one of those trifling errors which sometimes occur in the partition of vast landed estates. And although when the gift was made he felt more than ever her loving kindness, he could not now, on more mature reflection and after hearing the encomiums of his friends, really see how she could have pursued any other course.

And yet, with the sale accomplished and he rich beyond his wildest dreams, he was precisely the same man in bearing, manner, and speech that he had been in his impecunious days in Bedford Place. He was rich then—in hopes, in plans, in the reality of his dream-land. He was no richer now. The check in his pocket made no difference.

The only perceptible change was when he

recounted to me his plans for the restoration of the homestead and the comfort of its inmates. "I shall rebuild the barns and cabins and lay out a new lawn. The po'ch"—looking up—"needs some repairs, and the ca'iage-house must be enlarged. The coaching days are not over yet, Major; Nancy must have"—

Chad, entering with a luncheon for the exhausted circle, diverted the colonel's train of thought, cutting short his summary. For a moment he watched him musingly, then following him into the next room he called him to one side, and with a marked tenderness in his manner unfolded the Englishman's check.

The old servant put down the empty tray, adjusted his spectacles, and examined it carefully.

"What 's dis, Marsa George?"

"A thousand dollars, Chad."

"Golly! Monstrous quare kind o' money. Jes a scrap. Ain't big enough to wad a gun, is she? An' Mister Englishman gib ye dis for dat ole brier patch?"

Chad was trembling all over, full to the very eyelids.

The colonel held out his hand. The old servant bent his head, his master's hand fast in his. Then their eyes met.

"Yes, Chad; for you and me. There 's no hard work for you any mo', old man. Go and tell Henny."

THAT night at dinner, Fitz on the colonel's

right, the Englishman next to Aunt Nancy, Kerfoot, Yancey, and I disposed in regular order, Chad noiseless and attentive, the colonel arose in his chair, radiant to the very tip ends of his cravat, and in a voice which trembled as it rose said:

"Gentlemen, the events of the day have unexpectedly brought me an influx of wealth far beyond my brightest anticipations. This is due in great measure to the untirin' brain and vast commercial resources of my dear friend Mr. Fitzpatrick, who has labored with me durin' my sojourn Nawth in the development of these properties, and who now, with that unselfishness which caarakterizes his life, refuses to accept any share in the result.

"They have also strengthened the tie existin' between my old friend the major on my left, who oftentimes when the day was darkest has cheered me by his counsel and companionship.

"But, gentlemen, they have done mo'." The colonel's feet now barely touched the floor. "They have enabled me to provide for one of the loveliest of her sex—she who graces our boa'd—and to enrich her declinin' days not only with all the comforts but with many of the luxuries she was bawn to enjoy.

"Fill yo' glasses, gentlemen, and drink to the health of that greatest of all blessings—a true Southern lady!"

F. Hopkinson Smith.

THE END.

HERR VON STRIEMPFELL'S EXPERIMENT.



IF there is one time more than another when men are inclined to be confidential it is after dinner, when they are left with the Madeira and Reinas. Robert Eglington's cheery dining-room was just the place to make one forget the existence of the winter night and the blinding snow-storm that raged outside. A blazing fire of the driest hickory crackled and spluttered as it licked up the snow-flakes which fell down the ample chimney, a piece of masonry built long before the days of tissue-drying steam heaters and enervating furnaces. The soft, pink light from a dozen shaded candles gave a ruddier glow to the Château Margaux in the curious Venetian decanters, and the blue cloud of tobacco smoke floating lazily over the table contributed to an artistic picture of comfort. Eglington and his old friend Jack Peabody were left alone. They

had been lifelong friends, had gone through Columbia together and chummed in the University Building long before "Cecil Dreeme" was written. Eglington had studied law, and was now a prosperous, middle-aged man, while Peabody had gone abroad to devote himself to science. He had written to his old friend from time to time, his letters being at first full of enthusiasm and interest in his work at Erlangen, but they had become less and less frequent, and finally ceased altogether.

How many of such friendships are known, and how often they are resumed in some unexpected way! For the first time in twenty years Eglington met Peabody. He had last seen him when the *Cuba* left her dock at the foot of Canal street, and he had gone sadly back to his lonely rooms. He was then a young fellow of three and twenty, whose handsome face was seen at every german at the Fourteenth street Delmonico's before the days of shoddy contracts and the sudden ways of mak-

ing money incident to the war and thereafter. Eglington was surprised and startled at the appearance of his friend, whom he had met breakfasting at the Brunswick. He was prematurely old, with close-cropped beard plentifully sprinkled with gray, and a face bearing furrows which could only come from the most poignant kinds of sorrow and anxiety. All the old elasticity was gone; he found the man before him hardly more than a broken-down wreck. A delightful meeting of the two resulted in Jack's instalment in Eglington's comfortable house on Ninth street, and his trunks and chattels were sent for at once.

How can the meeting of two dear old friends be properly described? The going over of reminiscences of days long dead, the boyish sprees, the thousand and one delicious sensations of the past which happen only once in our lives, and are stored away in the brain to crop out when all the youthful life has left the heart and the seriousness of middle age has taken its place.

After two hours of this there was a pause. Peabody had said little or nothing of his life abroad, and Eglington was disinclined to prompt him to be more communicative. Peabody finally introduced the subject himself. "And now, dear Bob, you are naturally anxious to hear what I have done for so many years. I will gladly tell you, but I fear my story will only shock and distress you. To say that it is romantic would convey in only a beggarly way the startling and terrible career which the most unfortunate of men has experienced. I went, as you remember, to Munich, from thence to Erlangen and Vienna. Ah, how full was I of my new life! Possessed with youth and strength, and, as you know, dear fellow, a love of metaphysics, I felt with Hamlet that the world was mine oyster. I went at once to the house of one of the faculty, Herr von Striempfell, to whom I had letters. He was one of the first to enter the field of psychical research from the physiological standpoint, and long before Hitzig and Fritsch, Münk and Ferrier, began their work my patient old German friend had toiled for years. I furnished up my German by long discussions with him over my beer at the Hofbrauerei, and on Sundays we walked out to the park. I became delighted and absorbed in my work, and this must be my excuse for neglecting you, for letter-writing is impossible when Gall and Hegel are in a man's mind. In the summer I went down to the Austrian Tyrol, and with my alpenstock and knapsack derived the benefit of the purest of air. It was during the first summer that an event occurred but for which my life might have been entirely different.

"At the Hotel de l'Europe at Salzburg I met an English family named Baynesford, the

eldest daughter of which I saw frequently, and having much in common we soon became constant companions in our walks. We went daily to the monastery upon the Capuzinenberg or climbed the wooded Monchsberg. For hours we sat by the Salzach or strolled along its low bank. Kate Baynesford was a clever girl, and despite a certain frigidity of manner and a directness and matter-of-fact way of saying things peculiar to many of her English sisters, she had a great deal of sentiment. Her reading had been of the best kind, and while not at all a *bas bleu*, she was familiar with many of the subjects which so engrossed me. Need I, dear Bob, tell you how inseparable we became? Her beauty and gentleness made her saintlike in my eyes, and a growing tendency to materialism, which was fast possessing me, seemed to be completely neutralized when I sat beside her in the old church and watched her holy, quiet devotions. Her face was a study, and every feature suggested a more than ordinary force of character—not untinged with womanly delicacy and dependency, mind you. Her blue eyes were rather widely set apart, and her lips, while firm, were not at all thin or ascetic. Her chin was full and broad, and there was just enough squareness of the jaws to hint at resolution. Her perfectly modeled head crowned with the sunniest of golden hair was delicately poised, suggesting that of the graceful Venus of Milo. As to her figure, it was beauty itself. I soon felt that I had met the woman I was to marry; and despite the perturbation of dear old Von Striempfell, to whom I had written, and who dreaded that a more serious state of affairs would completely interfere with my studies, I obtained her consent and we were married. Need I tell you of all my happiness, and of all the little endearing ways of my handsome young wife? Possessed of a desire to keep pace with me, she read by my side and listened for hours to the details of my experiments. She was guided by me in everything, and instead of being a drag, as had been feared by Von Striempfell, she became a loving helpmate and in every way encouraged me in my life's work. From time to time I was obliged to leave Erlangen in relation to business in Berlin. Good Von Striempfell amused her in my absence—in his heavy, amiable manner, for he had grown to love her almost as much as I. She always wrote to me, but upon the last of these occasions two weeks passed without the receipt of a word, and I then hurried back, fearing the worst.

"How can I tell you of the horrible shock that I received when upon my return to town I found that my poor wife had sustained a most terrible injury; that a heavy antique lamp had fallen upon her head, and that for two weeks

she had been almost entirely unconscious? This explained her silence most eloquently. As chance had it, Herr von Striempfell was near at hand when the accident occurred, and she was carried into his laboratory. Late as was the hour, with the instruments, antiseptics, and bandages always at hand in his workshop he ministered to her wants without assistance, raised the fractured bone and nursed her carefully and tenderly. All that human skill could do he did, and at once. So he told me.

"Picture my anguish and suspense for weeks; but, thank God, she slowly recovered, and when we left for England, believing the radical change would do her good, her physical health seemed almost restored. And yet—I sometimes feel that it would have been better had she died then.

"It was just five years ago that we reached London, and I took a little house in Wilton street. You have no idea, dear Bob, how closely I watched my darling, and how I looked for changes, for such there were.

"She slept but little and only in the daytime, and always found the confinement of the house irksome. Many a moonlight night have I wandered forth with her into the silent street, for she seemed at her best after the sun had set. She still kept up her cheerful heart, and would delight with me in a run over the fields. About this time I noticed a still more marked change, which filled me with alarm. Naturally fond of pets of all kinds, and tender-hearted to a degree, she seemed now to take a malignant pleasure in worrying the living things which had formerly been her delight and care. Her aversion seemed to be most wicked towards dogs and birds, so that the former were sent away, and what was my horror one day to find a dead canary clutched in her hand. She was terribly excited, but upon my coming burst into tears, and admitted that an irresistible impulse had led her to destroy her pet. For months she suffered from attacks of moodiness and depression.

"She was always restless at night and every faculty seemed upon the alert. So acute were her senses that she would detect the slightest sound in the house, and her vision was so exaggerated after nightfall that she saw many objects that I could not perceive at all. Every effort was made to divert her and to correct, if possible, the growing mental trouble. My clever friends did their utmost to help me, but she lost all interest in her old amusements or studies. Her vagaries were new and startling. At a dinner at Lady Esmeth's an event occurred which put an end to her further appearance in public. Just after we had joined the ladies a commotion was raised by the appearance of an inoffensive mouse. With true feminine consistency Lady Esmeth and her friend Mrs.

MacNish took a point of vantage upon their chairs, while my wife appeared transformed with intense excitement. Her eyes were scintillating and her face was fairly livid. Before I could interfere she threw herself forward upon the floor, and with a quick movement caught the mouse between her teeth before it could escape. When I went to her side I found her unconscious and breathing heavily.

"Need I tell you of my humiliation—of the tender solicitude of the ladies, and the astonishment of the men? The next day she was herself again, and distressed beyond measure. In vain did we consult the best medical men in London. She grew worse instead of better. Over the horrors of the next six months I must draw a veil. My sweet, gentle Kate became a creature who was swayed at times by rage; at others she became cunning and sly, and cruel, in the extreme, in all her ways. My peace of mind was constantly startled by some fresh specimen of eccentricity. So the wretched day came when, by mutual consent, we separated, she going to her friends.

"I saw her but once again, at her father's house, in Devon, where she died after a long struggle, and manifesting a vitality which puzzled all the local medical men. From time to time Von Striempfell had been made aware of my poor darling's strange condition, and manifested the tenderest solicitude. Immediately on the fatal termination of her inexplicable mental and physical agony I went down to Erlangen to strive to forget myself, if possible, in my studies, and to find my old friend, whose sympathy I so strongly needed. I at once sought my friend's humble quarters near the Oppelzstrasse, but sought vainly for admission. All I could learn was that Herr von Striempfell had moved away six months before. The authorities, to whom I next went, gave me more satisfaction, if such it could be called. Von Striempfell's body had been found in his small quarters, suspended from a beam in the ceiling, and he had evidently been dead several days. In an inner pocket of his coat was a paper which was directed to me. I give you the contents."

Peabody drew from his pocket a roll of crumpled foolscap, which he carefully arranged and read:

CONFESSION OF WILHELM VON STRIEMPFELL.

I, Wilhelm von Striempfell, privat-docent, in my last moments of life do desire to unburden my mind of a terrible secret which has overpowered me. I sacrifice my life because I am haunted by my sense of crime, and if my self-destruction can at all atone for the

great wrong I have done two innocent persons, I do so cheerfully. I fear my only excuse must be my aim to advance science.

In 1836 Uphold of Bonn left in his posthumous papers several strange speculations, which I alone knew. He believed that the occipital cortex was the sole seat of intellect, and the middle vertical region contained the motor centers, as has since been described by others. He went still further, for he believed that by delicate removal and substitution of the cortex from another animal an interchange of nervous substances could be effected, and with it a transmission of intellectual functions. Startling as this theory is, it did not discourage me from believing that human faculties might be ingrafted; that the dying philosopher might, as a last gift, bestow upon a deficient person some of his excellent central cells. How tremendous were the possibilities! Whole races of criminals might be reconstructed, and anthropological research would, through the process of brain grafting, become a new delight. Just think of the power of being a maker of men! For years I carried on in a quiet way a series of experiments with the lower animals, until I attained a degree of dexterity and success which was remarkable. The growing passion became all-absorbing. I only needed a human subject. Alas! the opportunity came, and I yielded.

Upon the 30th of January the sad accident occurred which brought to my house the unconscious body of Frau Peabody, the wife of my dear young pupil. As I bent over her I saw a vigorous, beautiful woman reduced to a condition of insensibility; and upon looking for the cause I found a serious fracture over

the posterior parietal region on the left side. Gently and carefully I raised the depressed bones and removed a loose fragment. The brain beneath was slightly injured. Great God! here was a subject for my lifelong theory. My head swam, and—I heard the pulsations of my heart. My whole frame trembled so that I was obliged to sit down to recover my composure. My better nature revolted at the idea of doing anything more than my strict professional duty. I reasoned with myself, but my reasoning was always from my own false premises—all from self-interest. I thrust aside sentiment, loyalty to my friend, my duty to God, and rapidly removed a small piece of the first occipital convolution from an anesthetized cat upon which I had been at work when my friend's poor wife had been carried in; and after hurriedly scraping the brain of the unfortunate victim before me, I applied it. Hearing the steps of my assistant upon the stairs, I hastily stitched together the scalp. After careful watching, my beautiful patient recovered. Ah! never shall I forget her gratitude; and for what? Life has been a curse to me since, and I have ever been haunted by thoughts of my folly. Oh, that I could undo my work! For months I have watched for news of my poor friend's career. I have read and re-read his letters, and their miserable recitals have frequently torn open the wound of my conscience. The horrid success of my experiment has made me miserable, instead of filling me with joy. And now all is over, and I will expiate my crime with my own wretched life.

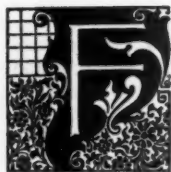
WILHELM VON STRIEMPFELL.

Allan McLane Hamilton.

A RACE ROMANCE.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON,

Author of "Ben and Judas," "A Dusky Genius," etc.



FOR many years Wiley Brimson had been the owner of Sassafras Pocket, a small but fertile nook between two great projections of what is known as the "Pine-log Mounting," in Cherokee, Georgia. He owned one slave, a coal-black negro, whom for the greater part of his lifetime he had threatened with condign freedom.

"Ef they air anythin' 'at air pine blank wrong," he was fond of saying, "hit air human slavery. Ther' 's thet nigger o' mine,

thet nigger Rory; he's jest as good as I air. He hev jest as much right ter boss me as I hev ter boss him. He orter be free; but then I cayn't stan' the expense o' settin' 'im free, fer he 's wo'th nigh onto thirteen hundred dollars. Hit air too much money ter lose."

A great deal of talk in this strain made Brimson unpopular long before the war broke out. The fact is, he was not of a disposition to be a common favorite at best, especially among the mountaineers, who are the most conservative and least argumentative folk in the world, while at the same time they are the most tenacious of their opinions, right or wrong.

Rory, the negro, was younger than his master, and had been bought by him at sheriff's sale as the legal victim sacrificed to pay the debt of a drunkard.

"Ye may thank yer lucky stars, Rory, thet I hed thet money on han' an' bought ye," Brimson often said to his slave; "fer ef I hed n't 'a' done it ye 'd 'a' went down ter New Orleans jest er-callyhootin'."

This was true, for a buyer who traded in the Louisiana market was present at the sale and bid close to the margin on Rory, who at the time was a strong, fine boy of fifteen.

Brimson was a bachelor, and very naturally found Rory a most acceptable and interesting companion as well as a decidedly clever and faithful servant. The lad's droll humor and abundant animal spirits filled Sassafras Pocket with new life.

"The dern leetle rooster," said Brimson to a select company over at Peevy's still-house—"the dern leetle rooster he air twice as smart as two white boys. He kin sing like er tomtit, he kin climb like er squirrel, he kin run like er rabbit, an' he kin pick the banjer ekal ter er showman."

As time went by and Rory grew to stalwart manhood his master's admiration for him confirmed itself in many ways not in the least relished by the residents of the Pine-log region.

"W'y, fellers," exclaimed Dick Redden to a group of friends, "thet ther' low-down, no-'count Brimson he lets thet ther' nigger eat at the table with 'im, an' Gabe Holly say he see 'im bite er chaw off'n the nigger's terbacker."

"Well," remarked Dave Aikens, "I hearn 'im 'low that he 'd l'arn Rory ter read, ef he knowed how his own self."

"Gent'men," remarked Squire Lem Rookey, with a judicial reserve in his manner, "hit hev some 'pearances 'at Wiley Brimson air er dern aberlitionist."

Usually Squire Rookey's word was the final one, and from that day forth Brimson's name had attached to it the most opprobrious qualification to be found in the Southern vocabulary. The man was ostracized in the fullest sense of the word. Such friends as he had now dropped him. The meetings over at the still-house voted him out, and even the children avoided passing him in the public road. He felt all this to a degree which gradually intensified his peculiarities of disposition and shut him like a hermit within the limits of Sassafras Pocket.

"Me an' my nigger kin live all ter ourselves," he growled; "an' ef folks don't jest like our way er doin', w'y, jest let 'em keep off'n these yer premeres."

Deprived of the social privileges and com-

forts hitherto grudgingly afforded him by courtesy of his wide acquaintance in the Pine-log settlement, he began to thirst for education. It is not certainly known how he did it, but in time he learned to read and write, after a fashion, and the next thing was to teach Rory, who, much to Brimson's chagrin, was anything but an apt scholar.

"He air er leetle slow an' sort o' clumsy erbout gittin' at the main p'int o' the spellin'-book," was Brimson's self-consolation; "but then w'enever he do once git started he air er-gwine ter jest knock the socks off'n me er-l'arn-in', see 'f he don't."

They usually devoted the warm part of the afternoon to the daily lesson, sitting side by side on a rude wooden bench in the shade of the vine that almost overloaded the low, wide, rickety porch on the south side of Brimson's cabin. Through a rift they might have a fine view of the little valley, or pocket, beyond which the foothills swelled up, overtopped by the blue peaks of the Pine-log range. On one hand they had a garden and truck patch, on the other a small area, called the plantation, which was given over to corn and wheat and cotton. In front, between the house and the little gate by the roadside, was the well with its mossy curb and long, stone-weighted sweep. Brimson was a small man, and as he sat by the almost giant negro, spelling-book in hand, he looked the very embodiment of persistent insignificance. A painter might have sketched the twain as a study for an allegorical picture of the absorption of one race by another. The massive head and shoulders of the negro leaned over the attenuated white man, as if about to fall upon him and crush him, or as if on the point of breathing him in through the gaping, voluptuous, and infinitely stupid mouth. Brimson, irascibly patient and hysterically persevering, drilled his good-natured pupil, day in and day out, up and down the pages of Webster's Spelling-book and back and forth through the mazes of McGuffey's First Reader. To Rory all this was a sort of fascinating and yet singularly vexatious punishment, to which he went with perfunctory promptness and from which he escaped with a sense of taking a deep, inspiring draught of thankfulness. He often gazed during lesson time on the slender, bloodless cheeks, the sunken pale blue eyes, and the broad, high forehead of his master, while a vague but powerful realization of the Caucasian's superb endowments crept through his benighted consciousness. A glimmer of ambition, mysteriously moonlike and wan to Rory's vision, began to spread over the much-thumbed leaves of the books.

"Knowledge air power," urged Brimson—

"hit sartingly air, Rory; an' him thet reads air him thet conquers."

"Dat 's so, mars; dat 's so," responded Rory, his voice as vacant as his face.

"Ye see," continued Brimson, crossing the attenuated index finger of his right hand over the corresponding member of his left, and drawing his earnest little face into a wisp of wrinkles — "ye see, Rory, this air er day o' liberal ideas an' 'mazin' progress. Hit air the day o' fraternity an' ekal rights."

"Dat 's so, mars; dat 's so."

"The nigger race 'll be ekal ter any race under heving jest as soon as it kin read an' write, Rory."

"Dat 's so, mars; dat 's so."

The years stole past, and the monotony of life in Sassafras Pocket scarcely varied a hair's breadth until the great war came on and freedom began to send its warning puffs of freshness and fragrance through the air in advance of the steadily moving armies of Sherman and Grant. Rory, by some indirect flash of perception, foresaw the coming of emancipation long before his master had dared to dream of such a thing; but it brought him no special pleasure. Brimson had been fairly kind to him, and then there was something in the negro's heart that drew it tenderly towards the little old man. This tenderness was neither love nor genuine respect; it was more a mere active quality of Rory's nature. In fact, between the black man and the white there had long ago risen a vague but powerful apparition of danger, which both had tried to brush aside with sentimental recognition of their need of each other.

"Hit air inlightenment thet you kin git out'n me, Rory, an' hit air work thet I kin git out'n you," argued Brimson.

"Yah, sah; dat 's so," assented Rory.

The war went crashing past them, a great roaring sea of flame and smoke and blood, but not one ripple of it found a way into the remote security of Sassafras Pocket. The Emancipation Proclamation never reached them, and peace had been established for months before they found it out. Meantime Brimson's patience and zealous earnestness in the cause of rescuing Rory from heathen ignorance had risen to higher and higher planes of self-devotion; but strangely enough did the negro respond. He developed, it is true, and rapidly took on a most interesting veneering of knowledge, so to speak, outstripping his teacher at certain turns of the race and evincing now and again a most wonderful acumen; and yet the barbaric nature within him seemed to deepen and broaden apace with his educational acquirements. His taste for baked possum grew more intense, and his proficiency in banjo-

picking wonderfully increased, as if his imagination were liberating itself altogether along savage lines. Brimson obeyed an opposite law, growing more and more pale, thin, and nervous-looking, while his hair whitened and his forehead assumed a more pronounced scholarly baldness, touched with a bland, wavering, philanthropic sheen which added to his countenance, naturally none too strong, the appearance of being about to fall into a nebulous state of disintegration.

"Ye 're free now, Rory," he said one day, when at last the news had come to the Pocket, "an' hit air yer juty ter show up freedom at her best paces. Look up at the flag, Rory; look up at the flag o' liberty! Hit air yer flag, Rory — yer flag thet yer forefathers fit fer at Buncombe Hill an' Sarytogy Lane! Gaze onto the yearh, Rory, fer hit jest nat'rally berlongs ter ye! Take hit, Rory, an' rule over hit, fer ye 've yarnt hit by yer endoorin' intelligence an' patriotism!"

Rory looked up, as he was bidden, but saw no flag; and as for the earth, that part of it visible from his point of view was merely Sassafras Pocket with its rim of purple mountain-peaks.

"Hit air the leadin' doctrine o' moral ph'los'phy thet ter the victor berlongs the lands, temptations, an' haryditerments," continued Brimson, fervently mopping his brow; "an' now air yer time er never, Rory."

"Yah, sah; dat 's so, sah," said Rory. "I notices de fo'ce ob yo' awgement, sah, an' I gwine ter 'flect on it p'intedly, sah."

The war being over and the freedom of the colored race having been accomplished, the inhabitants of the Pine-log region began slowly to relax their feelings towards Brimson, and in due time he was once more received among the visitors at the still-house, albeit he could feel that his relations with his neighbors were yet pretty violently strained, no matter what attempts were made to conceal the old dislike. He was not a man to care much for public opinion so long as he felt that public opinion was wrong and his opinion right, and now that his privilege of free speech was no longer withheld he enjoyed to the fullest airing the philosophy he had been storing during all these years of social exclusion and unremitting study.

"He air jest 'actly the same ole aberlition eejit thet he was afore the war," exclaimed Squire Lem Rookey, whose judicial caution had been somewhat shaken by the cataclysm of rebellion, "an' I jest wush thet he hed ter maul rails under er nigger boss fer the next forty-nine years."

"I hearn Gabe Holly say thet Bud Peevy tole him thet Wiley Brimson air still er-talkin'

up nigger soope'ority ter thet black Rory," remarked Sol Rowe. "Seem lak some fellers cain't I'arn no sense w'en they hev the chaine."

The real truth was that the neighborhood viewed with surprise the turn affairs seemed to be taking over in the little pocket, where the relations between the white man and the black, although greatly altered in name, appeared to be even more profitable than under the old order of things. Brimson himself was inclined to speak boastfully of the fact that it was no loss to him that Rory had been made free.

"Look at my craps," he exclaimed; "they is bigger an' better 'an they ever was in them slavery days. Freedom an' edication hev made er inlightened laborer of Rory. He seem ter take er wider view o' the lay o' life 'an he did w'en he war in the gallin' chains of onhuman bondage."

Some of the more impatient and bellicose men of the settlement could with difficulty brook Brimson's arguments and allusions. Personal violence surely would have been indulged in had it not been for Brimson's age and physical weakness.

"I 'd slap 'im clean through onto the other side o' hisself w'en he gits ter talkin' thet ther' way ef he wa'n't so dern puny-lookin'," remarked Bud Peevy; "but he do look more like er runt pig 'at 's been fed on buttermilk 'an any one man I ever see in all my life."

If there had been a disinterested onlooker at Sassafras Pocket the proceedings there would have furnished him much food for reflection as well as no little amusement. Brimson was pressing education upon Rory with ever-increasing insistence, and the negro, though now well along in middle life, was beginning to show the first signs of genuine advance towards self-regard in the matter.

"How kin dis book-I'arnin' eber do me any good? Ain't I er nigger, all de same, arter I done fill myse'f plumb full o' dat edication?" he would demand, wagging his head half willfully, half doubtfully.

"W'at ef ye air er nigger? W'at do thet ermount to? Ain't the Constertootion of the Union done said 'at all men is free an' ekal? Ain't ye er man same as anybody?"

"Dat 's so, boss; dat 's so." This was the first time that Rory ever had substituted "boss" for "mars" in talking to Brimson. The latter accepted the change with all the secret pleasure of a teacher who is proud of his work.

"An', Rory, ef ye r'ally desires the regelar ole b'iled-down essence o' percoon-root freedom, ye mus' jest re'ch out an' take hit," he went on, as if delivering a set lecture to the negro, who stood before him a black giant whose massive proportions appeared to be increasing day by day.

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"Dat 's so, boss; dat 's so. I 's been er sorter calc'latin' 'bout dat yer lately."

"Well, I 'd s'pose hit war erbout time ye was usin' yer gumption er leetle," continued Brimson, excited and encouraged by Rory's signs of interest. "F I 's you, I 'd take my



LEM ROOKEY.

proper position into sassiety, an' I 'd wrest f'om the white man my jus' dues. W'at hev ye done all yer life? Ye 've worked fer the white man. W'at hev ye got fer hit? Victuals an' clothes. Whar 'r the land ye 've yart? Hit b'longs ter the white man. 'F I 's you, I 'd take hit erway f'om 'im. Yer big an' strong, ye 've got the power, an' yer er fool ef ye don't use it."

"Dat 's so; dat 's so. I 's 'sturbin' my min' er mighty heap 'bout dat fing lately; sho 's you born, I is."

"'Sturbin' yer mind, 'sturbin' yer mind!" cried Brimson with eloquent impatience. "W'y don't ye act? W'y don't ye show yer power? W'at hev I been er-larin' ye all this time?"

Gradually, under this sort of pressure, Rory lost his childlike simplicity, and his bubbling, jocund humor was changed into something bordering on moroseness. He avoided Brimson at times and brooded aside, as if contem-

plating some deep and troublesome problem. Whatever it was, it took him a long while to satisfy his mind in regard to it; for the months and the years went by while he slowly changed from a careless, happy negro to a strangely reticent savage in appearance. So gradual, indeed, was this transformation, or rather *quasi* reversion to type, that Brimson did not fully realize it.

The Pocket had no visitors now, the men of the Pine-log having dropped Brimson again when his doctrines of "freedom an' ekality" had become absolutely unbearable to them; and the two, the white and the black, were left undisturbed, while the former perfected the latter's education and engendered in him the full measure of a doctrine whose immense fascination at last overcame every opposition in his genial temperament and aroused all the dormant barbarism of his nature. Not that in the worst sense Rory became bad; the change in him was more a development of the ancient strain of African character which had come to him by hereditary descent, but which had needed just this patient drilling by the white man to coax it up to something like the ancestral force and quality.

It was a red-letter day for Brimson when at last Rory assumed full equality with him by addressing him as Mr. Brimson. It was done in a manner so superb, too, with a gesture and a bodily pose simply overpowering to one of Brimson's nervous habit. Rory noted the effect with evident satisfaction, while Brimson felt a fine sense of self-gratulation suffuse his diminutive frame. At last he had forced the light of high civilization into the negro's soul, he thought, and henceforth Rory would be a man and a brother, imbued with all the subtle forces of the most advanced nineteenth-century life.

"No, Mr. Brimson; I cain't saddle yo' hoss fer yo' any mo', 'ceptin' yo' calls me Mr. Marting," said Rory, with enormous gravity, but with a certain imposing awkwardness which had its weight.

"Never heerd afore 'at that war yer name," apologized Brimson, as soon as he could find the words.

"Dat 's hit; dat 's my name. Mr. Marting, sah; Mr. Marting," responded Rory, with great emphasis and pride.

Brimson felt an almost irresistible swell of laughter within him, and, strange to say, along with it an impulse towards lifting his foot and kicking Rory off the veranda. What he did do, however, was to say:

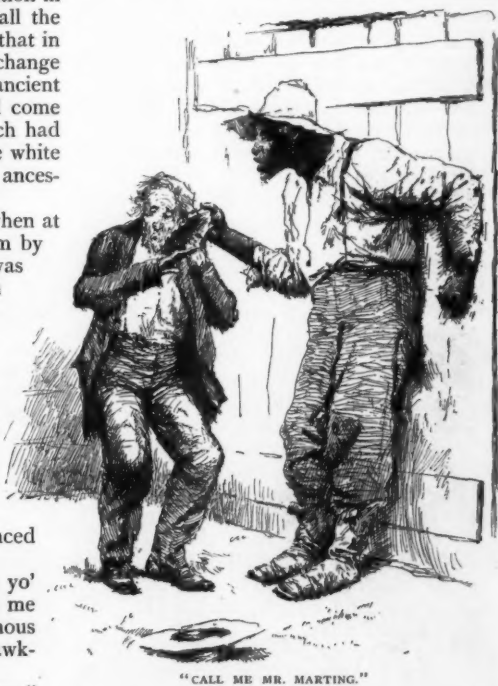
"Beg parding, Mr. Marting; but ef ye please, sir, fetch out ole Sor'l an' saddle 'im. I hes er notion ter go erp ter the still-house."

Late on the evening following, Brimson returned to his home a pretty badly punished man. He had talked too much to the wrong persons on his favorite topic. He was in a desperate mood, which found vent in the most intemperate and sweeping emphasis of his pet opinions.

"'F I 's er nigger, I 'll be blamed ef I w'u'd n't rise erp an' jest nat'rally clean erp the whole endoorin' white race!" he raged forth as he followed Rory down to the little rickety log stable where old Sorrel was to be housed.

"Dat 's so, Mr. Brimson; dat 's so," said Rory. "Dat 's jest w'at I 's been er mem'rizin' w'ile yo' been gone."

"I 'd rob 'em; I 'd take the'r lan's, tempta-



tions, an' haryditerments; I 'd mek slaves out'n every two-legged one of 'em; I 'd pay 'em back fer all the'r meanness an' everlastin' onery cussedness, blame ef I w'u'd n't, Rory," continued the white man.

"Dat 's so, Brimson; dat 's w'at I been er-studyin' out w'ile yo' been gone ter-day, Brimson," responded Rory. There was something in his voice which went like a sudden chill through the hot rage of the quondam master.

As when a man has been lost in the woods, and all at once, by a seeming whirl, things right themselves and he knows where he is,

Brimson discovered an astounding but perfectly natural state of affairs.

Rory unsaddled old Sorrel and put him into the stable; then he came out, shut the door, and said:

"I 's done concluded, Brimson, 'at I 's de boss roun' yeah. So yo' mought jes as well take yo' med'cine right now!"

"W'at — w'at air the matter, Rory?" stammered Brimson.

Rory stretched forth his brawny hand, and, gripping the white man's collar, fairly lifted him from the ground.

"Brimson," he growled, "did n' I tole yo' ter call me Mr. Marting? Yo 's gwine ter ketch it ef yo' Rorys dis pusson any mo'! Yo' mem- 'rize dat, will yo'!"

After this Brimson was not seen abroad in the Pine-log region, and for months, perhaps years, little thought was given to him by the people. Often enough Rory was observed going to mill on old Sorrel or riding to and from the country town; but no suspicion of the true status over in Sassafras Pocket was aroused until one day Bud Peevy, by merest accident, discovered the whole thing.

He was sitting on a huge fragment of lichen-covered limestone not far from the dim little trail which led into the Pocket. His gun was lying across his knees, and he was fretfully wondering what had become of the brindle cow he had been looking for, when a voice, accompanied by the sound of shuffling feet, came to his ears from some point of the road above him.

"Hit jest do beat de berry debbil how I hab ter w'ar my feets off clean up ter de ankles er-runnin' af'er yo', blame yo' ole hide!"

The voice was a negro's, strong, soft, vibrant, full of the peculiar African *timbre*. It was resolute, brimming with self-assertion, and yet, in a way, it was suggestive of something like what one might call brutal tenderness.

"De berry nex' time 'at yo' runs erway I jes gwine ter w'ar yo' out!"

The footfalls came nearer, but the foliage, now in its fullest springtime greenery, shut out from Peevy's point of view everything more than instantaneous glimpses of the approaching forms of two men.

"Dar 's dat dar co'n jest er-gittin' ready ter be hoed, an' dar 's dem dar 'bacco plants jest ready ter be sot out, an' yar yo' is er-runnin' erway ag'in, dog gone yo'!"

Peevy craned his long, lean neck to see, if possible, what manner of apparition was about to be disclosed, but he was not altogether prepared for that which presently emerged from the grove and passed along the little road not a rod from him.

"Git erlong yar, I tole yo'!" continued the resonant voice. "'Fo' de Lor', I jest erbout cut

yo' all ter pieces wid dis yar whorp fust t'ing yo' knows! W'a' yo' been ter all dis time, anyhow? Yo' look poorty now, don' yo'? S'pose I 's gwine let yo' go er-feeshin' eber day, does yo'?"

Peevy noticed that a blue jay in a thorn bush just beyond the road was preparing to fly away, and by this sign he knew that the men would soon appear.

"W'at I feed yo' fer, an' w'at I furnish yo' dem dar clo's fer, 'ceptin' yo' gwine ter wo'k fer me? Who yo' b'long ter anyhow, tell me dat, won't you? Yo' eats more 'n ary two peegs an' fo' mules, an' 'en yo' jest don' want ter wo'k one libin' lick. Bet I 's gwine ter mek yo' fink yo' hide done made out'n red pepper an' smartin'-weeds 'fo' I 's got done wid yo'!"

Certain sharp sounds, as if from heavy blows laid on with a long limber stick or rod, emphasized these vocal performances. Peevy felt a strange thrill run through his nerves. The blue jay suddenly left its thorn bush and flew away like a shimmering blue streak through the light mountain air.

"Lif' dem foots libely; lif' 'em mo' 'an libely! Git erp an' waddle, blame yo' ole hide, er I jest p'intedly 'll frail de whole laigs off'n yo' clean up ter yo' galluses! Lif' dem foots, I says, er I gwine raise 'em fer yo' wid dis yar hick'ry, see 'f I don't!"

The first figure that broke from the dusky cover of the wood was the form of a small, lean old man, whose thin, white locks were laid in sleek strands across a bald spot on his head, and whose high forehead was wrinkled into a network of most appealing worry and fright. He wore no hat, but in one hand he carried a dilapidated bell-crowned straw tile, while in the other, tightly clutched, rested a long cane fishing-rod, from which dangled a short, much-tangled line, and his countenance, drawn, shrunken, and pathetic, expressed with more power than any form of words could the dread he felt of the storming negro behind him.

"I 's gwine ter mek de dus' rise out'n yo' gyarments tell yo' fink some pusson done built er fire under 'em an' dey 's smokin' like er tah kiln!"

Along with this gush of vehement rage out came Rory in close pursuit of the panting white man, whom Peevy now recognized as Wiley Brimson.

The negro bore in his hand a long, flexible hickory gad, the end of which was much frayed from the effect of rapid blows delivered with it on the ground close to the heels of his scudding victim. The pursuer was in a state of such concentrated earnestness of purpose that he looked neither to the right nor to the left, but held his massive shoulders very high, at the same time thrusting his head forward and downward. The tuft of grizzled woolly

beard on his chin was flecked with the foam of his strenuous scolding. His strides were melodramatic in their length and swing, while the collapsed brim of his old hat flapped energetically to the motion of his muscular body.

Something poetically savage, like a suggestion from Homer, or like a thought half-expressed by some ancient, rude inscription, beamed from that corrugated African face. Browning might have set such a sketch in verse; Giotto could have fixed it on a panel. Even Peevy was aware of its significance, as the white man, passing him, flung out towards him a quick, appealing, despairing glance.

"Keep yo' nose straight afore yo', er I's gwine ter wa'm yo' ole laigs tell yo' feels lak

The strokes of the gad upon the ground, given with rhythmical regularity, made a sort of rude counterpoint which added a singular effect to the now but faintly echoing strains.

Presently silence closed in and was not broken till the blue jay came chattering back to its thorn bush, where it whisked itself about from bough to bough, and shone like a gem amid the tender green sprays.

Peevy drew a deep breath and began to chuckle reflectively as he rubbed the long, heavy barrel of his gun with his sleeve.

"Jest 'zac'ly as I 'spected," he said to himself, pausing to puff out his gaunt, thinly bearded cheeks; "thet thar nigger hev finally tuk the hint!" He shook his head and shut



"HE WATCHED THIS STRANGE PROCESSION."

yo' 's er-wadin' in b'ilin' tah up ter yo' wais', wid er red-hot eel er-floppin' roun' yo' blame spindlin' shanks! Git erlong, I tole yo'!"

An indescribable expression came into Peevy's face as he watched this strange procession go by in the direction of Sassafras Pocket and disappear amid the low-hanging sprays of the wood. The voice came bellowing back from time to time, gradually modified by distance and intervening objects, until at last, mellow and far, it had something of lyric softness in its notes.

"Hate ter be erbleeged ter frail de pelt clean off'n yo', Brimson, an' hab yo' gwine roun' yer like er fresh-skinned possum; but ef yo' will run erw'y, w'y, I s'pose I's got ter let yo' hab it in yarnest. Hustle erlong yah, I tole yo'! I can't stan' no foolin'!"

one eye, as if in deep enjoyment of what he was thinking.

Once more Rory's voice, favored by a gentle current of wind, came distinctly back to him.

"Now yo' jest grab dat hoe poorty libely, ole feller, an' git inter dat co'n patch mighty sudden, er I's gwine ter 'bout finish yo' erp. Drap dat fish-pole, I tole yo'! Drap it, I says!"

Peevy arose and shouldered his gun preparatory to making further and more diligent search for the brindle cow. As he walked away he continued to chuckle at intervals in that dry manner known only to mountaineers.

"Hit don't take quite allus ter eddicate er nigger; hit air mos'ly er matter o' stickin' ter it, as Brimson hev — thar's that thar dern cow, now!"

Maurice Thompson.

TO CALIFORNIA BY PANAMA IN '49.¹



IN the autumn of 1848 the whole United States was electrified by the rumor of astounding gold discoveries in our newly acquired territory of California. The authentic statements subsequently received more than confirmed what at first seemed a fable, and made it certain that throughout a large area of country on the Pacific coast the valleys and ravines showed the presence of vast deposits of nuggets and particles of pure gold in plain sight in the midst of the drift, while a slight excavation of the soil revealed far richer deposits beneath. Any man who could wield a pick and a shovel and a tin pan for washing the dirt was sure of large returns, with the chance of a fortune. The country was almost without inhabitants, and the field was open to all who could get there. The wildest excitement and activity immediately prevailed throughout the United States, and every city and village throbbed with a feverish impulse to rush to the diggings. The difficulty and expense of reaching this *terra incognita* restrained thousands from the attempt, so that only those who possessed natural courage or adventurous proclivities, or whose local attachments were weak, actually made the great plunge into the unknown experience which awaited the gold hunters of '49.

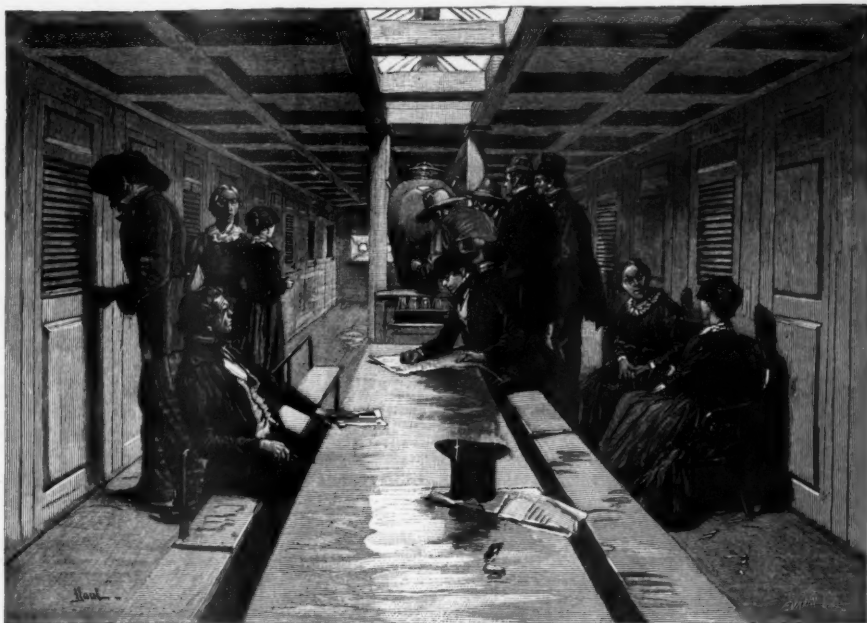
The world has never witnessed so motley and promiscuous a throng in pursuit of a common object as sprung into life simultaneously in the winter of 1848-49 and turned their course towards the gold fields of California. Men of all ages, clergymen, professors, doctors, lawyers, farmers, traders, mechanics, laborers of every degree, adventurers, thieves, gamblers, and murderers, jostled one another in the struggle to gain access to some of the avenues which were supposed to lead to the desired goal.

The "Argonauts" had several routes among which to select. By those from the New England and the Middle States the Cape Horn route was

generally preferred; those from the Southern States chose the Isthmus of Panama or Nicaragua or Mexico; while the hardy pioneers of the West, who had become accustomed to prairie travel, started in their covered wagons, and, following buffalo trails, broke the paths which in a few months were plainly outlined by the bleaching bones of their beasts and the mounds of dead companions who had succumbed to the hardships of the desert. Many who could not leave their homes sought to invest their capital in the seductive venture, and a coöperative plan was generally adopted in the New England States by which the services of working members were offset by a fixed amount of money contributed by others. Hundreds of companies were organized on this plan, each of them with a physician, and in many instances with a chaplain also.

At the time of this great social upheaval I was a victim of enforced idleness in consequence of the destruction by fire of the manufactory in which I was interested as office man, and which could not be rebuilt and stocked with machinery for a year or two. I was then twenty-seven years old, in robust health, and, being fond of adventure, I determined to see California for myself. In a short time I organized a company of twenty good, intelligent Yankee men, taken from various trades and occupations, each of whom subscribed to a code of laws for associate government and to articles of agreement for a two years' service. The capital paid in was ten thousand dollars, and the profits were to be divided, after all expenses were paid, on the basis of five hundred dollars as the equivalent for one man's services. Most of the members were married men, and respectable citizens of the New England town in which we lived. The proposed expedition became a matter of interest to the whole community, and until we took our departure was the chief topic of discussion. A stalwart physician from a neighboring town joined us as one of the company; but as a substitute for the regulation chaplain books of sermons and other good reading were deemed sufficient, because they might be read aloud to appreciative listeners on Sundays, and would not consume any rations on workdays. There were singers enough in our company to carry all the parts, and we took with us our collection of glees and other music. Each man was restricted to seventy-five pounds of clothing and personal effects, to be packed in a water-tight rubber

¹ The illustrations for this article are by Gilbert Gaul after drawings made by the late Charles Nahl, in 1850, and representing the personal experiences of a party of emigrants of whom the artist's family were a part.—EDITOR.



PLEASANT WEATHER IN THE GULF.

bag. Each was provided with a carbine for shot or ball, and a revolver. Camp equipments and provisions for the journey were also purchased, and our physician procured a chest of medicines and a set of surgical instruments.

The question of route was a perplexing one. The maps then published exhibited all the territory west of the State of Missouri as a blank, across which were printed the words, "Great American Desert." This desert extended to the Pacific coast, where, according to the maps, there were four towns — Yerba Buena (now San Francisco), Monterey, Los Angeles, and San Diego, the insignificant commerce of which had been monopolized by one or two Boston firms. The voyage around the Horn seemed too long for our impatient spirits, and we finally selected the route by the Isthmus of Panama.

The Isthmus was then an unknown wilderness, traversed occasionally, however, by traders and adventurers in canoes on the Chagres River a part of the distance and thence by a single mule-trail to Panama. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company had just been organized and had already sent around the Horn two steamers, the *Oregon* and the *California*, and would soon send another, the *Panama*, all to ply between Panama and San Francisco. We reasoned that if we could reach Panama our journey thence would be easily completed by means of one of these steamers.

New York particularly was alive with excitement, and all sorts of schemes were advertised for conveying the gold hunters to California, the projectors being as ignorant as their prospective victims of the routes to be traversed. All the old unseaworthy hulks that were lying idle in our harbors were suddenly transformed by a new coat of paint, dressed up with attractive bunting, and advertised as about to sail by "the best" routes to California, while their unscrupulous owners well understood that their destination was in the direction of misery, shipwreck, and death. From the numerous vessels advertised to sail for Vera Cruz, Tehuantepec, Nicaragua, and Chagres I selected a little brig of one hundred and forty tons called the *Mayflower*, advertised for Chagres.

On the evening of our departure, by request of our friends, public exercises were held in the largest church of the town. The room was crowded. A very impressive address was delivered by our talented clergyman, and other appropriate exercises followed according to a printed program. I conducted the music, and our choir performed an original chant of selections from the twenty-eighth chapter of Job, beginning with, "Surely there is a vein for the silver, and a place for gold where they fine it." After service and a general leave-taking we all crossed the street to the railroad station, where our company boarded the train which

soon after bore us away, bountifully blessed with the farewell tears and prayers of many anxious friends. The next day we arrived in New York and made all necessary arrangements for our final departure the same afternoon. Among other precautions I bought two large bags of dimes for expenses on the Isthmus, where, as I had learned, these coins were rated as "reals" (eight for a dollar). I had already shipped provisions and numerous articles and implements such as we should require at "the diggings" by two vessels sailing from New York to San Francisco *via* Cape Horn, but we took with us tents and good supplies for camp life wherever we might be, *en route* or in California.

We left New York on the 22d of March, 1849. The passengers consisted of forty-five persons, and occupied a cabin extemporized from the hold by fitting up berths on the sides. Immediately after passing Sandy Hook we encountered a terrific northeast gale. The passengers, most of whom had never been to sea, soon took to their berths, too sick to move. The baggage and some freight in half-barrels and boxes, which had been placed promiscuously amidships in this cabin just before leaving the dock, with the intention of stowing them away as soon as we were at sea, were hurled by the terrible lurching of the vessel from side to side and from end

to end with a violence awful to observe. I had been accorded a place in the captain's cabin, a small house on the after-deck, but when the fury of the waves threatened to carry away this outside structure I became alarmed, and when at last the main-boom and the topmast came down with a crash on the roof overhead I sought safety in the cabin below, the hatches of which had been fastened. The main-boom as it fell knocked down the man at the helm, breaking his ribs, and at the same time destroyed the steering apparatus, and for forty-eight hours we were tossed about like an egg-shell at the mercy of the waves, which sometimes entirely submerged us. The captain told me he thought the chances were even whether we weathered the storm or foundered, but on the third day we were drifting in smooth water with a clear sky. The captain proposed to adopt some temporary shift for steering and with the foresail make for Norfolk; but when I informed him that we had good mechanics, blacksmiths, and one ship carpenter in our company, he set them to work on an extra spar to make a new main-boom. They also repaired the wheel and the rudder, and we all went to work with needles and twine to make a new sail from canvas which we had in the hold, and in two days more we were bounding cheerily along on our course, and on the 13th of April came to anchor in the harbor of Chagres.



LANDING AT CHAGRES.



OLD CHAGRES.

There were other vessels and two or three steamers at anchor near us, which had brought hundreds of people with the same purpose as our own.

The only means of travel across the Isthmus at that time was by canoes, or bungaloes, up the Chagres River to the village of Gorgona and thence by mule-trail twenty-eight miles; or, if the river was full, to Cruces and thence twenty-four miles to Panama. At the time of our arrival the rush of people from all parts of the world had made it difficult and very expensive to obtain transportation up the river, and the passengers on our vessel, most of whom had revolvers and rifles, agreed to organize as a military company. They made me captain of the expedition, and after waiting until the crowd had gone ahead, and returning bungaloes and boatmen had accumulated, I made a very reasonable contract for transportation, and, late in the afternoon of the 15th of April, we started with ten boats and thirty native boatmen. The river was broad, and its banks low and covered with an impenetrable jungle. As night came on the stillness and darkness of that tropical wilderness were very impressive. The boatmen chanted monotonous songs to the dip of the oars, and the wild beasts on the shore responded with savage howls. Our progress was slow, and at about eleven o'clock at night we landed on the bank at a point where

a few huts were located. One boat was missing, and at daybreak we sent back a detachment to learn the cause. In a few hours they returned with the boat and passengers, who reported that the boatmen had claimed to be tired out and had refused to proceed; so they had passed the night in the boat. While we were eating our breakfast a quarrel broke out between the boatmen and the contractor, which took the form of a mutiny and the refusal to go any farther with us. This became more and more serious until at length we formed our company into line behind the boatmen and drove them into the boats at the muzzles of our guns and revolvers. The two succeeding nights we encamped on the river-bank, and on the morning of the fourth day landed at the village of Gorgona. Here we learned that the city of Panama was overcrowded with people from all nations, but more especially with Americans who had come expecting to find means of transportation to California. There was neither steamer nor sailing vessel in port, and a large majority of the adventurers were prostrate with sickness. As we could in some way hear from Panama nearly every day, we concluded to pitch our tents in a pretty grove on the bank of the Chagres, which at this point was a clear, swift-running stream. Here our company of twenty remained three weeks, inquiring anxiously each day from people who came in from Panama what was

the chance of getting away from that point. We learned each succeeding day that there were neither steamers nor sailing vessels in the harbor, and no early prospect of escape from the pest-ridden city. At last the skies gave warning of the rainy season, which would greatly embarrass us in our journey across the remaining land route, and we divided into four detachments, each accompanied by five or six pack-mules loaded with our goods and provisions, and proceeded on foot towards Panama. Our last detachment, in which I was, reached our camping ground, two miles short of Pan-

elsewhere, lemon and fig trees. We brought to camp dozens of birds—mostly parrots—and squirrels and a deer, and saw, but did not kill, a ferocious cougar.

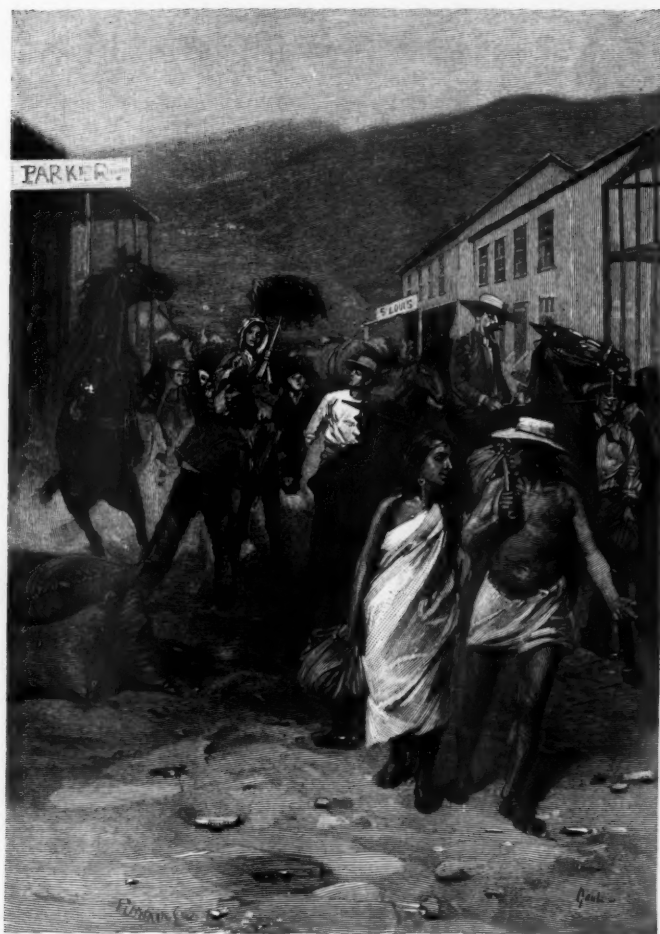
Some of our party went to the city every day, but they uniformly brought back the discouraging report that no steamers or sailing vessels had arrived. At this time a ship of five hundred tons, the *Humboldt*, was anchored in the harbor as a storeship for coal, and it was under bond of \$10,000 to remain as such. In view of the prevailing sickness and distress our case was desperate, and we sought the consignee



THE FIRST STOPPING-PLACE ON THE CHAGRES RIVER.

ama, in a terrific rain; but we found that our comrades who had preceded us a day earlier had prepared our tents, and we were soon in comfortable quarters on high ground, and much better off than the crowd of gold seekers who were in the city, a large proportion of whom were sick and destitute. We found good hunting in the forests around us, particularly in one which was growing over the ruins of an old city three miles distant—a city which I afterward learned was the original Panama, destroyed by the torch of Spanish bucaniers two hundred years before. Upon some of the crumbling walls I saw trees growing that were five or six feet in diameter; at another place an arched gateway forty feet high; at another, the ruins of stone baths and fountains; and

and persuaded him to forfeit his bond and send the vessel to San Francisco. This he agreed to do on three conditions: the number of passengers was to be limited to four hundred, exclusive of the crew of forty men; the price of passage was to be two hundred dollars each; and no cooked provisions were to be furnished except such as could be prepared once a day in a large fifty-gallon iron kettle. It was arranged that the passengers should be divided into messes of sixteen persons, and each mess should be provided with a small tub of such victuals as should be cooked; coffee was to be distributed from the same kettle every morning, and tea at night. The hold of the vessel was cleared out and bunks of boards were arranged in tiers along the sides so that



GORGONA.

each cube of space, measuring six feet high, wide, and deep respectively, should contain nine persons. This did not provide for all, but the rest were to seek places to sleep on deck or in the boats hung at the davits.

We paid our money and went on board the vessel, which was anchored three miles from shore. We found a promiscuous crowd from every nation under heaven, the predominating type being that of the American rough. The deck was so densely packed with men from stem to stern that we could scarcely move. Many were prostrate with sickness, or supported by friends, or lying in hammocks swung along the side rigging. All day long this crowd of men were seething, swaying, quarreling, and cursing. No food was provided,

and hunger and thirst gave an edge to the bad passions of the mob. The captain, a United States naval officer, had not assumed command because he was shut off from his men by the chaotic crowd. At length, towards evening, he stood on the quarter-deck, and shouted above the angry mutters and jargon of the crowd that the deck must be cleared for his men so that they could raise the anchor. I had conferred with a few of the more respectable-looking passengers, and we had concluded that there were more men on board than our contract stipulated for, so we replied to the captain that the anchor could not be raised until we had had a count. The effort to get the men in order and to set them in motion so that they could pass around in line required two or

three hours, but was at last accomplished, and the result showed four hundred and forty persons on board besides the sailors. This attempt of the consignee to increase his enormous profits dishonestly at the risk and discomfort of the passengers excited a torrent of indignation. Inflammatory speeches were made, and a committee was appointed to visit the consignee and adjust the matter. About one hundred men left for the shore in boats that the natives had in waiting about the vessel, and those who remained agreed to keep the ship at anchor until they should return. A committee of five, of

he was in, and that if he did not show himself in five minutes we would come in and find him. In less than that time he appeared on the upper balcony with a few attendants, and inquired what we wished. A volley of Anglo-Saxon anathemas was the response from the infuriated crowd, but as soon as quiet could be restored one of our committee stated our grievance and demanded a reduction of the number of passengers. The Frenchman was profuse in his protestations, and promised to arrange the matter to our satisfaction. A brief consultation by the committee was held,



A MEXICAN-INDIAN HUT BETWEEN GORGONA AND PANAMA.

which I was one, directed the expedition, and about ten o'clock at night we reached the house of the consignee, a Frenchman. Every man was armed, and knowing that with the help of the Americans on shore, also armed, we could easily capture the city, we prepared to dictate terms. The house of the consignee was a three-story building with balconies on every story and fronting on a small plaza. Our company in marching through the town had attracted many adherents, and our formidable army occupied the whole place. The committee knocked at the door and demanded of a servant that he should call the proprietor. He replied that monsieur was not in, but if we would state our business he would inform him when he returned. We replied that we knew

and he was informed that we should require the number to be reduced by forty to even the scales of justice, and then by forty more as a retribution for his attempted swindle; that volunteers who desired to leave the vessel should first be invited, and, if there were not enough, then the persons whose names had been entered latest on the list should be excluded, and the passage-money paid by them should be refunded. He apologized most abjectly, saying that the mistake was beyond his comprehension; that he would willingly consent to our demand; and that if our committee would guarantee him from bodily harm he would visit the vessel in the morning and carry out the plan. We agreed to protect him and to accompany him to the vessel, which we did early the next



HALT FOR SUPPER.

morning. We had some trouble with a party of eight or ten Alabama outlaws who met us at the gangway with the amiable threat to "knife the old cuss." I explained to their leader, whom I had known in schoolboy days, that the man was our guest and would be protected, and they retired while we called for volunteers to leave the ship. At this juncture a British brig, the *Corbière*, which had been approaching from the ocean, came to anchor within a short distance, and we suggested that our Frenchman should charter her for San Francisco with the eighty surplus passengers. He immediately took a boat and put off, and in less than half an hour returned and began to transfer the men who had been enrolled. Thus the *Humboldt* with just four hundred men, including the crew, was ready to sail, and before night something like order had been evolved from existing chaos.

Probably there is no prison in the United States where we could have found so little real comfort as we experienced on that ship. We were packed more densely, had less accommodation for sleeping, and were served with infinitely viler food and water than the inmates of the worst jail in our land; in fact we had for

associates many who deserved to be within prison walls. At first discontent and quarreling prevailed, but in a few days all accepted the situation with resignation or indifference. The captain was discreet and established good discipline. I always slept on the deck, having brought with me a mantle with a rubber lining which I could inflate and make into an air cushion to defy the dampness beneath, while a waterproof blanket above was sufficient to shed the rain. We were three weeks drifting amid adverse currents and calms before we could get out of the Bay of Panama, and after that made but slow progress on our course.

As the Fourth of July approached we determined on a celebration. Our orator was a talented young fellow from New Orleans, our chaplain a minister from Maine. I took in hand the music, acting also as special cook, and in that character prepared three barrels of doughnuts. A New York caterer made a hog's-head of small beer; the captain hoisted all the bunting in the ship, and our rifles and pistols were brought into action for salutes. The small quantity of liquor brought on board by some of the passengers at Panama had long since

disappeared, and an enforced abstinence kept the violent spirits in a peaceful mood, so that Independence Day passed off to the complete satisfaction of all.

Forty-eight days were passed on this prison ship, and our rotten and wormy provisions and our intolerably nasty water were almost exhausted when we entered the beautiful harbor of Acapulco, July 7, 1849. The bay of Acapulco is one of incomparable beauty, entirely surrounded by rugged hills clothed with perpetual verdure. From the ocean there is a narrow inlet through the bluff, through which we sailed for more than half a mile,

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THE RUSH FOR DINNER.

and then the bay, with water clear as crystal, and deep enough for the anchorage of the largest vessels close to shore, appeared in view like an inland lake. On the interior shore lay the village of Acapulco with its low adobe houses nestled under the shade of palm, coconut, and mango trees, the whole landscape rising gently from the beach for a mile or two, and terminating abruptly at the base of an amphitheater of mountains three thousand feet high.

On landing we met about twenty Americans who had come on foot from the city of Mexico, on their way to California. They were ragged and destitute, having exhausted all their money on the way. Our arrival infused new life into

cently been vacated, and we rented it and began an independent club life. The house was in the form of a hollow square with an interior court, in the center of which stood a large orange tree. One side with a broad piazza fronted on the bay, another upon the plaza, and the rooms were many and spacious. We hired three servants and took turns in marketing. All the fish that we could eat, and of delicious varieties, were easily caught within a few feet of our piazza; and chickens, eggs, meat, vegetables, and fruits were obtained from the plaza early every morning. We bathed morning and evening, strolled through the town or over the surrounding hills, rowed or fished on the bay, lay in our hammocks under the piazza



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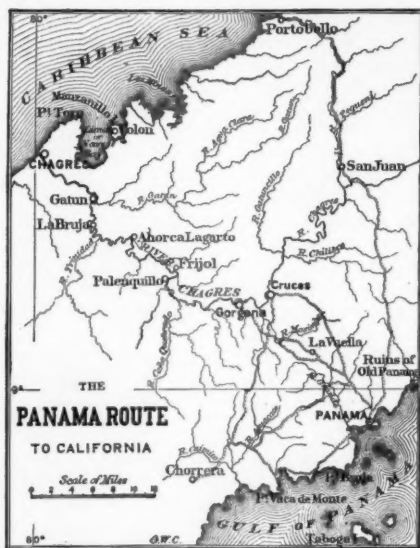


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during the heat of the day, and enjoyed a luxurious ease.

Our comparative physical comforts in Acapulco could not compensate for our mental suspense and our anxiety to proceed on our way. We knew that steamers had been sent from New York around Cape Horn for the Pacific coast trade, and that one or more of them would stop at Acapulco. We dared not move out of sight of the bay lest one should enter and leave without us. In about three weeks after our arrival the steamer *Panama* sailed in at dusk and anchored about a mile from shore. Soon after, her boat came ashore with mail bags. I was the first to meet the boat, and I extorted a promise from the mate in command that he would wait until my comrade (Dr. Paddock) and I could go and get our effects and return with him to the steamer. We hurriedly threw our things into our trunks, and each with a trunk on his shoulder and other articles in his hands ran back to where we had left the boat. It had gone, as we were informed, to send from the ship a larger boat for all the Americans on shore. We waited, and half an hour later the large boat appeared. Meanwhile, by order of the custom-house officers, a company of soldiers was stationed at the landing to prevent the boat from coming ashore, the pretext being that the steamer had failed to comply with the quarantine regulations. We sought the American consul, who came to the scene and tried to persuade the officers to allow us to embark, but they replied that if the boat came nearer than twenty paces from the shore the soldiers would fire upon it.

The boat lay on and off waiting for developments, and finally left without us. I then ran along the shore where canoes were hauled up, — all of them within sight of the custom-house, as required by the authorities, — and offered a large price to the owners to take me to the steamer. They replied that they dared not, as they would be attacked by the soldiers. I then purchased a boat for \$25 from one of them, and with my comrade was loading our baggage into it when we were surrounded by several soldiers with muskets and fixed bayonets who forbade our pushing off. I had in my walks seen a canoe on the beach about a mile away, and separated from our part of the town by a high, rocky point. I hastily left our trunks in charge of one of our party to bring to San Francisco whenever he could get away, and Dr. Paddock and I took our carpet sacks and ran to the place where the canoe was lying: our purpose was to borrow the boat without asking, and after reaching the steamer to send it afloat for the owner to recover. We seized a pair of oars that were standing against the side of a hut near by, and, without stopping to discuss the legal points with a dog who disputed the title, rushed for the boat and pushed it off into the water. Our last ray of hope flickered in its socket as the water came rushing up through a great seam in the bottom, and we returned the oars to the hut with a thousand thanks to the owner, who had then appeared. On our way back we saw the steamer's lights disappear from the bay.

The next steamer to call was due one month later. The time came, and our eager eyes looked in vain for its arrival. We afterward learned that it was so overcrowded that the captain purposely avoided us, and kept out of sight on his course to San Francisco. My great anxiety to proceed to California can be understood when I state that all the business interests of my company had been placed in my special keeping, and no one else of my associates could manage its affairs. One object in leaving the *Humboldt* had been to take a steamer so as to arrive in San Francisco in advance of the company, and when it became manifest that they would reach our destination in advance of my own arrival, and that they would be without funds and without any knowledge of what to do, I was in a fever of impatience.

The steamer *California* stopped a day on her way down to Panama from San Francisco, and I extorted a promise from the captain that in case our American party should be unable to leave before his return trip, a month later, he would certainly take us to San Francisco. He came with his steamer at the time appointed, but the vessel was swarming with passengers, all suffering the greatest discomfort. He pro-

tested that his passengers far outnumbered the legal limit, and that the strife among them for such food and sleeping space as he could give amounted almost to a continuous riot, and that it was not possible to take us. He finally consented to submit the question to the passengers themselves, provided we would accept sailors' rations — salt junk and hardtack — and sleep wherever we could find a place. Our party spent some time in making friends among the passengers, and when the vote was taken it was in our favor. So we bade good-by to the beautiful shores and bay of Acapulco and were soon afloat again on the smooth Pacific. By a private arrangement with the steward I secured for a party of five a private room in a secret part of the ship, reached by a ladder from a small scuttle, where we had a private table and an abundance of the best things on board regularly served. Meanwhile the first-class passengers were all day long elbowing one another and scrambling for their chance to get something from the cabin table. Off the coast of Lower California we saw one day a hundred and twenty whales of different kinds, one of which, about seventy-five or eighty feet long, swam just across our bow. At San Diego we were detained two days. The landing was three or four miles below the town, and as soon as the steamer was at anchor close to the shore there was a stampede of hungry passengers in the direction of the town in search of something to eat and drink. There was no hotel, but there were two or three stores, which were completely cleaned out of everything eatable and potable by the first invaders. About the first of October, 1849, seven months after leaving home, we passed through the Golden Gate and stepped ashore upon the promised land.

My agent in San Francisco, to whom I had letters of introduction, and to whom I had consigned goods by sailing vessels around Cape Horn, was a merchant formerly of Honolulu, who was among the first to locate in San Francisco and take advantage of the tremendous business wave incident to the gold discovery. I found him very agreeable, and learned that my company had called on him on their arrival about a month before, and that he had generously advanced two thousand dollars to help them to get established at the mines, and that some of them had stopped at Sacramento City. This, like all other places in California at that time, including San Francisco, was a chaos of board cabins and tents. There was not as yet any defined and recognized ownership of land, nor any laws for the protection of life and property, but the universal instinct of self-preservation and the omnipotent power of public opinion guaranteed to both life and property complete security in one of the great-

est communities of desperadoes and criminals ever congregated on the face of the earth.

My duty required that I should lose no time in bringing together the scattered members of our company and locating them in a suitable place in the mines. There was no way of reaching Sacramento except by sailing vessel, and without delay I took passage on a sloop loaded with lumber, and after a passage of four days found a tent near the river in which half a dozen of my old comrades were sick with sturvy and diarrhea. They were dieting on raw onions at one dollar each and raw potatoes at one dollar per pound. They gave me directions so that I could find two carpenters of our company on a ranch, and informed me of the whereabouts of others who had gone to the diggings on the American River. I found the two carpenters

PANAMA STAR.

VOL. I.

"PRESS ONWARD."

NO. 1.

PANAMA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1850.

THE STAR

Will be published Weekly, in the City of Panama, by J. B. SIDDLEMAN & CO.

Advertisements not making more than one square, inserted at the rate of \$2.00 for the first insertion, and \$1.00 for each subsequent insertion. JOB WORK neatly executed at the Office on reasonable terms.

Printed by J. K. HANCOCK & J. P. BACHMAN.

To our American Friends in Panama.—It is to relieve the tedious of our perhaps protracted stay in this, to us strange land, surrounded by the people, institutions and languages so dissimilar to our own—a few Americans have undertaken this publication. Having embarked in a common object, the emigration to what seems to promise to be the El Dorado of the World, our interests are identical—not we believe that of mere, information to future emigrants, or local matters we may find to place in our columns, must be still interesting to those who are already here, to those who may hereafter arrive, and to those especially whose we have left behind, anxiously expecting news of our persons, our fate and welfare.

We therefore embark in any agreeable undertaking, confident in your support, and desirous to afford to all, the means of temporary relief from the monotony of our situation—and for this purpose we shall be glad to receive any hints or information that may be considered of sufficient interest to enrich the columns of persons named above, to unusual politicians here.

We congratulate our American Fellow Citizens on their safe progress thus far on their way to the "promised land," and we trust that such of us as have property may be the lot of all, and as little a share of the good things of this world as may be desirable for them to possess occasionally with a due sense of the value of wealth, as a means of good, rather than the mere gratification of the appetite or propensities of men.

With these remarks we present ourselves to our friends, asking only that a fair allowance be made for the pecuniary necessities of the press, as we have for our country that may occur in our first number.

The Panama Philanthropic left on the 7th inst, with about one hundred and thirty passengers for the Province.

Many of the passengers by the steamer Interocean were among the families.

We give below a translation of a Proclamation issued here by Gen. Smith, prior to his sailing for California. It contains some considerable discussions as to the state of the territory, and public sentiment is still somewhat divided upon the subject—We publish it without comment.

[Translated from the *Panama*, Feb. 11.]

Wm. Nelson, Esq., Consul of the United States, at Panama.

The laws of the United States impose numerous and severe penalties upon those who unlawfully occupy the public lands. As nothing can be more unjust and unbecomable than the system now extant of the United States to devote their conquest in part, and to dig the gold found in California, or lands belonging to the American government, and in such conduct is in direct violation of the laws, it will in my duty immediately upon arrival there, to put these laws in force to prevent any further claims, and in future to punish those who violate them with the full penalties prescribed therein.

As the execution of these laws is probably unknown to many who contemplate proceeding to California, have deemed it proper to promulgate a brief notice thereof, and of my intention to enforce them against all those who do not hold claimants of the United States.

My position as Consul here, and communication with our Consuls on the Coast of North America, render me the most competent to disseminate this information, and I therefore request your services for the promulgation of the object.

With sincere respect,
I am your obedient servant,
PETER P. SMITH,
Major Gen. U. S. A., Consul,
Panama Military Division.

Arrivals.

Quincy Pelow and Company City with one Regt and a Brevet from New York, one Regt from Philadelphia, and two from New Orleans, with about one hundred passengers in all, have arrived at Chaguan within the last few days. It is reported there are about fifteen hundred persons yet in the harbor waiting for passage.

The California.—The steamer California left here on the 21st of January, with about five hundred passengers for the Province.

Canton to Bridgetown.—One of the powered boats bought by the steamer New York on duty arrived and made for one.

The above reproduction represents the first number of a periodical published by American emigrants belated in Panama in 1849. The original consisted of four pages, about six by ten inches in size, and was printed on light blue paper. So far as we are informed, but four numbers appeared, the others being published on the 3d, 10th, and 17th of March. This publication throws interesting side lights on the Panama trip, and the state of affairs on account. Lists of arrivals are printed in each number. Washington's Birthday, it appears, was duly celebrated by American citizens with a procession and a banquet, and record is made of a "large and respectable meeting" to protest against the exorbitance of the prices of tickets to San Francisco, after which 300 emigrants signed an agreement not to pay over \$100 for passage in any sailing vessel to California—a protest which appears to have been successful. These papers also contain a disagreement with the public interpreter that matter translated by any other person than himself would be of no force before any local tribunal; a protest by the editor against the inhuman barbarity exercised by some of the owners of animals on the route from Gorgona to Panama; and a communication from the Intendente of the Department of Panama, Don Mariano Arosemena, proposing to his government to do away with all custom-house and government monopolies, and thus to make the transit of the isthmus free to the commerce of the world, the compensation for the loss of revenue to be found in the institution of a license for the transaction of business on the isthmus. The illustration is made by permission of Mr. H. S. Bachman, son of John F. Bachman, one of the printers of the paper.—EDITOR.



A CROWDED STEAMER.

enjoying themselves in a primitive California house of adobe which they were enlarging by a modern wooden addition. They were employed at their trade at sixteen dollars each per day and board. Their diet was mostly beef, one young bullock being slaughtered each day from the great herd of cattle. The family reserved the loin portions and the tongue, and gave all the rest to the Indian servants, who regarded the entrails as the choicest morsels of the animal. The ruddy brown cheeks of the women of the household bore testimony to the salutary effect of the six or eight pounds of beef which each of them daily consumed.

The next day, after making an appointment for my two friends to come to Sacramento, I rode across the country by a trail which led in the direction of the American River diggings. Having appointed a day for a rendezvous of the party at Sacramento and sent word to others of the company a few miles away, I started next morning on foot for that place, thirty miles distant. There I purchased a large covered wagon and five mules, which, with a horse, made a good team of six, and in two or three days, when all the men had arrived, we loaded the wagon with tents, baggage, and provisions, and all the company,—except two or three invalids, who were allowed to ride,—with revolvers in our belts and carbines on our shoulders, started afoot on the trail for Stockton, en

route for the head waters of the Stanislaus. A journal published by Frémont had given me a good knowledge of the whole country, so that I felt no apprehension of getting lost, and the topographical features, as to rivers, plains, and mountains, were so uniformly as he described them that we made no mistake in our calculations of courses and distances. Two or three days later, just before we reached Stockton, the rainy season burst upon us, and it became very difficult to travel. We stopped a day at this embryo town, consisting of a few tents, took in some fresh supplies, and continued on our journey.

About sixty miles of level country intervened before we could reach the foothills of the Sierra Nevada, in the gold belt, where our winter quarters were to be located. This tract of country had now become flooded, and the soil was a soft paste, in which our wagon wheels would often sink to the hub. Often the mules were mired, and, becoming discouraged, one after another would lie down. On such occasions we unloaded the wagon, taking the goods ahead to some comparatively hard ground, and then by main strength hauled out the animals one by one, pushed or lifted the empty wagon forward, reharnessed and reloaded, only to repeat the same experience over and over again. Before night came on we usually found some spot where we could

encamp, and where we could tether our mules, so that they could browse on the dead grass, the new grass not having yet sprouted. We also gave them a little barley from our stores. Some nights they strayed away and were not recovered until late the next day. Thus our progress was slow—one day only three miles; but at length we reached the foothills, where the soil was hard, and then we had no more trouble in moving along. Having indicated where the party were to locate, I left them in charge of our second officer, in an open grove, where they at once began to build a spacious log cabin, near a ravine where other gold hunters had already begun work.

Returning to Stockton, I hired a man with a rowboat to take me down the river to San Francisco, where I had reason to expect the arrival of the two vessels from New York with a supply of goods and provisions suitable for our use at the mines. The vessels had been out nine or ten months, but when I reached San Francisco they had not appeared. I waited nearly two months in great suspense, hearing occasionally from the company at the mines through traders who went back and forth with pack-mules. I learned that they were not earning enough to pay for their provisions, the cheapest of which, such as pork and flour, on account of the difficulty of transportation, cost one dollar and fifty cents per pound. I arranged to send, partly by a boat and partly by ox-team, enough to keep them supplied, and after eleven months' and twelve months' passage respectively from New York both vessels arrived in port.

After three months' experience in gold washing in our associated capacity, the more intelligent and conscientious of our company reached the conclusion that it was inadvisable to continue the organization—a conclusion I had already reluctantly accepted. By our contract we were pledged to two years' service; the sick were to be cared for by a good doctor, who was one of our members, and for whose use we had a full supply of medicines and surgical tools. The departments of labor were assigned to and regulated by an executive committee, profits and benefits were to be equally shared, and as there was no civil administration of law, any needed discipline was to be enforced by a majority vote. Our members were superior to the average in intelligence and morals, and in mental and physical capacity, but it was soon demonstrated that a few would contribute a much larger share than others to the common product; that many would shirk duty; and that some, in the assurance that they would be provided for, were downright drones. Hundreds of companies, representing nearly every State of

Union, had been organized on a similar plan, and all had had the same experience. Most of them disbanded as soon as they reached California, and all did so after a short period. So, after a division which gave to each member the necessary outfit for digging and washing, and one month's rations, we dissolved, and each became free to pursue his own way. The financial settlement of the concern was left for me to adjust. I returned to San Francisco and sold off the effects of the company, realizing enough to pay all the debts incurred for the maintenance of the company during the eight months' interval between their departure from home and their arrival at the mines, besides the deficiency of earnings during the four months in which I had had to feed them there, and the heavy expense of travel; and then I was able to pay back to the stockholders sixty per cent. of the original capital. It was the only instance out of all similar companies that I could hear of where so much was saved to original investors.

The goods which we had shipped from New York were in great demand when they arrived. A cooking range and fixtures which had cost \$60 sold for \$400. A farm wagon and harness which had cost \$90 brought \$500. A lot of cheeses sealed hermetically in tin, for which we had paid 16 cents per pound, sold for from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per pound. At this time the labor of a good workman was worth \$16 a day. Such goods as happened to be scarce and in demand would bring a fabulous price. Knee boots that cost me \$6 a pair I could have sold for \$100. Colt's revolvers, worth in New York \$15 to \$20, sold for \$125 to \$150. I paid in San Francisco \$25 each for ordinary scythes and sold them in Stockton for \$75 each. Beads which cost 30 cents a bunch I sold to Indians for \$10 a bunch. Fresh eggs brought 50 cents each, a fowl being worth \$16. The country was overrun with rats brought in by the vessels, and as no cats had been imported there was for a long time a boom in the feline market, and all the cats that could be collected from abroad were sold on arrival for \$16 each. The fluctuation in prices of all kinds of merchandise may be illustrated by a single example. In the autumn of 1849 lumber was worth \$500 per thousand feet. Nine months later, when the news of high prices had brought whole fleets of vessels from all parts of the world, and all kinds of goods were thus poured into the country, I bought the material of a large warehouse already framed and fitted for the bare cost of the freight, and constructed from it a respectable church in the town of Stockton for less than half the price it would cost to-day in New Jersey.

Having closed up the company affairs I cast about for some occupation for myself, and con-



DINING-ROOM OF FRENCH'S HOTEL, PANAMA.

cluded to open a store in Stockton for miners' supplies. I formed a partnership with a friend who was stationed at San Francisco to make purchases, and my sales were made mostly to traders who carried goods to the mines on pack-mules or in wagons. At first my profits were large, but before the year had closed the enormous inpouring of merchandise from all parts of the world had reduced prices so low that many articles could be bought by paying the freight bills, and the loss by the fall in value of my stock of goods wiped out the profit of the previous business. The only currency was gold dust, which was carried in small buckskin bags, the gold being rated at \$16 per ounce and weighed out by scales, which were found at every place of business.

Life in California was at that time a wild romance. No words of mine can describe the scenes that were enacted during that chaotic period. Thousands of men, organized in bands or wholly disorganized, were constantly arriving from every part of the world and leaving for the diggings. Outlaws and professional gamblers opened saloons by the score at every point where men congregated. Money was scattered everywhere as if by the wind. Miners who had realized fortunes in a few days came down to Stockton, Sacramento, and San Francisco to squander them in a night at the gambling-tables. Scarcely a woman was any-

where to be seen. All restraining influences of society were absent, and I cannot find an expression better suited to the case than "Pandemonium on a frolic."

As there were no wives, there could be no homes or families. A few stores had been hastily put up along the shore, made of rough boards or canvas, and all of them were doing an enormous business. The rest of the village consisted of shanties or tents used for restaurants and saloons. Human life was a moving panorama. The whole place was alive with a mass of unkempt men clad in flannel shirts and heavy boots, who were inspired with the one desire to hurry on to the mines.

This rough life was not without its touches of sentiment. One day the town was electrified by the rumor that an invoice of women's bonnets had arrived and could be seen at one of the stores. The excitement was intense, and there was a rush from every direction to get a realistic view of even so insignificant a substitute for female society. I do not overstate the truth in saying that the thoughts of home that were awakened in the breasts of the rude-looking men at the sight of those bonnets started tears from eyes which the worst forms of privation and hardship had failed to moisten.

The Christian missionary was already on the ground, and good Parson Williams had managed to find a place where he could preach

on Sunday. One of the first men who arrived with his family came to one of these meetings attended by his wife and baby. During the sermon it chanced that the baby cried and the mother was about to withdraw, when the preacher addressed her thus: "My good woman, I beg you to remain; the innocent sound of that infant's voice is more eloquent than any words I can command. It speaks to the hearts of men whose wives and children are far away, looking and praying for a safe return to their own loved ones at home." Never shall I forget the sobs and tears which those words evoked throughout that rough assembly. That infant's cry seemed to them the music of angels.

With those who made San Francisco their temporary abode gambling appeared to be the chief occupation and Spanish monte the favorite game. One house fronting on the plaza, a two-story frame building called the Parker

when I left home two years before. At Panama, by placing confidence in the honesty of a native porter, I lost my trunk with all my clothing, my gold watch, and about six hundred dollars' worth of gold. I spent three days in searching for it, by which delay I lost the company of all passengers who made the transit of the Isthmus in regular time for steamers about to leave Chagres. I had calculated the time so that by rapid riding on horseback to Gorgona and special boat service down the river to Chagres I could just catch the last steamer advertised to leave for New York. I knew nothing of the great risk in traveling alone, as the natives two years before appeared to me an exceptionally honest people. But two years' contact with American roughs had changed them to thieves and murderers, and the whole route across the Isthmus was infested with American, English, and Spanish highwaymen, who pounced upon defenseless

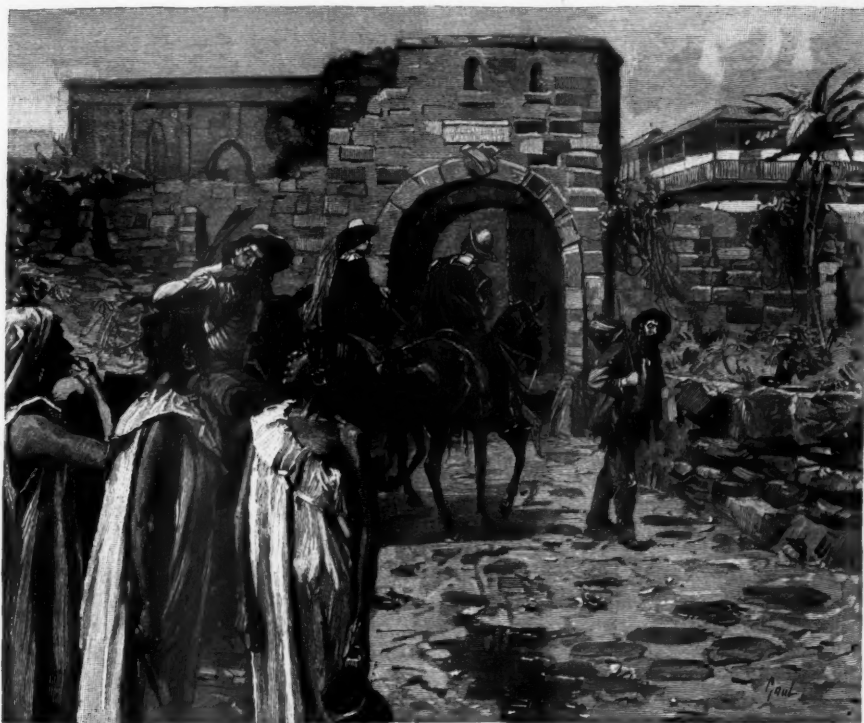


"THE STEAMER IS IN!"—PANAMA.

House, rented for \$120,000 per annum, the rental being paid mostly by gamblers. A single store of small dimensions and made of rough boards rented for \$3000 a month. A canvas tent used as a gambling-saloon rented for \$40,000 per annum. Money was loaned on good security at fifteen per cent. a month, and out of the loan the borrowers made fortunes in real estate operations.

In February, 1851, I passed out of the Golden Gate laden with the experience of a most romantic chapter of life, no worse off financially, and perhaps a little better, than

travelers at every opportunity. I, however, faced the exigency, although quite ignorant of the full danger. I hired a horse from a man who had a partner at Gorgona to whom I was to deliver the beast, and started alone on my perilous journey. Just as I was passing out of the gate of Panama, at that time a walled city, I encountered a horseman riding the same way, a pleasant-looking American, who was overjoyed to learn that I was going to Chagres, as he had just come into Panama from Chili on his way to New York, and knew nothing of the route across the Isthmus, which he had



OUTSIDE THE GATE OF PANAMA.

feared he must travel alone. He gave his name as Fowler. His frank and confiding manner gave me assurance that he would be a safe and agreeable companion, and we at once became friends. We proceeded rapidly for a distance of eight or nine miles to where a branch trail led to the village of Cruces, the fork of the road being occupied by a tent with sundry refreshments. Here we rested. A few minutes later a horseman who had been in pursuit of us, and had ridden so hard that his horse was panting and sweating, stopped in front of the tent and appeared to be in suffering. I assisted him to alight, and helped to place him in a hammock. With groans and dazed eyes he informed me that he had a ticket for the New York steamer at Chagres, and was afraid he could not reach it unless he could have our company across. I felt of his pulse, which was regular, and asked him where was his pain. He was not explicit in locating his trouble, and seemed disconcerted when I told him that I had practised medicine. I asked him if he would have anything I could get. He replied that he would take a "stone fence" — a drink of rum and brandy mixed. I ordered it for him and he drank it. I noticed

that he was quite watchful of us whenever he thought we were not looking. His general appearance was that of a genteel desperado, and after watching him awhile I signaled to my comrade to join me outside. On consultation we agreed that the man was a sham, and that he was seeking our company in order to entrap us among some confederates in ambush. We made a pretense of going out on the Cruces trail to look for our baggage mules, leaving the man to think that we would return, but in fact we took the road to Gorgona, determined that if he came near us again we would speedily settle matters with him. Near sundown, when within two or three miles of Gorgona, we met five horsemen, a bad-looking lot, Americans and Spaniards, who eyed us closely as they passed, and immediately after wheeled around to join us. We lost no time in starting at a run. They were evidently surprised at our movement and made a rapid pursuit, but became so scattered that in case of attack we should have had an even chance by fighting them singly. We kept in advance until we came within sight of the village, when they fell back. We learned that they made their headquarters at the public house where we

stopped, and were known there as desperate gamblers and outlaws. Robbery and murder were of frequent occurrence on the line we had traveled, and we were told on our way down the river that on the day of our arrival a party of eight coming up the river were overpowered, robbed, and murdered by their boatmen.

We reached Gorgona about dusk, and as it was necessary, in order to reach the steamer at Chagres, to take a light canoe and to leave at three o'clock next morning, I left Mr. Fowler at the so-called hotel and went out to engage a boat and three boatmen, taking the precaution to learn where they would sleep, so that I might waken them, for I well knew they would not otherwise keep their appointment. When I returned, in the course of an hour or two, I found my comrade quite overcome with nervous prostration. He hurriedly placed in my hands his gold watch, a pile of money and a banker's draft for \$80,000, gave me the address of his father, and then sank exhausted to the floor with the feeling that he was dying. I obtained a stimulating drink for him, and, taking advantage of his confidence in me, told him that I possessed a mesmeric power which

would restore him. I made a few passes over his head and took his hands in mine, asking him to notice the vital current passing from my fingers to his. He was so assured of this that he revived, and would not let go of my hands until he had gained strength enough to walk.

We embarked in a light canoe about daylight. My revolver was ready for immediate use, but we reached Chagres the next evening without mishap. Finding that the *North America*, a new independent steamer, was in the harbor and about to leave for New York, we paid off our canoemen, and at once embarked on a large yawl with six oarsmen over the rough waters to the steamer three miles away. The result of my gold hunting was that my entire stock of effects consisted of the clothing I had on, namely, corduroy trousers, a soiled shirt, and a brown linen coat, together with a grizzly bear skin which I had saved as a trophy of California. When we reached New York I was completely cured of my passion for adventure and ready to put on the harness of hard and sober work for all the rest of my life.

Julius H. Pratt.

THE CONQUEST OF CALIFORNIA.



FOR many years after the Louisiana Purchase the Mississippi and Missouri rivers made the boundary line of occupied country. Above St. Louis and between these rivers an encroachment on the wilderness had been made by the first generation of this century. From the confluence of the two great rivers, where the Missouri rolls its yellow floods into the clear waters of the Mississippi, the line of settlement extended along the farther shore of the great tributary only to the mouth of the Kansas. The solitude of the turbulent river in its long course through unknown lands and from remote mountains was broken only by the yearly visit of the Fur Company's steamer on its struggling way to their ports on its upper waters, one or two thousand miles above St. Louis. In those early days the Missouri had for me a mysterious character. I remember with what real excitement I watched for the point where it entered the Mississippi as one of the grand features of the continent. In imagination I saw the tribe of dusky warriors who peopled its upper shores and with whom I afterward became familiar. But when I lately crossed it in the dusk of evening the shapes that I saw were of the comrades with whom

I had traveled its solitary lands and who had now crossed the river of greatest mysteries.

Westward the Indian country stretched to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. On its southern edge were the detached settlements of Mexico, hundreds of years old and oblivious of progress. On the northern side were the British possessions. The great plains and beds of the Rocky Mountains made its eastern division. From the western foot of the Rocky Mountain ranges to the eastern foot of the Sierra Nevada lay the intervening Great Basin. Beyond was the "California Mountain," the trapper's name for the snowy Sierras. This broad region was unoccupied, unused, and trackless. The only traveled way across was the "Spanish Trail," which led along its southern border from the Missouri frontier to the old Mexican towns of the Del Norte, and thence across the "American Desert" to Los Angeles, in the southern part of what was then Upper California. This was the precarious road for trade between the American frontier and the Mexican settlements, subject always to Indian barbarities and the tribute exacted by the savages. Other than this were only the buffalo roads and the Indian trails.

[General Frémont here describes the country as it then appeared.]

Between the Missouri River and the Snowy Sierra the country was a wilderness which bore in its changes only the marks of nature. Indian tribes, more or less savage, sometimes rising into the dignity of nations, occupied the whole area, and all were at war. There were no white settlements, except rare offshoots of civilization where missionary devotion or American instinct for land penetrated its solitude to a short distance. Trading posts of the American and British fur companies were dotted about over this region, remote and disconnected. The British Fur Company, to protect its fur interests, discouraged immigration, but encouraged alliances between its employees and the Indian women, giving preference to the half-breeds. In contributing to the wants of the Indians these posts grew to be part of the Indian life, and so enjoyed immunity from all. For hunters and trappers they were places not only of barter, but also of refuge against the dangerous chances to which they were exposed. It was across this inhospitable wilderness that were to be traced the paths which made the approaches for the United States to Oregon and California.

To this region the Government had already directed its attention in the earlier part of the century. Events had forced upon it the question of future occupation and extension. Under the suggestions of a far-reaching statesmanship the great expedition of Lewis and Clarke in 1804 was followed by that of Long (1819-20), and, still later, by that of Pike (1831). But gradually the interests of expanding population required that our contiguous territory should be made more intimately known to the people, and in 1837-39 expeditions were sent to the northwestern prairies under the French astronomer and geographer Nicollet. Mr. Poinsett, then Secretary of War, had much to do with shaping these. I was then lieutenant of topographical engineers, and, having already been engaged in surveys of Indian country, I was chosen by him to accompany Nicollet as his assistant. These expeditions brought to common knowledge the great capacities of that region, then for all civilized uses unknown.

The house taken by Mr. Nicollet for making up the maps was at the foot of the Capitol, and became a meeting-place for all interested in Western affairs or in national expansion, and for men of large ideas. There came constantly Senator Benton and Senator Linn of Missouri, the sagem-like Governor Dodge of Iowa, my old friend Mr. Poinsett, and often the historian Bancroft, who was that winter in Washington.

A great interest had been kindled into life, and in the furtherance of it an expedition to

the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains was organized in the winter of 1841-42. This was the initial one of five expeditions planned by Senator Benton and me, and was in direct line with his long-cherished views for asserting the title of the United States to the undivided occupation of Oregon. General Harrison, as a military and Western man, would doubtless have favored this, as would his war secretary, John Bell of Tennessee. But his death put into power Mr. Tyler, who was unfriendly to disturbing the English occupation. Consequently, with wise distrust of Government interference, this expedition was directed, apparently, to aid emigration to the Pacific shores by searching for it the best lines of travel, and to select such situations for military posts as would best protect it. This expedition was to have been under the joint command of Mr. Nicollet and me, but Mr. Nicollet's health was giving way and he shortly after died. I had, in the mean time, become a member of Senator Benton's family. It was on New Year's evening of 1842 that he informed me I was to have sole command.

In June, 1842, I took the field with my party. The South Pass, which opens the way to the Columbia River Valley, was located in the Wind River Mountains, in which the four mighty rivers of the continent find their head springs. On the return of the expedition, in addition to the general map accompanying my report to the Government, maps of the route in atlas form were made, which pointed out for each day where the emigrants would find water, grass, and wood for their encampments. These accompanied the reports of the expedition, which were ordered to be published by Congress and were distributed for the use of the emigrants. Points were indicated where military posts were to be established for their protection. These proceedings by Congress, which showed a determination to protect the emigration into the valley of the Columbia, roused it into energetic movement, and the Western country, now fairly awake, sustained their representatives at Washington in their continued and bolder effort to secure the Pacific coast. This view opened up into our continent attracted great attention in England as well as among thinking Americans.

The winter months passed quickly in preparing these reports on the first expedition and in arranging the object of the second. The latter was organized and sent out under my command in 1843. In its course the expedition located various passes of the Rocky Mountains. I turned into the bordering territory of Mexico and established the position and character of Great Salt Lake. Thence I continued the line of the first expedition down

the line of the Columbia to Fort Vancouver, where my expedition connected, as ordered, with Wilkes's survey of the coast. I returned to the Dalles of the Columbia, and took up the examination of the coast mountains and worked my way southward along the flanges of the Pacific coast, searching the approaches into the Sierra Nevada for a railway passage to the ocean. A river, the "Buenaventura," indicated upon a map furnished me by the Hudson's Bay Company as breaking through the mountains, was found not to exist; and at length, by a rough winter passage, we forced our way across the great Sierra into what was then the shadowy land of California, soon to become a familiar name to the civilized world. By this passage the Central Pacific Railway now enters.

Descending the American Fork of the Sacramento River, we reached Sutter's Fort, in the "Great California Valley," early in March. A few weeks given to recruit the party from the exhaustion of their winter journey were utilized to obtain some knowledge of the bay and the dependent country. Its broad gates lay open to that trade of the Pacific for which we had been searching a way across the continent. The return expedition reached the frontier of Kansas, on the Missouri River, in August, 1844.

Meantime the covert struggle between England and the United States on the Oregon question had ripened into positive antagonism. In 1845 I was sent out at the head of a third and stronger expedition, for which the plans and scope had been matured on my return from the second. The geographical examinations proposed to be made were in greater part in Mexican territory. But in arranging this expedition the eventualities of war had to be taken into consideration. My private instructions were, if needed, to foil England by carrying the war now imminent with Mexico into its territory of California. At the fitting moment that territory was seized, and held by the United States.

During the winter preceding it the coming third expedition was an engrossing subject to Senator Benton and me, also to others who had interest in its scientific and its possible political results; largely so to General John A. Dix, then senator from New York, and to the Prussian Minister, Baron von Gerolt, an intimate friend of Humboldt, by whom he had been selected as Minister to Mexico. Baron von Gerolt had lived there some twenty years, was well acquainted with Mexican affairs, and had maintained active personal relations with men in power in that country. He was fully informed of their movements in this critical period. His intimacy with Senator Benton and his family and me had increased the in-

terest with which he had followed the course of the previous expeditions, of which he kept Humboldt informed fully, giving him also personal details. Now the Baron, knowing from his correspondents in Mexico that there was to be interference by that government which would place me in peril and break up the expedition if it should enter California, came to give us warning.

It may be well to remind the reader that Senator Benton, not only from his political associations, but from his position as chairman of the Senate military committee,—a post he held for twenty-eight years,—was fully informed of every military measure of the Government. Mr. Benton had many clients from among old Spanish families in Florida and Louisiana, and his knowledge of their language led to friendships with them. He had always held that towards Mexico our relations should be that of the great Republic aiding a neighboring state in its early struggles; he belonged with those who preferred the acquiring of Texas by treaty and purchase, not by war; this he opposed and denounced, and he now held the same views concerning California.

President Polk entered on his office in March, 1845, with a fixed determination to acquire California, if he could acquire it in an honorable and just manner. The President and Cabinet held it impossible for Mexico, situated as things were, to retain possession of California, and therefore it was right to negotiate with Mexico for it. This it was hoped to accomplish by peaceful negotiation; but if Mexico, in resenting our acceptance of the offer of Texas to join us, should begin a war with us, *then, by taking possession of the province*. Relations with Mexico soon became critical and threatened war, leaving no room for further negotiations.

The Secretary of State, Mr. Buchanan, and Senator Dix of New York came frequently to confer with Mr. Benton. Mr. Buchanan had discovered a leak in his department, and, not knowing the Spanish language himself, brought his confidential letters and documents from Mexico to be read to him by Mr. Dix and Mr. Benton, who knew the language well. For the whole of his senatorial term Mr. Dix was a near neighbor, a member of the military committee, and also personally intimate with Mr. Benton. In the security of Mr. Benton's library these despatches were read and discussed and many translations made for Mr. Buchanan's use by Mrs. Frémont and her elder sister. These frequent discussions in our homes among the men who controlled the action of the Government gave to me the advantage of knowing thoroughly what were its present wishes, and its intentions in the event of war.

Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, in his "Life of James Buchanan," gives, in chapters 21 and 22, Volume I., a compact and clear view of English policy towards the United States at this time. He says:

In the mean time Mr. Buchanan had not only to manage the relations between the United States and Mexico under circumstances of great delicacy, with firmness as well as conciliation, but also to keep a watchful eye upon the course of England and France in reference to this measure. It must be remembered that Mr. Buchanan had succeeded as Secretary of State to the management of the Oregon question with England, as well as to the completion of the arrangements for annexing Texas to the United States. He was informed both privately and officially, by the Ministers of the United States at London and Paris, of the danger of an intervention by England and France in the affairs of Mexico. . . .

In 1845, when the war between the United States and Mexico was impending, there was reason to believe that England was aiming to obtain a footing in the then Mexican province of California by an extensive system of colonization.¹ Acting under Mr. Buchanan's advice, President Polk, in his first annual message of December 2, 1845, not only reasserted the Monroe doctrine in general terms, but distinctly declared that no future European colony or dominion shall, with the consent of the United States, be planted or established on any part of the American continent. This declaration was confined to North America in order to make it emphatically applicable to California.

To Mr. Benton and other governing men at Washington it seemed reasonably sure that California would eventually fall to England or to the United States, and they were firmly resolved to hold it for the United States. The instructions early sent, and repeatedly insisted upon, to the officers commanding our Pacific squadron, gave specific orders *to be strictly followed in the event of war*: For me no distinct course or definite instruction could be laid down, but the probabilities were made known to me, as well as what to do when they became facts. The distance was too great for timely communication, but, failing this, *I was given discretion to act*. And for this, as soon as war was sure between Mexico and ourselves, Lieutenant Gillespie was despatched with instructions and with letters which, if intercepted when crossing Mexico, would convey no meaning to others, while to me they would be clear.

The first and second expeditions had their political as well as their geographical objects; both were successfully accomplished. The route to Oregon through to the mouth of the Columbia was definitely surveyed and mapped and its features were fully described for the use of the emigration. And the intended political effect was created of awakening the Govern-

ment's interest in and protection to the emigration to Oregon. The third expedition had also its underlying political intention. Its chief geographical feature was very interesting. It was to explore and open what had hitherto been believed to be an uninhabitable desert—thence to find nearer passes through to the Pacific.

Our journey was continuously in Mexican territory from the head of the Arkansas River, and through all of the Salt Lake Valley. I found the beds of mineral or rock salt where Humboldt had marked them on his map of New Spain, "Montagnes de Gemme," to the eastward of the Salt Lake. He had so placed them from the journal of Father Escalante, who towards the close of the last century attempted to penetrate the unknown country from Santa Fé in New Mexico to Monterey, California. Father Escalante did not get beyond the southeastern rim of the lake. It was believed to be a desert without water. None of my men knew anything of it; not even Walker or Carson. The Indians declared that no one had ever crossed the immediate plain of sage-brush stretching westward to the stony, black, unfertile mountains which ran in range north and south in jagged saw-teeth profile.

Early in November we reached a river to which I gave the name of Humboldt, who did me the honor to write and thank me for being the first to place his name on the map of the continent. Both the river and the mountain to which I gave his name are conspicuous objects, the river stretching across the basin to the foot of the Sierra Nevada, and the mountain standing out in greater bulk and length than its neighbors. Here I divided the party: the main body with Walker, who knew the southern part of the California mountains well, as their guide, had a secure southerly line in following the Humboldt River, which was to be surveyed by Mr. Kern. For myself I selected ten men, among them some of my Delawares. Leaving the main party, I started on a line westward directly across the basin. This journey determined a route passable for wagons from eight to nine hundred miles shorter than any known, and through a country abounding in game and fine grasses and wood.

Passing over details of the separation of the party and its wanderings and hardships on the Sierra Nevada, I come to my arrival at Sutter's Fort on the 9th of December, 1845. On the 15th of January, 1846, I set out with Mr. Leidesdorff, American vice-consul, for Monterey, and on arriving went directly to the house of our consul, Mr. Larkin. My purpose was to get leave to bring my party into the settlements in order to refit and to obtain the

¹ Verified by the great McNamara grant. See the last page of this article.

supplies that had now become necessary. All the camp equipment, the clothes of the men, and their saddles and horse gear, were either used up or badly in want of repair.

The next morning I made my official visits. I found the governor, Don Pio Pico, absent at Los Angeles. With Mr. Larkin I called upon the commanding general, Don José Castro, and upon the prefect, the alcalde, and Ex-Governor Alvarado. I informed the general and the other officers that I was engaged in surveying the nearest route from the United States to the Pacific Ocean. I informed them further that the object of the survey was geographical, being under the direction of the Bureau of Topographical Engineers, to which corps I belonged; that it was made in the interests of science and of commerce; and that the men composing the party were citizens and not soldiers. The permission asked for was readily granted, and during the two days I staid I was treated with every courtesy by the general and the other officers. By the middle of February my party was all reunited in the valley of San José, about thirteen miles south of the village of that name on the main road leading to Monterey, which was about sixty miles distant.

The place I had selected for rest and refitting was a vacant rancho called the "Laguna," belonging to Mr. Fisher. I remained here until the 22d, occupied in purchasing horses, obtaining supplies, and thoroughly refitting the party. It was the delightful spring season of a most delightful climate, and many Californians visited the camp, and very friendly relations grew up with us. I established the rate of the chronometer and made this encampment a new point of departure.

March 1 we resumed our progress southward along the coast, and March 3 encamped at the Hartwell rancho. We were now passing Monterey, which was about twenty-five miles distant. The Salinas Valley lay outside of the more occupied parts of the country, and I was on my way to a pass opening into the San Joaquin Valley at the head of a western branch of the Salinas River.

In the afternoon the quiet of the camp was disturbed by the sudden appearance of a cavalry officer with two men. This officer, Lieutenant Chavez, was abrupt and disposed to be rude. He brought me peremptory letters from the general and the prefect, ordering me forthwith out of the department and threatening force if

I should not instantly comply with the order.¹ I desired the officer to carry as my answer that I peremptorily refused to comply with the order, which was an insult to my Government. My men, like myself, were roused by the offense, and were eager to support any course I saw fit to adopt.

Near by was a mountain called the Gavilan (or Hawk's) Peak. Early the next morning I moved camp, following the wood-road to the summit, and camped in a convenient position. It afforded wood, water, and grass, gave a view over the surrounding country, including the Salinas plain and the valley of San José, and opened in case of need a retreat to the San Joaquin. Here we built a rough but strong fort of logs. A tall sapling was prepared, and on it the American flag was raised amid the cheers of the men. The raising of this flag proved a premonition of its permanent raising as the flag over California.

I remained in possession, the flag flying, for three days, during which I received information from Mr. Larkin, our consul, and from citizens of what was going on below. Late in the afternoon of the second day we discovered a body of cavalry coming up our wood-road; with about forty men I went quickly down this road to where a thicket among the trees made a good ambush, and waited for them. They came to within a few hundred yards of us and halted, and after some consultation turned back. Had they come on they would have had to come within a few paces of our rifles.

The protecting favor all civilized governments accord to scientific expeditions imposed on me, even here, corresponding obligations, and having given Castro three days' time in which to execute his threat, I slowly withdrew. Besides, I always kept in mind the object of the Government to obtain possession of California, and would not let a proceeding which seemed personal put obstacles in the way. In a letter written soon after to Mrs. Frémont, telling of this, I made an allusion she would fully comprehend.

SACRAMENTO RIVER,

Latitude 49°, April 1, 1846.

... My sense of duty did not permit me to fight them, but we retired slowly and growlingly: they had between three and four hundred men and three pieces of artillery, and were raising the country against me on a false and scandalous proclamation.² I had my own men, and many Americans would have joined me, but I refrained from a solitary hostile or improper act, for I did not dare to compromise the United States, against which appearances would have been strong.

The following extracts from the report of the United States consul, Mr. Thomas O.

¹ This was the course of action decided upon in Mexico of which Baron von Gerolt had information and of which he had given us warning in Washington. In connection also see Bancroft's letter to Buchanan dated Washington, August 7, 1845.

² That we were *bandoleros* (highwaymen, or freebooters).

Larkin, to the Secretary of State belong to this subject. Mr. Larkin wrote:

MONTEREY, March 9, 1846.

Sir: . . . There will be two or three hundred men collected to-morrow with the intention to attack his (Frémont's) camp. Captain Frémont has about fifty men. Neither himself nor his men have any fears respecting the result, yet be the result for or against him it may prove a disadvantage to the resident Americans in California. . . . I have at some risk despatched out two couriers to the camp with duplicate letters, and this letter I sent to Santa Barbara in expectation of finding a vessel bound to Mazatlan. Having had one-half of my hospital expenses of 1844 cut off, and know not why, and even my bill for a flag, I do not feel disposed to hazard much for Government, though the life of Captain Frémont and party may need it. I hardly know how to act. I have only received one letter (of June) from the department for the year 1845. *General Castro says he has just received by the "Hannab" direct and specific orders not to allow Captain Frémont to enter California.*¹

We made a stop of a week near Sutter's Fort to recruit the animals on the fine range, and then continued to travel slowly towards the Oregon line. One night I was standing alone by my camp-fire and thinking these things over, and how best to meet the expectations intrusted to me in case of war, when suddenly my ear caught the faint sound of horses' feet, and as I listened there emerged from the darkness into the circle of the firelight two horsemen riding slowly, as though horse and man were fatigued by traveling. They proved to be two men from Sutter's whom I knew, named Neal and Seigler. They had ridden nearly a hundred miles in two days, having been sent forward by a United States officer, Lieutenant A. H. Gillespie, who was on my trail with despatches for me. He had been sent to California by the Government across Mexico to Mazatlan, and had letters for me. He had been directed to find me wherever I might be. Accordingly on landing from the United States steamer *Cyane* he had started from Monterey, and had been looking for me on the Sacramento. Learning at Sutter's Fort that I had gone up the valley, he had made up a small party and had followed my trail for six hundred miles, the latter part of the way through

great dangers from Modoc and Tlamath Indians.²

Then I knew the hour had come. Neal knew the danger from these Indians, and his party becoming alarmed and my trail being fresh, Lieutenant Gillespie had sent forward Neal and Seigler on their best horses to overtake me and inform me of their situation.

I selected ten of the best men, Kit Carson, Stepp, Dick Owens, Godey, Basil Lajeunesse, and Crane with four other Delawares, and at early dawn we took the backward trail, and after a ride of about forty-five miles we met Lieutenant Gillespie and greeted him warmly. It was now eleven months since any tidings had reached me.

Lieutenant Gillespie informed me that he had left Washington in November (1845), under orders from the President and the Secretary of the Navy, and had been directed to reach California by the shortest route through Mexico to Mazatlan. With many detentions on the way he had followed his instructions to find me wherever I might be, and under Neal's guidance had now overtaken me.

It was a singular coincidence that I was informed by Neal of Gillespie's coming on the 8th of May and met him on the 9th—the days on which were fought the first battles of the Mexican war, Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.

Lieutenant Gillespie brought a letter of introduction from the Secretary of State, Mr. Buchanan, and letters and papers from Senator Benton and family. The letter from the Secretary of State was directed to me in my private or citizen capacity, and, though seeming nothing beyond an introduction, it accredited the bearer, and in connection with circumstances and place of delivery it indicated a purpose in sending it. From the letter I learned nothing, but it was intelligibly explained to me by my previous knowledge, by the letter from Senator Benton, and by communications from Lieutenant Gillespie.³

This officer informed me also that he was directed by the Secretary of State to acquaint me with his instructions to the consular agent, Mr. Larkin, which were to ascertain the disposition of the California people and conciliate

¹ Larkin was evidently not deep in the confidences of the Government.

² These Indians became known to the whole country in 1873 by their treacherous assassination, when in council, of General Canby and his command.

³ In a discussion in the Senate immediately after the close of the Mexican war Senator Badger of North Carolina said: "We next find him in Oregon, where he is overtaken by a messenger, an officer of the Government, who bore him a letter, and—there is no use in concealing it, sir—although it purported to be a mere letter of introduction, it was in reality an official

document, accrediting the bearer of it to Colonel Frémont, with a view to the union of the two in devising some means to counteract the designs of the British emissaries. Captain Gillespie, the officer to whom I allude, in his evidence before the committee on military affairs states that he was directed to convey the order of the Government to Colonel Frémont, to watch the interests of the United States in California. This, sir, was the purport of Captain Gillespie's mission; and so soon as the communication was made to him Colonel Frémont returned to California, under the order of his Government, and by its express authority."

their feelings in favor of the United States.¹ This idea was no longer practicable, as actual war was inevitable and immediate; moreover, it was in conflict with our own instructions. We dropped this idea from our minds, but falling on others less informed, it came dangerously near losing us California. The letter of Senator Benton, while apparently only one of friendship and family details, was a trumpet giving no uncertain note. Read by the light of many conversations and discussions with himself and other governing men in Washington, it clearly made me know that I was required by the Government to find out any foreign schemes in relation to California, and to counteract them so far as was in my power. His letters made me know distinctly that at last the time had come when England must not get a foothold; that we *must be first*. I was to *act*, discreetly but positively.

The thread of my narrative must now be broken here to introduce the following evidence.

Some years ago, when publishing a volume of memoirs, I wished to be especially accurate on the subject of Lieutenant Gillespie's coming to me from the Government. Gillespie had been directed to commit his despatches to memory before reaching Vera Cruz, then destroy them. I asked Mr. George Bancroft, who as an accurate and reliable historian kept the data of this California period, which was solely in his charge, for his recollections, and he was so kind as to take much trouble to verify the subject from his record. He sent me full and distinct memoranda to use, marked "Not to be printed." With his consent, I have used the following extracts from these official and personal papers; now such of them as are needed here are given to show how subsequent events were governed by these instructions brought me by Gillespie. They were to be known only to Gillespie and myself. Commodore Sloat had his separate, repeated, definite orders.²

FROM MEMORANDUM BY THE HONORABLE
GEORGE BANCROFT (SECRETARY OF THE
NAVY), MADE FOR GENERAL FRÉMONT.

NEWPORT, R. I., 2d September, 1886.

Very soon after March 4, 1845, Mr. Polk one day, when I was alone with him, in the clearest manner and with the utmost energy declared to me what were to be the four great measures of his administration. He succeeded in all the four, and one of the four was the acquisition of California for the

United States. This it was hoped to accomplish by peaceful negotiation; but if Mexico, in resenting our acceptance of the offer of Texas to join us, should begin a war with us, then by taking possession of the province. As we had a squadron in the North Pacific, but no army, measures for the carrying out this design fell to the Navy Department. The Secretary of the Navy, who had good means of gaining news as to the intentions of Mexico, and had reason to believe that its government intended to make war upon us, directed timely preparation for it.

In less than four months after the inauguration, on the 24th day of June, 1845, he sent orders to the commanding officer of the United States naval forces on the Pacific that, if he should ascertain that Mexico had declared war against the United States, he should at once possess himself of the port of San Francisco and such other ports as his force might permit. At the same time he was instructed to encourage the inhabitants of California "to adopt a course of neutrality." The Secretary of the Navy repeated these orders in August and in October, 1845, and in February, 1846. On one of these occasions (October, 1845) he sent the orders by the hands of an accomplished and thoroughly trustworthy officer of the navy³ as a messenger, well instructed in the designs of the department and with the purposes of the administration, so far as they related to California. Captain Frémont having been sent originally on a peaceful mission to the West by way of the Rocky Mountains, it had become necessary to give him warning of the new state of affairs and the designs of the President. The officer who had had charge of the despatches from the Secretary of the Navy to Commodore Sloat, and who had purposely been made acquainted with their import, accordingly made his way to Captain Frémont, who thus became acquainted with the state of affairs and the purposes of the Government. Being absolved from any duty as an explorer, Captain Frémont was left to his duty as an officer in the service of the United States, with the further authoritative knowledge that the Government intended to take possession of California.

The Navy Department had no cause for apprehension that the movement upon California would lead to a conflict with any European power, and yet it was held that the presence of armed ships of any other power in the California harbors before annexation might be inconvenient. Therefore no orders were given to use force against any European powers; but the utmost celerity was used by the Navy Department in conveying to the commander of the American naval forces on the California coast orders in the event of war by Mexico to take instant possession of San Francisco and as many other places in California as the means at his disposal would permit. The information which the department possessed made it reasonably certain that if the United States commander in California should act with due celerity on receiving his orders, California

¹ See "Californiana" in the present number for the text of this despatch.—EDITOR.

² Undue value has been given by a few writers to the despatch sent by the Secretary of State to the consul at Monterey. It could in no way affect other and different instructions from the President and the Secretary of the Navy, or Secretary of War, who alone could govern the actions of officers. It would seem

needless to state so simple a fact, but it appears the writers do not know that the different branches of the Government cannot interfere with each other; and though the President, as commander-in-chief, commands both army and navy, their officers are otherwise solely under the orders of their respective departments.—J. B. F.

³ Gillespie.

would be occupied before any European government or any armed ship in the Pacific could be in motion.

NEWPORT, R. I., 3d September, 1886.

My motive in sending so promptly the order to take possession was not from any fear that England would resist, but from the apprehension that the presence of an English man-of-war in San Francisco harbor would have a certain degree of inconvenience, and that it was much better for us to be masters there before the ship should arrive; and my orders reached there very long before any English vessel was off California. The delay of Sloat made a danger, but still he took possession of San Francisco before the British ship arrived. . . . After your interview with Gillespie you were absolved from any orders as an explorer, and became an officer of the American army, warned by your Government of your new danger, against which you were bound to defend yourself; and it was made known to you on the authority of the Secretary of the Navy that a great object of the President was to obtain possession of California. If I had been in your place I should have considered myself bound to do what I saw I could to promote the purpose of the President. You were alone; no Secretary of War to appeal to; he was thousands of miles off; and yet it was officially made known to you that your country was at war; and it was so made known expressly to guide your conduct. It was further made known to you that the acquisition of California was become a chief object of the President. If you had letters to that effect from the Secretary of War, you had your warrant. If you were left without orders from the War Department, certainly you learned from the Secretary of the Navy that the President's plan of war included the taking possession of California. The truth is, no officer of the Government had anything to do with California but the Secretary of the Navy so long as I was in the Cabinet. . . .

With this necessary digression to make clear my subsequent acts, I return to our camp of May 9 (1849) on the Tlamath Lake. We had talked late, but now, tired out, Gillespie was asleep. I sat far into the night, alone, reading my home letters by the fire, and thinking. I saw the way opening clear before me, and a grand opportunity was now presented to realize fully the far-sighted views which would make the Pacific Ocean the western boundary of the United States. I resolved to move forward on the opportunity, return forthwith to the Sacramento Valley, and bring all the influence I could command. This decision was the first step in the conquest of California.

[General Frémont here relates an attack upon his camp the same night by Tlamath Indians resulting in the death of three of his men, his reunion with the main party, his retaliation upon the Tlamaths, and his return southward.]

On the 24th of May we reached again Lassen's (near Sutter's Fort), and in the evening I wrote to Senator Benton a guarded letter. Until the arrival of Commodore Sloat my own movements depended on circumstances,

and of them I could say but little. But I told him of the arrival of Lieutenant Gillespie, of the Tlamath fighting and the men we had lost, and how we fought that nation from one border to the other, "and have ever since been fighting until our entrance into the lower Sacramento Valley," and in phrases he would understand let him know I was to go the whole length of California; why, he knew.

Gillespie's arrival at Sutter's, and his taking the men to help him overtake me, had quickly spread among the people, and I found the settlers anxiously awaiting the result of his risky journey, and hoping to see me return with him. The Government vessels at San Francisco, the coming of a Government messenger to follow and find me, together with thick-coming rumors of war, were more than enough for our intelligent, quick-witted Americans. I found myself welcomed, and saw I should find support in carrying out my instructions.

The California authorities, under their orders from Mexico, had on their side given offense and alarm to old settlers and the incoming immigration—requiring all foreigners to be naturalized or expelled,¹ interfering with long acquired property rights, and fomenting disturbances by the Indians. I saw we must meet these Indian menaces and make them realize that Castro was far and I was near. And I intended to leave no enemy behind to destroy my strength by cutting off my supply of cattle and breaking communication with the incoming emigrants. So we raided all their rancherias on the western bank of the Sacramento, finding the men with feathers in their heads, faces painted black, and on the midst of their war ceremonies, and we did this so effectually as to put an end to the burning of wheatfields and intended attack on whites. It was a rude but necessary measure to protect the whites.

Then I began my preparations for carrying out my instructions. Except myself, then and for many months afterward, there was no other officer of the army in California. The citizen party under my command was made up of picked men, and though small in number was a formidable nucleus for frontier warfare, and many of its members commanded the confidence of the immigration. I wrote to Captain Montgomery, commanding the United States ship *Portsmouth*, then at Yerba Buena [San Francisco], asking for needed supplies from his ship's stores. With this was also an

¹ Proclamation of the 30th of April, 1846, which was forwarded by Don Manuel Castro, prefect of Monterey, to his sub-prefect in San Francisco, and transmitted by the latter to the United States vice-consul at that port, Leidesdorff, to be by him made known to the American settlers.—J. B. F.

official letter from Lieutenant Gillespie,— who was well known to him,— which ended as follows:

Hoping you will be able to make the supply, I will only add that in the event of the party receiving from you the assistance requested, you may be sure the same will not only be highly appreciated by the President and departments, and confer an obligation upon Captain Frémont and myself, but will receive the heartfelt thanks of some of the bravest and most determined men, who are happy in suffering privations while serving their country with unsurpassed zeal and fidelity.

ARCHIE H. GILLESPIE,
First Lieut., U. S. Marine Corps, and special and confidential Agent for California.

Gillespie visited Captain Montgomery on his ship, and brought me in answer all I required—lead, powder, percussion caps, as well as camp supplies, and fifteen hundred dollars, to be repaid by an order on the proper department in Washington.¹

Soon after, when urgently appealed to for powder to sustain his party by Mr. William B. Ide, who had raised the flag of independence, the Grizzly Bear flag, at Sonoma, Captain Montgomery, while answering with perfect courtesy, had to decline.

Permit me, sir, in response to your call for powder for the use of your party, to say that I am here as a representative of a government at peace (so far as I know) with Mexico and her province of California, having in charge the interests and security of the commerce and citizens of the United States, lawfully engaged in their pursuits, and have no right or authority to furnish munitions of war, or in any manner take sides with any political party, or even indirectly identify myself or official name with any popular movement (whether of foreign or native residents of the country), and thus, sir, must decline giving the required aid.

JOHN B. MONTGOMERY, *Commander.*²

In answer to urgent appeals made by the settlers I went to Sonoma on the 25th of June. On what I learned there I hurried back to head off advancing troops under De la Torre, a Mexican cavalry officer, but found he had retreated to Saucelito. At Saucelito I found an American vessel, the *Moscow*, Captain Phelps, of Worcester, Massachusetts. Before daylight next morning he was at the landing with one of his large boats. I took twelve of my men, my best shots; Captain Phelps and his boat's crew were excited and pleased to aid in the work on hand. On his ship were a quantity of rat-tail files, with which we supplied ourselves. It appeared

that there was little or no guard maintained at the fort, which was at the point on the southern side of the gate which makes the entrance to the bay, and to which I gave the name of Golden Gate.³ Pulling across the strait or avenue of water which leads in from the gate, we reached Fort Point in the gray dawn and scrambled up the steep bank in time to see horsemen escaping towards Yerba Buena. We promptly spiked the guns,—fourteen,—nearly all long brass Spanish pieces. The measures which I had taken and the retreat of De la Torre freed from all Mexican authority the territory north of the bay of San Francisco from the sea to Sutter's Fort.

On the fourth day of July I was back in Sonoma, where the day was celebrated by salutes, and in the evening by a ball. During that and the following day the settlers were organized into a battalion consisting of four companies, numbering 224 men. The force with which I had recently been acting was 160 men. It was now necessary to concentrate the elements of this force. Naturally, the people desired me to take charge of it. Its existence was due to my presence in the valley, and upon my withdrawal it would have collapsed with absolute ruin to the settlers. They saw the coöperation between me and the naval forces, and Carson, and some of my most trusted men, had enough information from me to assure them of my having the support of the Government. Accordingly, the settlers having met to offer me this command, I accepted it. In accepting I urged them to remember the responsibility which I had assumed as an officer of the United States army, and said I trusted to them to do nothing which would discredit it, themselves, or their country's flag.

This placed the settlers' movement under our flag, and made the necessary condition which both Mexico and foreign nations were bound to respect under the law of nations.

I sent out parties for horses to mount the battalion, and bring in cattle for their support.⁴ The fine immigration coming in was full of enthusiasm for the new and lovely land of California. A picked body of a hundred men was also hastening down from Oregon, and we only waited the arrival of Commodore Sloat.

On the 10th the express from Captain Montgomery roused us to enthusiasm by the news that Commodore Sloat had raised the flag at Monterey, that he had hoisted one at Yerba

¹ See also "Montgomery and Frémont" in "California," THE CENTURY for March.—EDITOR.

² While Montgomery could not aid a citizen movement, he knew through Gillespie enough of my secret instructions to realize that I represented the army and the flag.

This name I placed on the map made by me in June, 1848, for the United States Senate.

⁴ The value of these and all other supplies taken during my operations in California was afterward estimated by a board of officers at Washington, appointed by the Government, and the estimated value was appropriated by Congress and paid to the respective owners. Sutter also was paid for the use of his fort.

Buena, and sent one to Sonoma to be hoisted at that place. Montgomery also sent one with the request to have it hoisted at Sutter's Fort, and accordingly, with great satisfaction, I had this done at sunrise the next morning with a salute of twenty-one guns and amid general rejoicing. This paralyzed all opposition.

The following letter from Commodore Sloat to Commander Montgomery and myself shows the reason why I now marched to Monterey.

FLAGSHIP "SAVANNAH,"

MONTEREY, July 6, 1846.

SIR: Since I wrote you last evening, I have determined to hoist the flag of the United States at this place to-morrow, as I would prefer being sacrificed for doing too much than too little. If you consider you have sufficient force, or if Frémont will join you, you will hoist the flag of the United States at Yerba Buena, or any other place, and take possession in the name of the United States of the fort and that portion of the country. I am very anxious to know if Frémont will coöperate with us. Mr. Larkin is writing to him by the launch. Please put him in possession of this letter as soon as possible.

A long letter from Commodore Sloat to me, dated July 9, followed, in which he requested me to bring my force to Monterey, saying, "I am extremely anxious to see you."

Going down to Monterey by way of the Salinas Valley, we gave on the way a marching salute to the Gavilan Peak, where four months before we had hoisted the flag.

It was a day of excitement when we entered Monterey (July 19). Four of our men-of-war were lying in the harbor, and also the *Collingwood*, 80 guns, flagship of Admiral Sir George Seymour. She had come in on the 16th, and on her arrival the vessels of the American squadron had been signaled to prepare for action. I learned from Midshipman Beale, who was on shore at the time with a party building a blockhouse on the hill, that the signal was also made recalling to their ships all officers and men, and when he reached the *Congress* he found the men at quarters.

Immediately I went on board and waited on Commodore Sloat. I was accompanied by Lieutenant Gillespie. Commodore Sloat was glad to see me. He seemed excited over the gravity of the situation, in which he was the chief figure, and now wholly responsible for its consequences. After a few words he informed me that he had applied to Lieutenant Gillespie, whom he knew to be an agent of the Government, for his authority; but it had been declined. He then asked to see my instructions. "I do not know by what authority you are acting; I can do nothing. Lieutenant Gillespie has told me nothing; he came to Mazatlan and I sent him to Monterey, but I know nothing. I want to know by what authority you are acting."

I informed him that *I had been expected to act, and had acted, largely on my own responsibility, and without written authority from the Government to justify hostilities.*

He was greatly disturbed by this, and distinctly told me that in raising the flag at Monterey he had acted upon the faith of my operations in the north.

He had expected to find that I had been acting under such *written* authority as would support his action in raising the flag. He was so discouraged and offended that he terminated the interview abruptly, quitting the cabin and leaving me. I should have been glad to explain, and to satisfy him that the taking of California would exactly meet the wishes of the Government, but he closed his mind against anything short of "the written paper." He declined to see me again; and, as a much younger officer, I could not urge myself upon one of his rank and present command. Knowing the instructions to all officers on the coast, I could not suppose that the officer commanding the squadron was relying on me to justify his action.

I had turned back into the California valley two months before full of one purpose. I was so inspired with watchful excitement that the nights were almost as wakeful as the days. I saw California dangerously near to becoming an appanage of England. I knew that the men who understood the future of our country, and those who at this time ruled its destinies and were the Government, regarded the California coast as the boundary fixed by nature to round off our national domain. It was naturally separated from Mexico, and events pointed to its sure and near political separation. I had left Washington with full knowledge of their wishes, and, as far as could then be settled, their purposes. And I was relied on to do all in my power if opportunity offered to further their designs. When I was notified that the time had come, and I had my warrant, I turned back with great joy and the resolution to give my country the benefit of every changing circumstance. Now in two months the change was accomplished, and my work was done.

[The account of the night preceding the raising of the flag at Monterey is best told by Ex-Governor Rodman Price¹ of New Jersey (then an officer of the squadron under Commodore Sloat), and who had a deciding part in the raising of the flag. After stating that the *Cyane* was ordered to convey Gillespie to California or Oregon and land him at some port where he could overtake Frémont, he details the hesitation and final refusal of Commodore Sloat to give aid to Frémont (July 5); and although aware of active hostilities with Mexico Sloat also ordered Montgomery to "obey strictly our treaty stipulations with

¹ Governor Price had been a guest at the White House just before joining the squadron, and had been told by President Polk of his plans.

Mexico." He gives in detail his visit at night to Sloat, and how upon his presentation of the case Sloat recalled his refusal to aid, and not only ordered Montgomery to furnish all the supplies and all the aid Frémont required, but also on receipt of the order to raise the flag immediately at San Francisco. . . . The prompt decisive action taken by Frémont before Sloat raised the flag forced Sloat to do so, and that was the great cause which conspired to the acquisition of California.—J. B. F.]

In order not to embarrass the Government if it should find it best to disavow any act of mine, I sent to Mr. Benton, when I wrote to Montgomery for supplies, my resignation of my commission in the army. This he was to use in case of necessity. The date, May 24, 1846, would leave the sole responsibility on meshould any political necessity require the Government hereafter to disavow any act of mine. But it was never used. The Government accepted, and paid for, all my acts on its behalf.

Referring to Commodore Sloat's failure to raise promptly the United States flag as ordered, his department sent a severe letter which shows how the situation was misinterpreted by Sloat and how the delay was regarded by the Government. It closes with the words:

The Department does not charge you with disobedience of orders. It willingly believes in the purity of your intentions. But your anxiety not to do wrong has led you into a most unfortunate and unwarranted inactivity.

Very respectfully yours,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

Days of indecision followed my interview with Commodore Sloat, July 19, and finally, in company with Gillespie, I went on board the *Congress* to talk over the situation with Commodore Stockton. I said that in the course of the night I would decide whether I should return to the United States or remain in the territory. Stockton then informed me that within a few days he would be in command of the forces on shore and afloat, and that on assuming the command he would immediately communicate to me his future intentions. Meantime he asked me to remain.

On the 24th of July, Commodore Stockton received full command, succeeding Sloat. He asked me to join him with the men under me, and act with him and under him, I on land, he by water, as long as he was in possession of the territory. To accept the proposal of Commodore Stockton was to abandon the strong and independent position in which I had left Washington and under which I had continuously acted, and in which I knew I would have the support of the Government. Knowing, however, that the men under me would go only with me, I accepted Stockton's proposal to take service under him as long as he required my services; and I adhered to

this engagement at the cost of my commission in the army. As I was an officer in the army, he could not command me. Gillespie was also independent, being on special service. Stockton therefore asked us to volunteer. There was no longer for me the clear initiative. The new situation was forced upon me, and for the general good I gave up my independent position which had led only to success, and in that way became later involved with the rivalries of Stockton and Kearney, who threw upon me the decision they could not make themselves, as to which should command. Each gave me the order to act under him. I remained with Stockton as I had agreed. When Stockton sailed for Mexico I was made to feel the revenge of Kearney.

But before that I had led the battalion a second time to the south; carefully making the people sure of our good-will and protection, and arriving near Los Angeles in good time to make with the insurgent Californians there a treaty of peace. They had been irritated by injudicious and petty restrictions which many resented. Their fine horsemanship, their inherent love of combat, and their great familiarity with the country enabled them to carry on a guerrilla warfare as harassing as it was successful. They were succeeding in confining their enemy near his ships when we bore down on them inland. This, and the friendship of some leading Californians, brought about a capitulation to me, arranged during Christmas week at Santa Barbara and completed on the plains of Cahuenga, January 13, 1847. This was signed by me as Military Commandant representing the United States, and by Don Andres Pico, Commander-in-Chief of the Californians.

With this treaty of Cahuenga hostilities ended and California was left in our possession, to be finally secured to us by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848, thus becoming ours by purchase as well as by conquest and by treaty.

As part of the plan for putting California in English hands, Governor Pio Pico issued a grant to Father McNamara [a British subject] on the 7th of July, but the raising of our flag at Monterey that day ended Mexican authority. Both the religious and the civil authorities in the city of Mexico had considered and indorsed this colonization plan; and as the guest of the English consul in the city of Mexico McNamara was presumably in relations also with English officials. The consent of Mexican authorities having been secured to the granting of nearly fourteen million acres, Father McNamara was brought by the English war frigate *Juno*¹ to Santa Barbara in California,

¹ Contrary to custom, the English admiral sent the *Juno* to sea on this occasion without the formality of informing the American commanding officer of her destination.

and lost no time in making his application for the vast colonization grant based on the expressed condition that it was to keep out Americans, and it was immediately granted by Governor Pico. I took possession of the archives in August and later turned them over to General Kearney. This colonization grant I had already sent to the Government in Washington as proof of that concert of action of which Mr. Buchanan had been informed between England and Mexico.¹ It granted all the lands from the bay of San Francisco to the San Gabriel Mission near Los Angeles on the length of the San Joaquin River, the river and the Sierra Nevada being boundaries—13,500,000 acres. The colony was to number three thousand British families, one square league to be assigned to each family. When Admiral Seymour left, about ten days after his arrival, he took Father McNamara with him on the flag-ship *Collingwood*. The English admiral would not admit that California as yet belonged to the United States, and so instructed the English consuls in their different ports.

In closing this paper the following letter of George Bancroft, the historian, referring to errors in a "History of the Pacific States," by Hubert Howe Bancroft [no relation of George Bancroft], will prove of interest. The points noted are from a review of the "History" contained in the New York "Sun" of August 29, 1886, and the errors mentioned have been repeated by other equally unreliable historians.

¹ See Curtis's "Life of James Buchanan," Vol. I., chapters 21 and 22.

Among pointed examples of the "blunders" referred to by George Bancroft in this letter are these statements:

. . . There is conclusive evidence that Frémont did not act in pursuance of instructions secret or inferential from the United States Government, and the Pathfinder is accordingly set down as a mere filibuster. . . . The conquest of California was the outcome of accident and of fitful irreflective effort rather than any forecast of its superlative importance. . . .

NEWPORT, R. I., September 6, 1886.

DEAR MR. FRÉMONT: My letter of Friday last crossed your inclosure to me and answers it in advance. I return the California newspaper [New York "Sun" of 29 August], as enjoined by you.

Yours very truly,

GEO. BANCROFT.

I add all wishes for the happiness of Mrs. Frémont, and severe justice to those who do her wrong or wrong anyone she loves. How can a man commit such blunders as are found in the New York "Sun" of Sunday, August 29? I thought the paper Mrs. Frémont sent me was a San Francisco paper; can it be our New York "Sun"? If so it is, I shall get a copy of it.

DEAR MRS. FRÉMONT. P. S.—As I close this letter yours of Saturday arrives. If any one contests anything stated by me to you, I am ready to be referred to as its voucher.

Your most truly, G. B.

NEWPORT, 6 September, 1886.

The foregoing article has been edited by Mrs. Jessie Benton Frémont from the manuscript and notes of

John Charles Frémont.

CALIFORNIANA.

The Official Policy for the Acquisition of California.

IN the recent papers in *THE CENTURY* on the seizure of California frequent mention has been made of the instructions brought across Mexico by Archibald H. Gillespie, "Confidential Agent of the United States for California," and communicated by him to Larkin and to Frémont. Gillespie's own testimony before a congressional committee in 1848 was to the effect that, on meeting Frémont in the Tlamath region he showed him the duplicate of a despatch from Secretary Buchanan to Consul Larkin. He does not mention any special instructions to Frémont from Secretary Bancroft, or from any other member of the Administration. The Government's policy, as outlined in the despatch to Larkin, is in full accord with the tenor of all the despatches from Secretary Bancroft to Commodore Sloat, both in 1845 and in 1846. A personal examination of all the secret records of the Navy Department bearing upon the seizure of California has shown us nothing in conflict with the conciliatory tone of the despatch to Larkin. On the history of the Larkin despatch we refer to the article by Professor Royce in "Californiana" for September, 1890. On Frémont's own original view of the nature of his instructions, we refer to his letter to

Montgomery of June 16, 1846, as copied in "Californiana" in the March number, under the title "Montgomery and Frémont." In the present number we give *in extenso* General Frémont's own narrative of the events in controversy. Following is the full text of the despatch from Buchanan to Larkin.—EDITOR.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, October 17, 1845.

THOMAS O. LARKIN, Esq.,

Consul of the United States at Monterey.

SIR: I feel much indebted to you for the information which you have communicated to the Department from time to time in relation to California. The future destiny of that country is a subject of anxious solicitude for the Government and people of the United States. The interests of our commerce and our whale fisheries on the Pacific Ocean demand that you should exert the greatest vigilance in discovering and defeating any attempt which may be made by foreign governments to acquire a control over that country. In the contest between Mexico and California we can take no part, unless the former should commence hostilities against the United States; but should California assert and maintain her independence, we shall render her all the kind offices in our power, as a sister Republic. This Government has no ambitious aspirations to gratify and no desire to extend our Federal system over more territory than we already possess, unless by the free and spontaneous wish of the independent people of adjoining territories. The exercise of compul-

sion or improper influence to accomplish such a result would be repugnant both to the policy and principles of this Government. But whilst these are the sentiments of the President, he could not view with indifference the transfer of California to Great Britain or any other European power. The system of colonization by foreign monarchies on the North American continent must and will be resisted by the United States. It could result in nothing but evil to the colonists under their dominion, who would naturally desire to secure for themselves the blessings of liberty by means of republican institutions, whilst it must prove highly prejudicial to the best interests of the United States. Nor would it in the end benefit such foreign monarchies. On the contrary, even Great Britain, by the acquisition of California, would sow the seeds of future war and disaster for herself, because there is no political truth more certain than that this fine province could not long be held in vassalage by any European power. The emigration to it of people from the United States would soon render this impossible. I am induced to make these remarks in consequence of the information communicated to this Department in your despatch of the 10th July last. From this it appears that Mr. Rea, the agent of the British Hudson Bay Company, furnished the Californians with arms and money in October and November last, to enable them to expel the Mexicans from the country; and you state that this policy has been reversed, and now no doubt exists there, but that the Mexican troops about to invade the province have been sent for this purpose at the instigation of the British Government; and that "it is rumored that two English houses in Mexico have become bound to the new general to accept his drafts for funds to pay his troops for eighteen months." Connected with these circumstances, the appearance of a British vice-consul and a French consul in California at the present crisis, without any apparent commercial business, is well calculated to produce the impression, that their respective governments entertain designs on that country which must necessarily be hostile to its interests. On all proper occasions you should not fail prudently to warn the government and people of California of the danger of such an interference to their peace and prosperity; to inspire them with a jealousy of European dominion, and to arouse in their bosoms that love of liberty and independence so natural to the American Continent. Whilst I repeat that this Government does not, under existing circumstances, intend to interfere between Mexico and California, it would vigorously interpose to prevent the latter from becoming a British or French colony. In this they might surely expect the aid of the Californians themselves. Whilst the President will make no effort and use no influence to induce California to become one of the free and independent States of this Union, yet if the people should desire to unite their destiny with ours they would be received as brethren, whenever this can be done without affording Mexico just cause of complaint. Their true policy for the present in regard to this question is to let events take their course, unless an attempt should be made to transfer them without their consent either to Great Britain or France. This they ought to resist by all the means in their power, as ruinous to their best interests and destructive of their freedom and independence. I am rejoiced to learn that "our countrymen continue to receive every assurance of safety and protection from the present government" of California and that they manifest so much confidence in you as consul of the United States. You may assure them of the cordial sympathy and friendship of the President, and that their conduct is appreciated by him as it deserves.

In addition to your consular functions, the President has thought proper to appoint you a confidential agent in California, and you may consider the present despatch as your authority for acting in this character. The confidence which he reposes in your patriotism and discretion is evinced by conferring upon you this delicate and important trust. You will take care not to awaken the jealousy of the French and English agents there by assuming any other than your consular character. Lieutenant Archibald H. Gillespie of the Marine Corps will immediately proceed to Monterey, and will probably reach you before this despatch. He is a gentleman in whom the President reposes entire confidence. He has seen these instructions and will coöperate as a confidential agent with you in carrying them into execution.

You will not fail by every safe opportunity to keep this

Department advised of the progress of events in California and the disposition of the authorities and people towards the United States and other governments.

We should also be pleased to learn what is the aggregate population of that province and the force it can bring into the field. What is the proportion of Mexican, American, British, and French citizens, and the feelings of each class towards the United States; the names and character of the principal persons in the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial departments of the Government, and of other distinguished and influential citizens. Its financial system and resources; the amount and nature of its commerce with foreign nations; its productions which might with advantage be imported into the United States, and the productions of the United States which might with advantage be received in exchange.

It would also be interesting to the Department to learn in what part of California the principal American settlements exist; the rate at which the settlers have been and still are increasing in number; from what portions of the Union they come, and by what routes they arrive in the country. These specifications are not intended to limit your inquiries. On the contrary, it is expected that you will collect and communicate to the Department all the information respecting California which may be useful or important to the United States.

I am, sir, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

Hardships of the Isthmus in '49.

LATE in the month of November, 1849, I reached San Francisco on my way back from the mines to the States. Two hundred sail of vessels were anchored in the bay, and many thousands of gold seekers who had returned from the fields, fortunate or desperate, were waiting to secure homeward passage.

I had taken the precaution to secure a berth on the old steamship *Unicorn*, commanded by Captain David D. Porter, U. S. N., and carrying the United States mail. In hunting up a quantity of perishable goods which had been sent to me by Wardle & Co.'s Express, I met their San Francisco agent, Mr. Wadleigh. My goods I found "stored away" in a vacant lot, exposed to wind and weather, and gone to utter wreck and ruin. Just at this time, by one of the compensations of fortune, Mr. Wadleigh found himself in a difficulty. The young man in whose care a valuable package of express matter—gold dust, etc.—was to be taken to New York became suddenly very ill. Without further knowledge of me than that I purposed to sail on the *Unicorn*, and had had goods consigned to his company, Mr. Wadleigh offered me liberal compensation if I would take charge of the gold and valuables and deliver them in New York. I undertook the commission, and the *Unicorn* sailed on December 1.

Twenty-eight days from San Francisco, we anchored off the city of Panama. Boats put off from the shore for us, and, while the cathedral's bells were ringing, for one dollar each we were carried ashore on the backs of strong porters. The valuable packages of which I had charge were also safely deposited on the sands. At that early period there were no transportation facilities for crossing the Isthmus of Panama except such as were supplied by native carriers, boatmen, and the owners of mules, who had begun to find in this business a new and profitable industry. Consequently we were met by a number of natives, some with "cargo" mules, and others with mules for riding; still others offered their own broad shoulders rigged with a sort of chair on which one could sit high above their heads, or upon which, with equal security, a trunk or a bale of merchandise could be freighted.

My express matter was securely packed in a strong box, and needed two men to handle it. Its value amounted to a considerable sum and was betrayed by the weight of the box. I could not carry the box myself, and I did not dare to take my eyes off it, as the natives, I knew, were neither honest nor trustworthy. I then and there realized for the first time the grave responsibility I had taken upon myself; for, if the native carriers should appropriate the package or a band of robbers should attack us and capture it, how could I return to New York with the explanation that it had been stolen? Who would believe me? If I were murdered, and never heard of again, would it not be reported that I was a defaulter?

For my breakfast I had only three crackers, which I had brought from the ship; and, having hired two dark-skinned natives at \$16 each, and two mules at \$5 each, one to carry my package and the other for me to ride, I set out, keeping all the while a sharp eye on my muleteers and the cargo mule.

The limited supply of clothing with which I had embarked on the *Unicorn*, the fragmentary remains of a wardrobe that had been six months in contact with dirt, mud, and water in gold digging and gold washing, had been gradually thrown into the Pacific Ocean as it became the home of the pestiferous insects from the cracks and crannies and joints of the old emigrant ship. As I started from Panama my attire was a pair of much worn stout leather slippers, the remnant of a dirty straw hat, a thin summer coat, and trousers much worn and much bepatched and so discolored that the original hue was lost, and a blue woolen blanket that had also seen hard service. This airy costume did very well for the alternate showers and sun of the Isthmus, but I found it rather inappropriate when I landed in New York in midwinter. I was, however, not alone in this experience.

The climate of the Isthmus proved very trying. The sun would seem to me to be putting forth its best efforts to bake my head and to blister my body, and not without some success, when a sudden change would come, and the rain—no, the rain cloud—would drop down upon me. A few minutes later the sun would again obtain the mastery, and the steam would arise from my heated and saturated clothing, only to be drenched by another deluge of rain.

The first part of the trail was over water, stones, and mud—mostly mud. The mule, stumbling along over the hidden stones, would first pitch me over on his head; then his hind feet sinking deeply in the mud would throw me back towards his tail. Not being pleased with my evolutions, every now and then the mule would suddenly lie down under me and plunge me knee-deep into the mud.

After having passed this first section, which was a trail through chaparral, we came to the old Spanish route, worn down to a depth of from eight to twelve feet into the very rocks, from having become a water-course in the rainy season. The attrition of the feet of the mules had formed holes in the rocks to the depth of a foot or more at regular stepping distances apart, and as a mule lifted each foot out of one of these holes and placed it carefully into the next his body would sway from side to side, knocking, thumping, and scraping the rider against the rocks that fenced him in on each side. Through all these athletic and gymnastic

exercises I never dared to take my eyes off my cargo mule and his drivers. In many places the passage was so narrow that two mules could not pass, and at the entrances to such defiles my drivers would halt, and, giving a yell like an Indian war-whoop, wait for an answering yell from any muleteer who had already entered the defile at the other end. If one had entered, they waited until he emerged. By nightfall I safely reached the few huts called Cruces, tired, wet, hungry, and bruised. Having paid my muleteers, and deposited my treasure inside a hut, I asked the *hombre* who acted as proprietor for a cup of coffee. "*No hai, Señor*," he replied. There was nothing to be had to eat. My three crackers were all the food of that day.

It was hot, misty, and muggy, and the air failed to satisfy the lungs. I sat astride that package all night, trying to sleep, with my wet blanket around me for protection against the swarming insects. The next morning I made an early start for the river, still fasting, and hired a bongo or dugout, with a crew of three natives who agreed to pole me down the river to Chagres, for the sum of twenty-five dollars. Perched upon my treasure package I began my downward passage. The second day was not much of an improvement on the first. The sun and rain were no less busy. I could watch the treacherous boatmen better than I had been able to watch my muleteers; but I never lost consciousness during the long, wearisome trip, knowing that at any time they could upset the canoe, drown me, let the package of gold sink, and recover it at their leisure. Just before nightfall we landed upon a low bank where stood a small native hut of brushwood and leaves. Here the boatmen procured some rice, which they boiled in a pot, but they could not be persuaded or bribed to share any of it with me. They were hungry, as they had eaten nothing since we started, and the supply was very small. I was hungry—more than hungry; I was ravenous. Close by stood another little hut, and to it I went in eager pursuit of something to eat. I found there a small boy, who, for a dollar, offered to sell me two sections of a lizard, or iguana, which he had skinned. He also offered to lend me a tin cup in which to boil them. I was hungry enough to devour almost anything, but I had seen these disgusting looking creatures, a foot or more in length, running up and down the trees, and I declined the purchase. The boy then produced an egg—an egg of uncertain parentage, to be sure; but without a thought of the laws of evolution I bought it. I placed it in the boatmen's pot of boiling rice; but it must have been to them forbidden food, for they objected, and their outbreak was quieted only when I pointed to my revolver. All that dismal night was spent in slowly descending the river amidst the swamp vapors and the poisonous miasma of the lowlands. The noises made by the occupants of the muddy jungles that spread over the submerged land on each side were at times perfectly appalling, often seeming to proceed from the spreading branches directly over our heads; and insects both small and great kept up such an incessant clatter and rattle that nothing in the way of conversation was possible.

About nine o'clock the next morning we were landed in good order, or rather disorder, on the deck of a small river steamer brought from New York for communication between the shore at Chagres and the steamers

at anchor in the roadstead. I reached the steamer none too soon, for I was physically exhausted. Never before or since have my vitality and physical endurance been so tried. Having stored my express matter safely on this little steamer, I was at last at liberty to search for food.

Two or three little huts that I visited could furnish me nothing; but an enterprising Yankee was already erecting a "hotel" not far from the landing-place, and speedy application having been made there, I was told that at eleven o'clock the proprietor would be ready for his clamorous and hungry patrons. This hotel was built simply of boards, and was only one story high. It consisted at that time of but one unfinished room, about one hundred feet by twenty, used for a dining-room. The kitchen was an arrangement of stones, out of doors but near by. The building had been put up by five young carpenters who had been induced by the high wages offered to defer their trip to California, whither they were bound, until they had erected it. Four of them had been buried at Chagres; the fifth returned to New York sick with Chagres fever, and died as the steamer was entering the harbor.

I waited anxiously for that breakfast, and at eleven o'clock it was served. The hotel was closed till the bell rang, and then there was a rush and a jam to find places upon the rough board seats at the long pine table. The bill of fare was hard bread, boiled mackerel, and coffee without milk. I was one of the first at the table. The hunger that I had, after all the anxiety and exposure and sleeplessness of more than forty-eight hours, made this a breakfast that will never be forgotten. Never have I since enjoyed a "Pioneer" dinner at Delmonico's or Martinielli's with half the relish with which I enjoyed that boiled salt mackerel and that muddy coffee. One dollar was charged for the meal, and over a thousand persons partook of it. That night we spread our blankets on the deck of the small steamer, which was literally covered with tired humanity, but we were all roused out of our deep sleep by a wretch who flashed a lantern into our faces and demanded ten cents tribute from each for our lodgings. The air was blue with profanity, but the fee was paid, and then we gathered our tattered blankets about us and lay down again, too tired to dream. The next day the sick and debilitated arrived, some on stretchers, some on mules; others had been left to die in Panama, and now lie with many other gold hunters in the American burial-ground. The appearance presented by these invalids caused a number who had started for the gold mines to return home with us on the *Chesapeake*.

We reached the North River pier in New York on a Sunday morning, about the 14th of January, and the *Chesapeake* was at once placed in the dry-dock, as a storm off Cape Hatteras had so battered her that she could no longer be kept afloat. It was a cold morning, and the change from the tropics—we were still wearing slippers, thin clothing, and battered straw hats—caused us to wrap ourselves again in our well-worn blankets. A crowd soon collected on the wharf and received us gaily and cordially, greeting us with cheers as we landed, the small boys running after our carriages and shouting "Californians!" as they ran. Although

it was Sunday morning, clothing stores were readily opened for us to obtain more seasonable apparel, for were we not disbursing gold from California?

I lost no time in depositing the express matter safely at the office of Wardle & Co., and I rested well in the consciousness that the responsibility so thoughtlessly assumed was at last faithfully discharged.

HACKENBACK, N. J.

A. C. Ferris.

Spanish Jealousy of Vancouver.

IN 1793-94 Vancouver, with his two vessels, the *Discovery* and the *Chatham*, was on the California coast partly on a voyage of discovery, partly, if I remember rightly, commissioned to establish a boundary in conjunction with Quadra, the Spanish commissioner. As mentioned in the published account of his voyage, he looked into San Diego and San Francisco. Borica, who was then governor, sent the subjoined letter to the fathers in charge of all the Missions, whether on the coast or inland, forbidding all intercourse with the explorer. The letter, which I believe has not before been published, illustrates the narrow jealousy of Spain in reference to her colonial possessions as recently as a hundred years ago.

[TRANSLATION.]

(Most private.)

MY DEAR SIR: Having been enjoined by repeated royal orders not to admit foreign vessels to any of the ports of America, I request and specially charge your reverences that, should any such arrive in the vicinity of your Mission, you abstain rigidly from any intercourse, direct or indirect, with the officers or crew thereof. Nor shall you furnish them with provisions, save in the exceptional case of a vessel compelled to make port there by most urgent necessity. Should such an instance occur, let the corporal of the guard extend to them such necessary assistance as hospitality exacts.

To Captains George Vancouver and Peter Ponget, who are in this port in command of the frigate *Discovery* and the brigantine *Chatham*, I have offered all they require for their voyage; hence should they touch at any of the ports of the Peninsula under pretense of replenishing their stores or water supply, their request should be denied.

I trust that your reverences, full of zeal for the public welfare, will in a matter of this importance act with becoming prudence and reserve, advising me of the receipt of the present communication.

May our Lord grant your reverences many years.

Your most approved servant kisses your reverences' hands.

DIEGO DE BORICA.

Rev. Frs. Missionaries of the Mission of San Antonio.

MONTEREY, NOV. 12, 1794.

The father in charge of the Mission of Soledad—fifty miles or so from tide-water—responded with the utmost gravity that "it would give him pleasure to comply with the governor's orders if Divine Providence should ever favor this inland Mission with a harbor!"

MENLO PARK, CAL.

John T. Doyle.

NOTE.

THE picture of the "Golden Gate" published in THE CENTURY for February, on page 524, was drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph made by Lieutenant Henry L. Harris and kindly furnished by him to the art editors of this magazine.

THE FAITH DOCTOR.¹

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "Roxy," "The Circuit Rider," "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Graysons," etc.

VIII.

IN AVENUE C.



IF Phillida could have known the thoughts that occupied the mind of Millard on Sunday afternoon, two or three weeks later, as he started for his monthly visit in Avenue C, she would not have judged his purposes in life severely. His walk lay through a cross-street which steadily deteriorated as he journeyed eastward, condescendingly assimilating itself to the character of each avenue in turn. Beer saloons, cheap grocery stores, carts against the curbstones with their shafts pointing skyward, and troops of children on the sidewalk, marked the increasing poverty and density of the population. Millard wondered at the display of trinkets and confectionery in the shop-windows, not knowing that those whose backs are cheaply clad crave ornaments, and those whose bellies lack bread are ravenous for luxuries.

Being a fastidious man and for years accustomed to the refinements of life, he exaggerated the discomforts of tenement-house living. How people endured such misery and yet seemed so cheerful he could not imagine. And though he did not feel that diffusive benevolence which prompted Phillida to try to ameliorate the moral condition of such of this mass as she could reach, he had a strong desire to lift his aunt and her children to a little higher plane. To this, hitherto, he had found an obstacle in the pride of her husband. Henry Martin was a tinsmith who had come to the city to work in a great factory for a little higher wages than he could get as a journeyman tinker in a country town. He did not refuse to let the children accept presents from "Cousin Charley," but he was not willing "to be beholden to any of his wife's folks," as he expressed it. He resented the fact that even in Cappadocia he had been somewhat outstripped by his brother-in-law, Charles Millard's father, and when the "Millard boys" had inherited money from their father's brother, and Martin saw their mother, his wife's sister, living in a style to which he could never hope to lift his own family, it weighed on his mind, and this offense to his pride helped to fix his resolution in favor of a removal to New York.

During the walk eastward Millard was debating what might be done for the promising eldest girl in his aunt's family and for the two boys. Once, it is true, the throng of children that obstructed his path, as they chased one another round and round in a maze, did suggest to him that from Miss Callender's standpoint he ought to do something "for those less fortunate than himself" even beyond the circle of relationship. But what could he do? He felt that by his very nature he was disqualified for contact and personal sympathy with humanity roughhewn. And as he crossed Avenue A, and paused to look up and down it, he saw such inexhaustible swarms of people that what one man could do for them seemed of no avail. He might give something to some mission or other agency, and thus get the disagreeables of benevolence done, as he got his boots blacked, by paying for it. Then he wondered what Miss Callender would think of such a device, and whether in the luminous, moral atmosphere which enveloped her it would seem mean to substitute a money service for a personal one — to employ a substitute when you have no stomach for the war yourself.

He climbed the flights of dark stairs to his aunt's dwelling, which occupied half of the next to the top floor of a four-story building; the floor above being the dwelling and working-place of a slop-shop tailor. He was welcomed with sincere affection by Aunt Hannah Martin, and with shouts of delight by the two smaller children — the two older ones had not yet come back from Sunday-school. Mr. Martin, a tallish and rather broad-shouldered man, with a face whose habitual seriousness was deepened into a tombstone solemnity by its breadth and flatness in the region of the cheek-bones, shook hands cordially, but with a touch of reserve in favor of his own dignity, saying, "How are you, Charley? How's things with you?" He was proud enough of his connection with a prosperous man like Millard, and among his comrades in the shop he often affected to settle points in dispute regarding finance or the ways of people in high life by gravely reminding the others that he had superior opportunities for knowing, since his nephew was a banker and "knew all the rich men in Wall street." But face to face with

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Charley Millard his pride was rendered uneasy, and he generally managed to have some pressing occasion for absenting himself on the afternoons of Millard's visits.

Millard's attentions were soon engrossed by the little boy Tommy, who of all the children was his favorite. Tommy climbed on his knees and rifled his pockets, certain of finding something hidden there for himself. Presently Millard drew Uncle Martin into talk. With his chair tilted back and his broad hands locked together on his lap, Uncle Martin gave Charley an oracular account of all the mistakes which his employers had recently made in the conduct of their business. From his standpoint the affairs of the company were usually on the high road to bankruptcy, and all because of certain failures of judgment which Uncle Martin could have pointed out in a moment had they taken the trouble to consult a man of his experience. When Charley suggested that the company had paid an eight per cent. dividend during the past year Uncle Martin put on a look of contempt, and shook his head.

"Dividing their capital in order to keep up the price of stock," he said sagely. Then he proceeded to show that if they would only do this and not do the other they might easily crowd their rivals to the wall. He knew three months before it took place that tin would fall in price. But the company laid in a big stock just in time to get caught.

Having done the polite by Uncle Martin, Millard turned to Aunt Hannah. Uncle Martin proceeded, therefore, to fill up the stove; which done, he said:

"Well, Charley, I am going to see one of the men in our shop that got his foot hurt a week ago Friday. I'll see you at supper; you'll take tea with us."

"Thank you, Uncle Martin, but this time I can't stay so long. I've promised to take dinner with some friends."

He held out his hand, and Uncle Martin said good-by, and good luck to you, and come again, and always glad to see you, Charley, and then made his exit, stooping a little as he went out through the low door, leaving Charley what he wanted most, a chance to talk with his aunt about the progress her children were making in their studies, and to find out what he could do to help them. The mother told him that besides their school they were reading some books brought to them by Dick's Sunday-school teacher, who took a great interest in all the children. Millard always expected to hear the praises of this Sunday-school teacher when he came to see his aunt. Once on this theme good Aunt Hannah could not easily stop.

"She does n't put on the fine lady or talk to me as though I was somebody different because

I am a workingman's wife. I have n't many friends; the people down here are so different from the people up in the country. But I think she is the best friend I ever had. There, she's coming up now," she said, hearing the clatter of feet and voices ascending the stairway.

Millard was a little curious to see the teacher of whom he had heard so much. He figured to himself some one only a little above his aunt in station, and so the more ready to form an intimacy with humble people. When Mary and Dick threw open the hall door of the apartment, so as to make the interior visible from the obscurity of the stair-landing, Millard, who was sitting with his back to the door, holding Tommy on his lap, heard the voice of Phillida Callender say:

"I'll not go in this time; you have company."

"Do come in; it's only our Cousin Charley," pleaded Mary Martin, a girl of fourteen.

Millard felt himself caught, and he would have liked to sit there and let Miss Callender go down the stairs without recognizing him. But he felt that he must be polite to her above all things, and his relationship to the Martins was not a thing to be ashamed of, and must besides soon be known to Phillida. So he rose with quick decision and said as he walked towards the door:

"Don't let my presence keep you from coming in, Miss Callender; I am on the point of leaving."

"You, Mr. Millard!" Phillida came forward, coloring a little, while Aunt Hannah and the children stood and looked on in amazement. "Who would have believed it! You are the cousin—the Cousin Charley of whom the children here speak as though he were a good fairy. They pronounce the name *Millard*, you know, and I did n't suspect *you*."

"But fancy my surprise!" said Millard. "I ought to have guessed that such a famous Sunday-school teacher could not be anybody but Miss Callender. But I did n't even think to ask the name. So you are the person of whose praises I am so jealous when I come here."

"Don't you think we're lucky to have such a cousin?" said Dick Martin, the second child and the eldest boy, looking up at Miss Callender.

"Ah! now, Dick, you can't trap me into praising Mr. Millard to his face," said Miss Callender. "Maybe I'll tell you some time when he is n't here what I think of him." She was patting Dick on the shoulder. "But I don't mind telling Mr. Millard right here and now that he is a very lucky man to have such an aunt as your mother."

"Well said and true," answered Millard. "I like that better than anything Miss Callen-

der could say about me, Dick, even if what she should say were to be all good; and that it would n't be, for she speaks the truth, and I'll tell you for a secret that she does n't quite approve of a man that wastes his leisure time as I do. She'd like me better if I were to come down to the mission every Sunday."

"Well, there ain't anybody at the mission as good as you, except Miss Callender," objected Dick.

That young lady only laughed and put her arms about Tommy, who had deserted Millard and was now climbing on her lap.

This encounter advanced Millard's acquaintance with Phillida more than a dozen calls or conversations in formal society. Phillida was pleased to find that Millard was not merely a male butterfly, and he in turn felt strangely drawn to this young woman who had discovered the royal excellence of Aunt Hannah Martin amid the rubbish of Avenue C. Millard, who was "just going" when Phillida came in, sat out the half-hour that she staid, and when she rose to go he asked her if he might have the pleasure of walking with her as far as Second Avenue. It seemed to him, though he did not say so, that a young lady needed an escort in that part of the town; but Phillida, who knew the people better, had no such thought.

"Thank you, Mr. Millard," she said; "I should be glad of your company. But I am not going home; I am going to Washington Square: I promised my aunt that I would go directly there from Sunday-school, and now I've staid here longer than I intended, and I shall be late."

"Why, I'm expected there too. If you don't object we'll go together."

The two said good-by all around and descended the narrow stairs, holding on to the narrow steps with their heels, as it were. When they came into the light, and breathed the cool salt air blowing into the avenue from the neighboring East River, Phillida, who had something on her mind, said rather awkwardly:

"I did not know that you were expected at Aunt Harriet's this evening."

The speech was one of maidenly modesty; if Aunt Gouverneur had planned to bring the two people together at her table, Phillida wished it known that she was not a party to the plot. But Millard laughed and said:

"If you had known, I am to understand that you would have declined to go."

"I did not say that I should be sorry to have you there," she answered, with the hesitancy of one stepping among pitfalls.

"Shall we take the Tenth street car?" asked Millard. "It runs through Eighth street on the west side."

"As you please. I should have walked if alone," said Phillida.

"And I would much rather walk with good company than ride. So we will walk."

It took them full three-quarters of an hour to reach Washington Square, though either would have done it alone in a quarter less, for walking is a kind of work that is not shortened when shared with a friend.

Millard purposely drew Miss Callender into talk about the work of the mission, and he was soon rewarded by seeing her break through her habitual restraint and reveal the enthusiastic self within. She told him of the reading-room at the mission, and of the coffee-room where rolls and hot coffee were served to men every day in the week, so as to keep them from the saloons. Her face was aglow with interest as she talked, but Millard would rather have drawn her to speak of her own relation to the work. This she avoided, beyond confessing that she took her turn with the other ladies in superintending the coffee-room. At length, however, as they passed one of those open stairways that lead to thronged tenements above,—like the entrance to a many-chambered ant-hill, save that this mounts and that descends,—she spoke to a lad on the sidewalk, telling him to give her love to his sister and say that she was coming in to see her the next day. To Millard she explained that the boy's sister was an invalid young woman on one of the upper floors, bed-ridden for many years.

"And you visit her?" asked Millard, with a hardly concealed repulsion at the notion of Phillida climbing these populous stairs and threading the dingy and malodorous hallways above.

"Yes; she thinks so much of seeing me—because I am well, I suppose. She says it makes her stronger just to look at me. And if I can take her a flower, or some little bit of outdoors, it is more in her life than a trip to the country would be in mine. Poor Wilhelmina Schulenberg has not been down the stairs for five years. We talk of trying to get an invalid's chair for her when the warm weather comes, so that her brother can wheel her in the Square."

Millard turned and looked again at the stairway as though noticing all the particulars of its environment. It was a balmy day in the last of February, and they were soon crossing Tompkins Square diagonally towards Eighth street. He had caught the infection of Phillida's exaltation; instead of feeling repulsion at sight of the swarming children in cheap and often shabby clothes, racing madly up and down the broad asphalted walks, instead of turning in aversion from the commonplace people sitting talking, staring, smoking, sleeping, flirting, or courting on the benches, he was

able to take Miss Callender's view of the matter and to feel gratified that the poor, and especially the little folk so long winter-cribbed in narrow tenements, were now able to get so much happiness in the open ground.

IX.

WASHINGTON SQUARE AND ELSEWHERE.

MRS. GOUVERNEUR had invited both Phillida and Millard to a family dinner this evening with a notion of furthering their acquaintance and drawing her niece into society. She would not admit to herself any purpose or expectation ulterior. She had engaged each one to come two hours before dinner to make a quiet afternoon of it, and when she found them both unpunctual she wondered.

"Philip," she said to her son, who was sitting by the window reading a folio volume of Sir Thomas Browne, "I asked Phillida to come early this afternoon, and I can't imagine what keeps her."

"Oh, some leper, or some one who has fallen among thieves. It's a dreadful thing to be a Christian. I have only known three or four, and Phillida is one of them."

"You don't mean to say we are not all Christians?" demanded Philip's father, a taciturn man with a rather handsome face of the broad Dutch type. What history it carried was mainly one of good dinners and fine wines. The senior Gouverneur had been sitting looking into the fire for half an hour without saying a word. His son's way of treating the sacred white elephants of conventionality was the main grief of this dignified, well-bred, entirely commonplace man.

"Yes, you're all, we're all, Christians in the sense that we're neither Jews, Mohammedans, nor Buddhists. But most of us don't belong to the same totem with Jesus."

"What do you mean by the same totem with Jesus?" said the mother, who could not help shuddering a little at the temerity of her son's paradoxes, though fondly indulgent of his irreverent cleverness.

"A totem among the Indians is the subdivision of a tribe. The Mohawks or Cayugas, for example, were subdivided into totems called the 'Wolf,' the 'Turtle,' the 'Bear.' Every man belonged to the totem of his mother and was akin to everybody in it. If a Mohawk of the Wolf totem stopped in a village of the Cayugas or the Senecas, he was entertained by some Seneca of the same totem who claimed him for a kinsman."

"That's very curious," said his mother.

"I don't see what it's got to do with your cousin Phillida or with religion," said Mr. Gouverneur, who as an elder in the Dutch Re-

formed Church, and as the descendant of a long line of men and women who had traveled in the same wellworn path since the good old days of the Synod of Dort, felt much annoyed at Philip's waywardness.

"Well," said Philip, leaning back in his chair and letting the folio rest on his knees, "you see there are religious totems that run through all denominations of Christians and even through different religions, and the lines of cleavage between them are deeper than those between Moslems and Christians, or between Jews and idolaters. There is what I call the totem of the Wahahbees—the people who translate religion into dispute or persecution. In central Asia they get rid of an opponent by assassination in the name of Almighty God and his prophet. In the United States doctrine defenders are inconveniently placed, and they have to be content with newspaper and pulpit scolding and with excommunicating those who differ from them. Then there is the most respectable sect of all—the Pharisees, which counts eminent divines and rabbis of every religion among its people. Great church-goers and Sabbath-keepers, great distributors of shalls and shall-nots, great observers of scruples and ordinances. They hold a tight rein over recreations and keep their mint-and-cumin tithes by double-entry. Now, Phillida is no Wahahbee and she is no Pharisee. She is not above enjoying herself at your table on Sunday evening, you see, or going to Mrs. Hilbrough's reception. She takes her religion in the noblest way. Her enthusiasms all have a philanthropic coloring. She's what I call a Jesus-ite. There are but few of them."

"Ah, now, Philip!" said his mother, half-amused and half-startled by the irreverent sound of this expression, but full of admiration for Philip's originality.

"And what are *you*, please?" demanded his father with some severity and a slightly heightened color. He knew that Philip must be wrong, for he had never seen anything of this sort in the "Christian Intelligencer" in his life. "What are you?" he repeated.

"Only a poor doubting, mocking, useless Sadducee, I suppose," said the son as he bent again over the Religio Medici. There was a touch of dejection in his voice, which served to disarm that resentment which his father felt towards every view of anything that varied from the consecrated commonplace.

The door-bell rang, and Mrs. Gouverneur, who had intended that Phillida and Millard should each consider the other a mere coincidence, was a little disconcerted to have them enter together at a later time than she had set, and with an air of slight fatigue, as though they had come from a long walk. And, more-

over, without a chaperon. The acquaintance was progressing more rapidly than she had expected.

Millard smilingly explained: "I encountered Miss Callender in a very unfashionable quarter of the city, and I thought it my duty to take charge of her."

At ten o'clock that evening Phillida was escorted to her home, her cousin Philip Gouverneur walking on one side and Millard on the other. She left them with a pleased sense of having passed an uncommonly happy afternoon and evening, but was alarmed, nevertheless, to think what a romance Agatha would build out of the encounter with Mr. Millard in Avenue C and the detected contrivance of Aunt Gouverneur.

And when she had finished deprecating Agatha's raptures and had escaped her sister's further questions by going to bed, Phillida found that her own imagination had been at length set a-going, and her pillow reveries kept her awake. Why was it always Mr. Millard? She had chanced upon him at Mrs. Hilbrough's; his desire to bring Mrs. Gouverneur to the Hilbrough reception had made him her escort; and now most unexpectedly she finds that he and she are intimates and, in a sense, benefactors in the same tenement in Avenue C; they are companions in a walk, and again guests at the same table. It made her superstitious; these coincidences looked like fate—or rather like a special manifestation of the will of Providence—to the mind of Phillida Callender.

Undeniably there was something in Charles Millard that attracted her. He was not just of her own kind, but if he had been would she have liked him so well? Certainly the young men at the mission, exemplary fellows that they were, did not excite even a languid interest in her mind. Millard took life less seriously than she did, but perhaps that very otherness was agreeable: when one is prone by nature to travel dusty paths and dutifully to wound one's feet on mountainous rocky roads, a companion who habitually beckons to green sward and shady seats, who makes life put on a little more of the air of a picnic excursion into the world, is a source of refreshment. She now knew that Millard was not without benevolence, that he clung faithfully to his aunt in spite of his connections in the great world, and that he was planning to assist in the education of his cousins. If she had not somewhat exaggerated these virtues of fidelity and generosity she would not have been a woman, for it is one of the crowning good fortunes of life that a woman can contrive to make so much of a little virtue in a man.

Having left Phillida, Millard and Gouverneur walked together up Second Avenue, past

the closed gateways of Stuyvesant Park. Millard was doing the talking, at a great rate. Philip was silent in regard to everything, or if he spoke he said only so much as a decent courtesy demanded. This soon became tiresome to Millard, who was relieving the internal pressure of his thoughts by mere bubble talk about things of no interest to himself, while it seemed impossible to excite his companion's interest in anything.

"You and I have changed places to-night, Phil," he said at length; "you make me do all the talking. Come now, it's your turn."

"I don't feel in the humor," said Philip. "Are you going to the club?"

"No; I shall go home and write some letters, maybe, now I think of it. So good-night."

Philip's "Good-night" was more curt than courteous, and he made his way to the club, where, according to his habit, he crouched his small form into one of the great chairs, drawing his head down between his shoulders, which were thrust upwards by the resting of his elbows on the chair-arms. Here he sat long, taking no part in any conversation, but watching the smoke from his cigar.

The next morning he was late to breakfast, and his mother lingered after the rest had left the table, to see that his coffee and chops were right and to mitigate his apparent depression.

"Your little match-making scheme is likely to succeed beautifully," he said to her when the servant had gone.

"What do you mean? I'm sure I had no views of that kind in asking Charley Millard and Phillida. I only wished to encourage Phillida to go more into society."

"Views or no views, what it'll come to will be a match," Philip retorted.

"Well, there'll be no harm done, I suppose."

"Not if you think Charley the best man for her."

There was something of dejection in the tone of this last remark, and a note of reproach to her, that rendered Mrs. Gouverneur uneasy. When Philip had left the table she revolved it in her mind. Was Philip himself in love with Phillida? Or did he know anything to the disadvantage of Millard?

"Tell Mr. Philip I wish to see him before he goes out," she said to one of the maids.

When Philip came to her room she looked at him with anxiety.

"Do you know anything against Charley, Philip?"

"Nothing, whatever," said Philip, emphatically, as he pulled on his gloves.

"Philip, tell me truly, do you care for your cousin yourself?"

"Why, of course. She is my cousin, and a good girl — a little too tremendously good."

"You know what I mean, Philip. Don't trifle with me."

"What would be the use of my caring for Phillida, as you call it? Charley, with his usual luck, will get her, I am sure. You've fixed that."

"Now, Philip, you reproach me unjustly. You've had years of intimacy with Phillida. Why did you never let her know what your feelings were?"

"I? I have n't said that I have any feelings in the matter. Do you think Phillida would have me if Charley were out of the way? She knows me too well. She's a utilitarian. She would say, 'Cousin Phil is interesting, but he hides his talent in a napkin. He studied law, and now neglects to practise it because his uncle left him two or three thousand dollars a year.' To her I am only an idler, when I'm not a mocker."

"She likes you, I am sure."

"Yes, in a way, no doubt. But I'm a doubter, and a mocker, and a failure, and Phillida knows it. And so do I."

"Ah, now, Philip, why will you be so discouraged with yourself? You're the cleverest young man in New York."

But Philip only smiled and said, "Good morning, mother," and ran down the stairs and out the door.

When Philip had left Millard in Second Avenue the evening before, the latter was puzzled. He had never seen Gouverneur so depressed and irritable. But when they had separated, Millard was relieved that he no longer had to force a conversation about things of no interest to himself, and that his thoughts were at length free to range where they would.

He turned his footsteps towards his apartment, making a detour through Madison Square to lengthen the stroll. His interest in and affection for the family of his aunt was a fact so paradoxical to the rest of his life that it was in some sense his main secret. It was not a thing he should like to have explained to Philip Gouverneur, his bosom friend, for example. But that Phillida Callender was now in possession of the chief secret of his life gave him a sort of pleasure he had never known before. That she was in friendship with his aunt's family and a sharer in this off-color part of his existence made a sort of community of feeling between him and her. He turned the matter over in his mind, he went over in memory all parts of his encounter with her in his aunt's tenement, he dwelt upon the glow of surprise on her countenance, and in imagination he again took her hand in friendly greeting. He recalled every detail of the walk through Avenue C, in Tompkins Square, and then through

the cross-streets. He made himself feel over again the pleasure he had felt in those rare moments when she turned her dark, earnest eyes toward him at some more than usually interesting moment in the conversation.

This was the pleasant side of the reverie. For the rest, he was tormented with a certain feeling of unworthiness that had never troubled him so much before. The more he thought of the purposes, sweet, high, and disinterested, that moved her, the more was he pained at a sense of frivolity, or, at least, at a want of "worthwhileness" in his own aims. He was a communicant at St. Matthias's, and highly esteemed for his exemplary life and his liberality to the church. But the rector of St. Matthias's did not trouble himself, as Phillida did, about the lost sheep in the wilderness of the lettered avenues. His own flock, well washed and kempt, were much more agreeable subjects of contemplation.

Millard sat by his fire a long time. He was really afraid that he should presently find himself in love with Miss Callender, and such a marriage was contrary to his whole plan of life. His purpose was primarily to remain a bachelor, though he had dreamed of himself well established, but always with a wife whose tastes and connections should incline her to those pursuits that go with a fashionable career, and he always saw a vision of himself and his wife entertaining the very elect of New York City. Here suddenly a new path, hitherto untrodden by his imagination, opened before him as a possibility. Judged by the standards used among his friends it was an undesirable road. It involved a voluntary sacrifice of that position of social prominence and leadership which he had striven so hard to secure. He resolved to put the thought away from him.

A little later his lights were out and he was abed. But he did not sleep at once, for in spite of the best resolutions he could not help recalling again and again the face and figure, the voice and movement, of Phillida Callender. Again and again he crossed Tompkins Square and walked through Eighth street and Waverley Place with her; and she once more confronted him across Mrs. Gouverneur's dinner-table.

One result of Millard's meditations was a desire to relieve his conscience by sharing a little — if ever so little — in the effort to improve the life of the multitudinous East-siders. To touch them by personal effort and contact was out of the question; he could not bring himself to attempt it, nor would it have availed anything, perhaps, if he had, for the East-siders would have shrunk from his gloves as instinctively as he did from their work-darkened palms. But there was the other resort of his check-book. He sent a check the next evening to the super-

intendent of the mission. He stated that he remitted this as assistant cashier of the Bank of Manhadoes on behalf of a gentleman who did not wish his name known, and requested that the subscription be announced merely as from "A Well-wisher." One half of the hundred dollars was to go to the expenses of the coffee-room and the other half to be appropriated to the library and reading-room.

Now it is not in the nature of things that a hen should see a new egg in her nest without cackling over it, or that a man in charge of a benevolent enterprise should have a hundred-dollar check mysteriously and unexpectedly dropped into his hat without talking about it. Such a gift smacks of special divine favor, and offers a good theme for an address calculated to animate those engaged in the work. The very next Sunday, when the Testaments had been shut up and the lesson papers had all been put away, Phillida and the others heard from the superintendent some very inspiring remarks on the subject of the encouragements which ought to make them take heart in their work. He wound up, of course, by telling of this donation from an unknown well-wisher. Had he stopped there—but what talker to young people would or could have stopped there? He whisked out the check and showed it, and then the identical letter from the assistant cashier of the Bank of Manhadoes was held up before the admiring boys and girls and read aloud to show how modestly this benevolent well-wisher had hidden his hand.

And thus the only person in the audience from whom Millard had particularly wished to conceal his agency in the matter knew perfectly that the anonymous well-wisher was none other than the assistant cashier himself. And she thought what a fine thing it was to have money when there was so much good to be done with it.

X.

BROKEN RESOLVES.

ONCE the check was despatched, Millard's conscience, which had been aroused—irritated—by the standing rebuke of Phillida's superior disinterestedness, was in a measure appeased. After sitting an hour in slippered meditation he resolved to master his inclination toward Miss Callender's society, for fear of jeopardizing that bachelor ideal of life he had long cherished. Hilbrough's especial friendship, supported by Mrs. Hilbrough's gratitude, had of late put him in the way of making money more rapidly than heretofore; the probable early retirement of Farnsworth would advance him to the cashiership of

the bank, and there opened before him as much as he had ever desired of business and social success. It was not exactly that he put advantages of this sort into one side of the scale and the undefinable charms of Phillida into the other. But he was restrained by that natural clinging to the main purpose which saves men from frivolous changes of direction under the wayward impulses of each succeeding day. This conservative holding by guiding resolutions once formed is the balance-wheel that keeps a human life from wabbling. Western hunters used to make little square boxes with their names graven in reverse on the inside. These they fixed over a young gourd, which grew till it filled the box. Then the hunter by removing the box and cutting off the end of the stem of the gourd, to make an opening like the mouth of a bottle, secured a curious natural powder-flask, shaped to his fancy and bearing his name in relief on its side. Like the boxed gourd, the lives of men become at length rigidly shaped to their guiding purposes, and one may read early resolutions ineffaceably inscribed upon them. But the irony of it! Here was Millard, for example, a mature man of affairs, held to a scheme of life adopted almost by accident when he was but just tottering, callow, from his up-country nest. What a haphazard world is this! Draw me no Fates with solemn faces, holding distaffs and deadly snipping shears. The Fates? Mere children pitching heads and tails upon the paving-stones!

But if the dominant purpose to which the man has fitted himself is not to be suddenly changed, there are forces that modify it by degrees and sometimes gradually undermine and then break it down altogether. The man whose ruling purpose is crossed by a grand passion may say to himself, like the shorn Samson, "I will go out as at other times before," for the change that has come over him is subtle and not at once apparent to his consciousness. Millard resolutely repressed his inclination to call on Miss Callender, resolutely set himself to adhere to his old life as though adherence had been a duty. But he ceased to be interested in the decorations and amused by the articles of vertu in his apartment; he no longer contemplated with pleasure the artistic effect of his rich portières and the soft tone of his translucent window-hangings. The place seemed barren and lonely, and the life he led not much worth the having after all.

But, like the brave man he was, he stuck to his resolution not to call on Miss Callender, from a sort of blind loyalty to nothing in particular. Perhaps a notion that a beau like himself would make a ridiculous figure suing to such a saint as Phillida had something to do with his firmness

of purpose. But when, a month later, he started once more for Avenue C, he became at length aware that he had not made any headway whatever in conquering his passion, which like some wild creature only grew the fiercer under restraint. In spite of himself he looked about in hope of meeting Miss Callender in the street, and all the way across the avenues he wondered whether he should encounter her at his aunt's. But Phillida had taken precautions against this. She remembered, this time, that the last Sunday in the month was his day for visiting his aunt, and she went directly home from the mission, disturbed in spite of herself by conflicting emotions.

Millard could not but respect her dignified avoidance of him, which he felt to be in keeping with her character. He listened with such grace as he could to Uncle Martin, whose pessimistic oration to-day chanced to be on the general ignorance and uselessness of doctors. His complaints about the medical faculty were uttered slowly and with long pauses between the sentences. Doctors, according to Uncle Martin, only pretend to know something, and use a lot of big words to fool people. "Now I doctor myself. I know what does me good, and I take it, doctor or no doctor." This was said with a you-don't-fool-me expression on his solemn face. "W'y, one doctor 'll tell you one thing, and another 'll tell you another. One says bathing 's good for you, and another says no; one wants you to get up bright and early, and another says sleep a plenty; one will half-starve you, and the other says the thing is to feed you up."

At this point Uncle Martin rested his elbows against his sides, threw his forearms outward and upward at an angle of forty-five degrees, holding his broad palms toward the ceiling, while he dropped his heavy shorn chin upon his breast and gazed impressively upon Millard from under his eyebrows. The young man was rendered uneasy by this climactic pause, and he thought to break the force of Uncle Martin's attitude by changing the subject.

"Doctors differ among themselves as much as ministers do," he said.

"Ministers?" said Uncle Martin, erecting his head again, and sniffing a little. "They are just after money nowadays. W'y, I joined the Baptist church over here"—beckoning with his thumb—"when I came to New York, and the minister never come a-nigh us. We are not fine enough, I suppose. Ministers don't believe the plain Bible; they go on about a lot of stuff that they get from somewheres else. I say take the plain Bible, that a plain man like me can understand. I don't want the Greek and Latin of it. Now the Bible says in one place that if a man 's sick the elders are to pray over

him and anoint him with oil—I suppose it was sweet oil; but I don't know—that they used. But did you ever know any elder to do that? Naw; they just off for the doctor. Now, I say take the plain word of God, that 's set down so 't you could n't noways make any mistakes."

Here Uncle Martin again dropped his head forward in a butting position, and stared at Charley Millard from under his brows. This time the younger man judged it best to make no rejoinder. Instead, he took the little Tommy in his arms and began to stroke the cheeks of the nestling child. The diversion had the proper effect. Uncle Martin, perceiving that the results of his exhaustive meditations in medicine and theology, which were as plain as the most self-evident nose on a man's face, were not estimated at their par value, got up and explained that he must go to Greenpoint and call on a man who had lately lost a child; and then, fearing he would n't get back to supper, he said good-by, and come again, and always glad to see you, Charley, and good luck to you; and so made his way down the dingy stairs.

Charley Millard now turned to his aunt, a thin-faced woman whose rather high forehead, wide and delicately formed in the region of the temples, made one think that in a more favorable soil she might have blossomed. She was sitting by the window that looked out upon the narrow courtyard below and on the rear house to which Aunt Martin's apartment was bound by a double clothes-line running upon pulleys. In fact the whole straitened landscape in view from the back windows was a vision of ropes on pulleys. Sunday was the only day that Mrs. Martin cared to look on this view, for on week-days it was a spectacle of sheets and pillow-cases and the most intimate male and female garments flapping and straddling shamelessly in the eddying wind.

Millard, while yet the older children had not returned, broached the subject of their education. He particularly wished to put Mary, the eldest, into a better school than the public school in her neighborhood, or at least into a school where the associations would be better. He proposed this to his aunt as delicately as possible.

"It 's very kind of you, Charley," she said. "You want to make a fine lady of her. But what would you do with her? Would it make her any happier? She would want better clothes than we could give her; she would become dependent on you, maybe; and she would be ashamed of the rest of us."

"She could never be ashamed of you, aunt," said Millard. But he was struck with a certain good sense and originality in his aunt which kept her from accepting anything for good merely because it was commonly so

taken. What service, indeed, would it be to Mary to declass her? Of what advantage to a poor girl to separate her from her surroundings unless you can secure to her a life certainly better?

"It would be well," he said after a while, "if Mary could prepare herself for some occupation by which she might some day get a living if other resources fail. You would n't like her to have to go out to service, or to fall below her family, Aunt Hannah?"

"No; certainly. But there's the trouble. Her father is like many other men from the country; he can't bear the idea of Mary's earning her own living. He says he expects to support his own girls. And you know Henry won't have her educated at your expense. He's very proud. But if she could somehow get into a school better than the public schools in this part of the city, a school where she would get better teaching and meet a better class of children, I would like it, provided she did not get a notion of being a fine lady. There is nothing worse than half-cut quality, and that's all she'd be. And are you sure, Charley, that rich people are happier than we are? We don't worry about what we have n't got."

The children were now upon the stairs, and the private talk was ended. They greeted their cousin eagerly, and began as usual to talk of Miss Callender.

"We tried to bring her home with us," said Dick, "but she said, 'Not to-day, Dick, not to-day,' and she stuck to it. I told her you'd be here, and I thought that would fetch her, but she only laughed and said she had to call and see a poor sick young lady that had n't walked for five years; and then she said, 'Give my love to your mother,' and left us. I sh'd thought she'd 'a' sent her love to Cousin Charley too, but she never done it."

"Don't say 'never done it,' Dick," broke in Mary. "It's not proper."

Millard accepted his aunt's invitation to tea, and then walked homeward by a very round-about way. He was not quite aware of the nature of the impulse that caused him to turn downtown and thus to trace a part of the route he had walked over with Phillida four weeks before. He paused to look again at the now dark stairway up which lived the bedridden Wilhelmina Schulenberg, and though he shuddered with a sort of repulsion at thought of her hard lot, it was not sympathy with Mina Schulenberg that had arrested his steps at the mouth of this human hive. To his imagination it seemed that these dark, uninviting stairs were yet warm with the tread of the feet of Phillida Callender; it could not be more than two hours since she came down. So instead of following the route

of a month ago through Tompkins Square and Eighth street, as he had half unconsciously set out to do, he walked through Tenth street to Second Avenue. This way Phillida must have gone this very afternoon, and this way he felt himself drawn by an impulse increasing in force ever as he journeyed. It seemed of prime importance that he should call on Miss Callender without delay, just to consult her about Mary's education. His reasoning in favor of this course was convincing, for logic never gets on so well as when inclination picks all the pebbles out of the pathway.

A long discussion concerning Mary Martin's education was held that evening between the young people sitting by the drop-lamp in Mrs. Callender's parlor. Many nice theories were broached by each of them, but during the whole of the discussion they were both in a state of double consciousness. Canvassing Mary and her outlook in life in one center of thought, they were thinking and feeling more profoundly regarding the outlook in life of two other people in another vortex of brain action. For Phillida could not conceal from herself the fact that Mr. Millard was only half interested in what he was talking about, but was utterly absorbed in her with whom he was speaking. His passion, so long denied, now had its revenge, and even the training of a man of the world to conceal what he felt and to say what he did not think was of no avail against it.

Notwithstanding the divided state of their minds, in consequence of which Mary's interests got only a minority of attention, her interests did not fare badly, for the very effort to keep the thoughts and feelings that were eddying below the surface from engulfing their whole mental action forced both talkers to concentrate their minds earnestly upon Mary's schooling.

In the first place both of them admitted the force of Mrs. Martin's objection to declassing Mary in such a way as to leave her segregated from family ties. Then it came out that Phillida did know a school — not a fine school, but a good school — where Mary would not be without companions in sober clothes, and where the teacher, a Miss Gillies, knew her business and had not too many scholars. But how to overcome Uncle Martin's objection to being helped by his wife's nephew?

"If," said Millard, "the teacher of whom you speak had given to her a sufficient amount to pay the tuition of some suitable girl from a plain family, she would naturally consult you?"

"Yes; I think so," said Phillida.

"And under such circumstances why could you not recommend Mary?"

Phillida hesitated.

"I see you are more truthful than we men of business; who could not keep our feet without little ruses. There would be an implied deception of Uncle Martin, you think. Well, then, I will make the subscription absolute, and will leave Miss Gillies in entire control of it. I will advise her to consult you. If she does, and you think some other child than Mary ought to have it, or if it should be refused for Mary, you may give it to some one else. Do you know any one else who would profit by such a tuition?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, perhaps a better way would be this. I'll make it double, and you may have the entire disposal of both scholarships, if Miss Gillies will let you. Suppose I leave it to you to communicate the fact to her?"

"That will be very good indeed"; and Phillida's face lost for a moment the blushing half-confusion that had marked it during the conversation, and a look of clear pleasure shone in her eyes—the enthusiastic pleasure of doing good and making happiness. Millard hardly rose to the height of her feeling; it was not to be expected. Whenever her face assumed this transfigured look his heart was smitten with pain—the mingled pain of love intensified and of hope declining; for this exaltation seemed to put Phillida above him, and perhaps out of his reach. Why should she fly away from him in this way?

"And may I come—to-morrow evening, perhaps—to inquire about this matter?" he said, making a movement to depart.

The question brought Phillida to the earth again, for Millard spoke with a voice getting beyond his control and telling secrets that he would fain have kept back. His question, tremulously put, seemed to ask so much more than it did! She responded in a voice betraying emotion quite out of keeping with the answer to a question like this, and with her face suffused, and eyes unable to look steadily at his, which were gazing into hers.

"Certainly, Mr. Millard," she said.

He took her hand gently and with some tremor as he said good-evening, and then he descended the brownstone steps aware that all debate and hesitancy were at an end. Come what might come, he knew himself to be irretrievably in love with Phillida Callender. This was what he had gained by abstaining from the sight of her for four weeks.

When the elevator had landed him on one of the high floors of the Graydon Building, a bachelor apartment house, and he had entered his own parlor, the large windows of which had a southern outlook, he stood a long time regarding the view. The electric lights were not visible, but their white glow, shining upward from

the streets and open squares, glorified the buildings that were commonplace enough in daytime. Miles away across a visible space of water Liberty's torch shone like a star of the fifth magnitude. The great buildings about the City Hall Park, seen through a haze of light, seemed strangely aerial, like castles in a mirage or that ravishing Celestial City which Bunyan gazed upon in his dreams. A curved line of electric stars well up towards the horizon showed where the great East River Bridge spanned the unresting tides far below. Millard's apartment was so high that the street roar reached it in a dull murmur as of a distant sea, and he stood and absorbed the glory of the metropolitan scene,—such a scene as was never looked upon in any age before our own decade,—and it was to him but a fit accompaniment to his passion for Phillida, which by its subjective effect upon him had transformed all life and the universe itself. A month before he had sat and stared a hard-coal fire out of countenance in apprehension of falling in love with Phillida. Now he eagerly drank in the glory of earth and air, and loved her without reserve and without regret.

XI.

IN THE PARK.

ALTHOUGH love had at length come to Millard like an inundation sweeping away the barriers of habit and preconception, he was quite aware that Phillida Callender's was not a temperament to forget duty in favor of inclination, and the strength of his desire to possess her served as a restraint upon his action. He followed the habits of business negotiation even in love-making; he put down his impatience and made his approaches slowly that he might make sure of success. As a prudent beginning to his courtship he called on Phillida at first but once a week. She soon regained her wonted placidity of exterior, and Millard found it difficult to divine how far his affection was reciprocated.

For himself, he kept up his round of post-Easter social engagements. It would be time enough to lop these off if Phillida should require it when his affairs with her should be upon a more secure footing. Phillida, too, kept up a series of post-Easter engagements, but of another sort. Besides the ordinary work of the mission, and the extraordinary work attending the preparations for Fresh Air excursions for the invalid poor which were to be carried on in the heats of summer, she went once a week to the parlor Bible readings of Mrs. Frankland, which were, in fact, eloquent addresses, and which served greatly to stimulate her zeal. Thus these two lovers journeyed upon paths that had no convergence, even while feeling

themselves drawn irresistibly towards each other.

As April wore into May, Millard ventured on more frequent attentions, and from day to day meditated how he might light on an opportunity to tell her what he felt and wished. But at her house he was always held in check by remembering the crash of an overturned chair at the time of his first call, and he could not speak very confidential words with no other screen than those thin sliding doors. When on two occasions he contrived to encounter Phillida returning from her Sunday afternoon mission to the east, he thought he perceived certain traces of debate going on in her mind, and an apparent effort on her part to hold the talk to cool and indifferent topics. That she was strongly attracted to him he readily believed, and had she been a woman of the ordinary type this would have been sufficient. But she was Phillida Callender, and he who would win her must gain consent not alone of her affections but of her conscience as well, and of her judgment. Such a decision as he should ask her to make would be tried by the test of the high life purpose that ruled her and looked on all interfering delights and affections with something like fierceness. For how shall one of the daughters of God be persuaded to wed one of the sons of men?

And thus, by the procrastination that comes of lack of opportunity and the procrastination that comes of timidity, the spring was fast passing into summer. Hilbrough had taken Millard into partnership in an enterprise of his own—the reorganization of a bankrupt railway company in the interest of the bondholders. It was necessary to secure the coöperation of certain English holders of the securities, and Hilbrough felt sure that a man of Millard's address and flexibility would achieve more than he himself could in a negotiation abroad. So it was arranged that on the first Saturday in June the assistant cashier should sail for London on a ten weeks' leave of absence from the bank, and that when his business in London should be completed he was to make a short tour over the well-beaten paths of European travel. This arrangement rendered it necessary that Millard should bring his diplomatic delays to an end, and run the risk of an immediate proposal to Phillida Callender.

Memorial Day came round, and all the land showed its sorrow for the innumerable host that perished untimely in deadly battle and deadlier hospital by keeping the day right joyously. This gave Millard a holiday, and he set off after a lazy breakfast to walk up Fifth Avenue and through Central Park. He proposed to explore the Ramble and meditate all the time how he might best come to an understanding with Phillida that very evening.

He entered the Park at the southeast corner, but instead of pushing straight up to the Mall, a childish impulse to take a hurried glance at the animals deflected him toward the old armory. But the holiday crowd already gathering was quite too miscellaneous for his fastidious nerves; the dumb brutes he could stand, but these pushing and chattering human monkeys were uninteresting, and he went on through the region of wild beasts to that of tame ones, where the patient donkeys were busily employed carrying timid little children and showing their skill in their favorite game of doing the least possible amount of work in any given time. Though the motion of these creatures was barely perceptible, the pace seemed frightful to some of the alarmed infants clinging to their backs. Millard looked at them a moment in amusement, then refusing the donkey path he turned to the left toward the shady Mall. The narrow walk he chose was filled to-day with people, who, having fed the elephant, admired the diving of the seal, wondered at the inconceivable ugliness of the hippopotamus, watched the chimpanzee tie knots in the strands of an untwisted rope by using her four deft hands, and shuddered a little at the young alligators, were now moving away in a confused mass of children, eager to spend their nickels for a ride at the carousel, and elders bent on finding shelter from the heat under the elms that overhang the Mall. There was a counter-current of those who had entered the Park by remoter gateways and were making their way toward the menagerie, and Millard's whole attention was absorbed in navigating these opposite and intermingling streams of people and in escaping the imminent danger of being run over by some of the fleet of baby-carriages. From a group of three ladies that he had just passed a little beyond the summer-house he heard a voice say, half under breath:

"Mr. Millard, I declare!"

It was Agatha Callender, and as he turned to greet her he saw behind her Phillida supporting her mother.

"Mama is not very well, and we persuaded her to take a holiday," explained Agatha; "and I am trying to find a way for her out of this crowd."

Millard took charge of the convoy and succeeded in landing the party on shady seats at the lower end of the Mall, where the colossal Walter Scott is asking his distinguished countryman Robert Burns, just opposite, if all poets engaged in the agonizing work of poetic composition fall into such contortions as Burns does in this perpetual brass.

After a while Agatha grew as restless as the poet seems in the statue. She had brought money enough to take her party about the Park in the regular coaches, and spending-

money unspent always made Agatha unhappy. She now broached the subject of taking a coach, and remembered that it was a free day at the Art Museum. Millard proposed to go to the Fifth Avenue entrance and get a carriage for the party. This extravagance the prudent Mrs. Callender would not consent to, and so Millard conducted the ladies to the place where Shakspeare, a little weak in the knees, has long been doing his best, according to his ability, to learn a part in a new play. The first coach that came by had but two vacancies. Millard hailed it, and said promptly:

"Now, Miss Agatha, we shall not find four places in one coach to-day. You and Mrs. Callender get into this one, and take stop-over checks at the Museum. Miss Callender and I will join you there in the next coach or on foot."

There was no time for debate, and before Mrs. Callender could muster her wits to decide what was best to be done about this, Charley's gloved hands had gently helped her into the coach, put Agatha in beside her, and handed a half-dollar to the driver for the fare. Just as Mrs. Callender was beginning to protest against this last act the coach rolled away, and Agatha saw Millard and Phillida turn about without waiting for another coach and return toward Shakspeare and the Mall.

"I ought n't to have let him pay for us," murmured Mrs. Callender.

"Oh, you need n't feel under any obligations," whispered Agatha; "he just wanted to be alone with Phillida."

But now that Millard had seized the advantage of an unchaperoned stroll with Phillida, he found himself without the courage to use it. The very suddenness with which they had been left to themselves made Phillida feel that a crisis was imminent, and this served to give her an air of confusion and restraint. In presence of this reserve Millard drew back.

The two strolled along the Mall, admiring the wide, elm-shaded triple avenue, and talking of uninteresting subjects. They were involved again in the ever-growing holiday crowd, and Millard saw with vexation that his opportunity was once more slipping away from him. When they had traversed the length of the Mall and were approaching the bust of Beethoven, Phillida said suddenly:

"There is Mina Schulenberg in a wheelchair. I wonder how she contrived to get one."

She pushed forward towards the invalid, but Millard hung back a little, and Phillida suspected that he was probably ashamed to be seen talking with Mina, who was wheeled by her brother, a stalwart young man of twenty, in his Sunday clothes.

"O Miss Callender, is it you? Do you

see my chair already? It must have been you who managed to get it for me."

"No, Wilhelmina; indeed I knew nothing about it till I saw you in it this moment."

"Then I don't know what to think," said the invalid. "It was sent up from a place down in Grand street already, with my name on a ticket and the word 'Paid' marked on the ticket. I wish I could thank the one that gave it to me wunst already, for I don't feel like it belonged to me till I do."

Phillida turned about and looked at Millard, who still lurked behind her. When he met her penetrating gaze he colored as though he had been caught doing wrong.

"Miss Schulenberg, this is Mr. Millard," said Phillida. "I don't know who sent you this chair; but if you thank him the person who paid for your chair will hear about it, I feel sure."

Mina looked at Millard. The faultlessness of his dress and the perfection of style in his carriage abashed her. But she presently reached her emaciated hand to him, while tears stood in her eyes. Millard trembled as he took the semi-translucent fingers in his hand: they looked brittle, and he could feel the joints through his gloves as though it were a skeleton that thus joined hands with him.

"You gave me my chair!" she said. "Yesterday I was out in it for the first time already—in Tompkins Square. But to-day Rudolph here—he is such a good fellow—he wanted to give me a big treat wunst, and so he brought me all the way up here already to see this beautiful Park. It's the—the first time—" but shadowy people like Wilhelmina hover always on the verge of hysteria, and her feelings choked her utterance at this point.

Millard could not bear the sight of her emotion. He said hastily, "Never mind, Miss Schulenberg; never mind. Good morning. I hope you will enjoy your day."

Then as he and Phillida went up the stairs that lead out of the Mall at the north of the arbor by the Casino, Millard made use of his handkerchief, explaining that he must have taken a slight cold. He half halted, intending to ask Phillida to sit down with him on a seat partly screened by a bush at each end; but there were many people passing, and the two went on and mounted the steps to the circular asphalted space at the top of a knoll. Phillida, shy of what she felt must come, began to ask about the great buildings in view, and he named for her the lofty Dakota Flats rising from a rather naked plain to the westward, the low southern façade of the Art Museum to the northward, to the east the somber front of the Lenox Library,—as forbidding as the countenance of a rich collector is to him who would

borrow,—and the columnar gable chimneys of the Tiffany house.

Millard now guided Phillida to a descending path on the side of the hill opposite to that which they came up, and which perversely turned southeastward for a while, it having been constructed on the theory that a park walk should describe the longest distance between any two points. Here he found a seat shaded by the horizontal limbs of an exotic tree and confronted by a thicket that shut out at this season almost all but little glimpses of the Tiffany house and the frowning Lenox. He asked Phillida to sit down, and he sat beside her. The momentary silence that followed was unendurable to Phillida's excited nerves, so she said:

"Mr. Millard, it was a splendid thing to do."

"What?"

"To give that chair to Mina Schulenberg, and all so quietly."

"Miss Callender—Phillida—may I call you 'Phillida'?"

A tone of entreaty in this inquiry went to her heart and set her thoughts in a whirl. It was not possible to say "No." She did not lift her eyes from the asphalt, which she was pushing with the ferrule of her parasol, but she said "Yes," filled with she knew not what pleasure at having Millard use this familiarity.

"Phillida, you have taught me a great deal. It is to you that the poor girl owes her ride to-day, and to you that I owe the pleasure of seeing her enjoy it. I'm not so good as you are. I am a rather—a rather useless person, I'm afraid. But I am learning. And I want to ask you before I go away whether you could love me?"

Phillida kept trying to bore into the pavement with her parasol, but she did not reply.

After a pause Millard went on. "I know you don't decide such things by mere passion. But you've had reason to think that I loved you for a good while. Have n't you?"

"I—I think I have." This was said with difficulty after a pause of some seconds.

"And you must have thought about it, and turned it over in the light of duty. Have n't you—Phillida?"

This address by her Christian name startled her. It was almost like a caress. But presently she said, "Yes; I have." She remembered that her prayer this very morning had been that before she should be called upon to decide the question of marrying Millard she might have some sign to guide her, and now the happy face of Wilhelmina seemed the very omen she had sought.

"And you have n't made up your mind to reject me?" said Millard.

The answer this time was longer than ever in coming.

"No; no, Mr. Millard."

Millard paused before putting the next question. "I'm going away, you know, on Saturday. May I get out of that last answer all that I wish to, Phillida?"

The parasol trembled in her hand, and perceiving that it betrayed her she ceased to push the ground and let go of the staff, grasping the edge of the seat instead. Millard could see her frame tremble, and in his eagerness he scarcely breathed. With visible effort she at length slowly raised her flushed face until her gaze encountered his. But utterance died on her lips. Either from some inclination of the head or from some assent in her eyes Millard understood her unuttered answer to be in the affirmative. He lifted her hand from the seat beside him and gently kissed it. And then as he held it he presently felt her fingers grasp his hand ever so lightly. It was answer enough. A noisy party was coming down the steps towards them.

"Now, Phillida dear, we must go," he said, rising. "Your mother will not know what has detained us."

Phillida looked up playfully as they walked away, and said, her voice still husky with feeling:

"Agatha will be sure to guess."

(To be continued.)

Edward Eggleston.

AND AFTER.

WHEN love has been a flower
One smelled of and laid by,
Or set in a glass
Where he useth to pass
Till it should fade and die;
Then one with time forgets it,
And another flower contents,
Or, if he brief regrets it,
'T is that it pleased his sense.

When love has been the throbbing
Of one's own inmost heart,
The light of his eyes,
The breath of his sighs,
His soul's bliss and its smart;
Then love by life is measured,
Since love and life are one,
Together they are treasured,
Together they are done.

Arlo Bates.

WASHINGTON AND FREDERICK THE GREAT.

WITH THE STORY OF A MYTHICAL SWORD.

"FROM the oldest General in the world to the Greatest." Such is the legend said to have been engraved on a sword sent by Frederick the Great to George Washington. Until thirty years ago, when this famous sword fell into the hands of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, no doubt appears to have been raised as to the truth of the story. It appears to have been generally believed by the Washington and Lewis families. In a recent note from Mr. H. L. D. Lewis, of Audley (grandson of Nelly Custis Lewis), he says, "I am almost sure that I have heard my grandmother, who died in this house, speak of a sword given to Washington by Frederick." There being no sentence on any sword of Washington's the tradition was modified: it was said that the phrase was a verbal message sent by Frederick to Washington. It has flourished perennially in this form also; it has got into the "Encyclopedia of Biography"; a few years ago it was used by Senator Voorhees to induce the Senate to purchase another sword of Washington. The present writer once contributed something to the circulation of the legend. The incident of John Brown's getting possession of the identical sword inspired a little romance which was published in a periodical I edited in Cincinnati ("The Dial," January, 1860). My story was called "Excalibur," the sword of King Arthur, which was traced to Frederick, to Washington, and finally to John Brown. But on discovering that no sentence was engraved on the sword I became skeptical, and, after some further inquiries, reached the belief that it was a myth. The absence of any reference to the alleged present in Washington's will seems, indeed, conclusive. Washington is generally particular in mentioning the history of each thing bequeathed. In one instance he seems to have been inaccurate: "To the Rev. now Bryan Lord Fairfax I give a Bible, in three large folio volumes, with notes, presented to me by the Right Rev. Thomas Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man." This bishop died in 1755, before Braddock's defeat, when Washington was little known. The Bible was probably presented by the bishop's son, the Rev. Thomas Wilson, D. D. Generally, however, Washington was exact in such matters, and he could hardly have undervalued a gift from Frederick the Great, whose bust he ordered for Mount Vernon, and whose works (Holcroft's trans-

lation, thirteen volumes) were in his library. The bequest of his swords is impressive:

To each of my nephews, William Augustine Washington, George Lewis, George Steptoe Washington, Bushrod Washington, and Samuel Washington, I give one of the swords of which I may die possessed: and they are to *chuse* in the order they are named. These swords are accompanied with an injunction not to unsheathe them for the purpose of shedding blood, except it be for self-defense, or in defense of their country and its rights; and in the latter case to keep them unsheathed, and prefer falling with them in their hands, to the relinquishment thereof.

It is tolerably certain that if any of the swords had been the gift of Frederick it would here have been referred to. In addition it may be remarked that on none of the swords is there any sign of German workmanship. There is, indeed, nothing on this sword, which the State was partly induced to purchase because of its legend. To use the words of Mr. Howell, of our State Library, "The impression that the sight of it made on me—with its steel beads instead of jewels—was that it was a very niggardly present for a monarch to make to a man like Washington."

Soon after Carlyle had concluded his Life of Frederick, I asked him whether he had met with any incident or phrase on which our American legend might have been based. "None at all." I believe I answered, "So much the worse for Frederick." At any rate he replied sharply, "Washington was no immeasurable man." Carlyle would have been put to it if challenged to find so brave a decoration for Frederick as this mythical tribute to Washington invented for him by the American people. So far as Washington is concerned the story is much more honorable as a fable than it could be as a reality. It would appear to have impressed General Winfield Scott, who, as I have heard, presented a book to General McClellan inscribed, "From the oldest general in the world to the greatest."

Indeed, from the moment of my certain discovery that the incident was not historical I became deeply interested in it. The symbolism of the story—the passing of the sword from the old world to the new—seemed too poetic to be a popular invention; yet I have been unable to discover among heroic anecdotes any epigrammatic saying which might

have suggested "from the oldest general in the world to the greatest." It may be that some querist can tell us whence the phrase came. But my search into this bit of American mythology has led to facts of historic interest.

The story was originally told not of Frederick's sword, but of his portrait. In the "New Jersey Journal" of August 9, 1780, of which there is a copy in the New York Historical Society, occurs the following:

The King of Prussia not long since presented his Excellency General Washington with the picture of his Majesty, taken to the life, inscribed under, "From the oldest general in Europe to the greatest general on earth." A celebrated general of his Majesty's (over whom conquest never gained dominion), on viewing the inscription, asked, "Why does he stand higher in the annals of fame than myself?" "Consider," replied this illustrious artist in the science of war: "you never fought but at the head of troops in number, discipline, bravery, ardor, and full of hopes vying with any commander's; but this noble chief has encountered every embarrassment, and by his united abilities (complete to constitute the general indeed) has surmounted untold difficulties; and thereby justly stands entitled to such laurels as conquest, fame, and magnanimity only can give."

Was any such picture sent to Washington? There is no evidence of it beyond the above anecdote. Louis XVI. presented Washington with a portrait of himself (an engraving), but that was six years after the story in the "New Jersey Journal." In late years, when so many Washington relics have been offered to the public, it is not likely that one so precious would be withheld. Diligent inquiries among the kindred of Washington have failed to discover any trace of a portrait of Frederick at Mount Vernon, except the bust made by its owner's order. The Washington and Lewis families are indeed extensive; and it is barely possible that some picture of Frederick from Mount Vernon, overlooked in the search after swords, may yet be discovered among them; but no such inscription could have been hid.

So far as any testimony can be derived from the voluminous works of Frederick, and the many anecdotes concerning him, he was little interested in Washington. I have explored his volumes, also Laveaux, Bourdais, Thiébault, and Carlyle, and cannot find that Frederick ever mentioned Washington's name but once. In his "Memoirs from the Peace of Hubertsburg to the Partition of Poland" (Holcroft, Vol. IV., p. 175) Frederick says:

General Washington, who was called at London the chief of the rebels, gained, at the commencement of hostilities, some advantages over the royalists who were assembled near Boston.

That is all that appears from the oldest general in the world concerning the greatest! His

silence concerning Washington is the more remarkable because his sympathies were, in a mild way, with the Americans. "The scene which is acting in America," he writes (to D'Alembert, at Paris, May 16, 1776), "and which perhaps is preparing for other parts, is to us like the combats of gladiators, which the Romans (somewhat barbarous in the practice) sat tranquil spectators of in the circus, and which those monarchs of mankind made their amusement. The same actors cannot always appear on the stage; we have exhibited long enough, others must now take their turn. Your philosophy may, therefore, reflect at its ease on the cause and effects of that destructive war which now ravages America." D'Alembert, who had elicited this, repeatedly tried to get some opinion on the subject from Frederick. "We are told," writes D'Alembert (April 28, 1777), "the English depopulate Germany to send troops to America. It does not seem to me very polite, and still less honorable, to see many petty German princes send their subjects two thousand leagues to be murdered that their masters may maintain an opera house. It is reported that most of the soldiers settle in America, and this seems to me the best part they can take." In his replies Frederick does not allude to this Hessian business. On June 3, 1777, he casually says, "War still continues to be made on the poor American." Then D'Alembert becomes pointed, and says (July 28, 1777), "I should be desirous of having your Majesty's opinion of this war, and of the manœuvres of Washington." Frederick answers (August 13), "Were I to follow the example of Cicero, and foretell what a certain combination of events seem to forebode, I should perhaps venture an opinion that the colonies will become independent, because they certainly will not be crushed this campaign, and the government of the God-damnes will find it difficult to dip in the purses of the people." Again, on June 8 of the very year in which the sword story is told (1780), D'Alembert writes: "We are here [Paris] in most impatient expectation of the success of this third campaign, especially in America. The insolence and piracy of the English have offended every nation in Europe." In his reply Frederick does not allude to the subject, but writes only of Voltaire: "To him I make my morning orisons. To him I say, Divine Voltaire, *ora pro nobis!*"

But there is something suspicious in Frederick's evasions. At the very time when D'Alembert was plying him with questions concerning America and Washington a startling incident occurred at Berlin, of which his French correspondents received no hint. The British Government, suspecting negotiations between Frederick and Arthur Lee, American agent

in Europe, ordered their minister (Elliot) at Berlin to steal Lee's papers. This was done June 25, 1777 — the agent, by the way, being that same Liston whom the British Government was impudent enough to appoint minister to the United States in Washington's second term. The stolen papers were restored after copies were taken. The copies have been kept so close that Carlyle was not allowed to see them while writing his history of Frederick. On hearing of the theft Frederick said, "Ugly business!" But he wrote to his brother Henry that he meant to suppress the facts. Here is evidence that Frederick had reasons of state for not saying anything about America or Washington at the moment when Hessians were being enlisted. It may also be inferred that if Frederick ever sent Washington a present, or made any such remark as that of our legend, it might have been through Arthur Lee. As Carlyle was not permitted to see the copies of the purloined papers, and as only a small proportion of them have been published in this country (in the "Life of Arthur Lee"), it appeared to me possible that something might be contained in the Lee manuscripts giving a clue to the legend. While writing my *Life of Randolph* I went through these papers pretty carefully. In them it appears that, instead of Frederick's sending any weapon or other gift to Washington, he got off on Lee, for a substantial sum, a lot of faulty weapons — one specimen musket, seen too late by Lee, being, as he protested to Baron Schulenburg, Frederick's minister, "one of the worst I ever beheld." For the rest, this minister's letters to Lee, saying why the king could not receive him, nor recognize American independence until France had done so, express but faint sympathy with our colonies, and in no instance mention the name of Washington.

We may thus feel tolerably certain that no gift was ever sent by Frederick the Great to Washington, and that he never recognized in any remark the greatness of Washington.

There was, however, a sword sent to Washington from Germany. In 1795 Theophilus Alte, of Solingen, made the sword, which was No. 428 in the Centennial Exhibition (loaned by Miss Alice Riggs), and sent it to General Washington by his son. The son did not take it to Washington, but pawned it at a tavern in Philadelphia for thirty dollars. A gentleman redeemed it and left it with another in Alexandria, who repaid the money and sent it to Washington. On it is Washington's name and an inscription in German: "Condemner of despotism, preserver of liberty, glorious man, take from my son's hands the sword, I beg you. A. Solingen." This translation was made for Washington, who thought it was Dutch, and

"Solingen" the name of a man at Amsterdam. But a year later Alte wrote to him and the facts came out. This was the sword chosen by George Steptoe Washington under the terms of his uncle's will. It was buried during the civil war, and is rusty, but its admirable workmanship is still evident. Washington was a good deal mystified about the sword, and instituted inquiries during the year in which he heard nothing from Alte or his son. It is possible that during that time the story which had been told about a picture of Frederick was modified into a sword legend.

But there was another gift to Washington which may be mentioned in this connection. Mrs. Ella Bassett Washington has shown me a charming diary kept by her grandfather, Robert Lewis (Washington's nephew), during the first months after the inauguration (1789), when he was the President's private secretary. Among the amusing entries is this: "April 30 Mrs. Duer made the President a compliment of a very curious East India pipe, which we all had the pleasure of smoking out of." This was also exhibited in the Loan Exhibition (No. 433), described as the "Water-jar of a Narghile Pipe"; at least I have little doubt that it is the same. It is described in the catalogue as "presented to Washington by Charles Frederick, Grand Duke of Baden." This bell-shaped bronze bowl, or "hubble-bubble," some seven inches high, has on its side the inlaid brass letters "G. W.," and on the bottom "Charles Frederick." How it came to be among President Madison's effects, at the sale of which it was purchased by the father of its present owner, Mr. Frederick McGuire of Washington, is not known; it was Washington's way to give his friends souvenirs of this kind. It may have been presented by Charles Frederick to Mrs. Duer; possibly, indeed, this is a different pipe from that which she gave the President, and may have been sent him by the Grand Duke. It is improbable, however, that the philosophical Charles Frederick, who in 1772 published a work on "Political Economy," would have made so trivial a present. However that may be, the "hubble-bubble" would have attracted the Custis children before they could distinguish the "Charles Frederick" on it from the famous Frederick whose bust was a prominent ornament at Mount Vernon. The effigy of Frederick, the Frederick bronze, and the beautiful Solingen sword with its German inscription, may have been fused in their imaginations and taken the form of the old legend about the picture, which, as we have seen, appeared in 1780.

Perhaps no actuality can be cited which so illustrates the hold of Washington on the American heart as the history of this sword-myth.

There appears no reason why the legend should invest one of Washington's swords rather than another, and there is no indication that his nephew, Bushrod Washington, had any knowledge of the legend when he selected this one. No doubt he did so because it was Washington's dress sword. The New York State Library Report (January, 1874) says: "It was frequently worn by Washington on state occasions, as in 1791 when he received the Senate at his private residence in Philadelphia. It is represented also in some of the portraits of Washington; for example, the portrait painted by Vanderlyn for the United States House of Representatives in 1834. At the time when the sword of Washington and the staff of Franklin were presented in the House of Representatives in 1843, this sword 'from Frederick' was referred to as being still in the possession of one of the Washington family."

This presentation occurred February 8, 1843. The Honorable G. W. Summers, of Kanawha, Virginia, presented the articles for Samuel T. Washington, son of the Samuel (Washington's nephew) to whom was bequeathed the last choice of the swords. It appeared, however, that when the nephews assembled for the choice they agreed that the last should be first, since Samuel alone had taken military service with his uncle. Samuel selected the "service sword," marked "1757," which Washington had borne in all his great battles, having, to quote Summers, "preferred it to all the others, among which was the ornamented and costly present from the great Frederick."

This, of 1843, is the earliest reference to the mythical sword which I have found. It would be interesting to know whether the legend, "From the oldest general in the world to the greatest," was known at that time. It was not alluded to by any of the speakers in either House, among these being the venerable John Quincy Adams, who had made inquiries about the Alte sword in Holland while minister there. From that time, however, it was known that the supposed Frederick-Washington sword had passed to Bushrod, and on his death to his brother George Corbin Washington. On the death of the latter (1854) the sword was inherited by his son Colonel Lewis William Washington, and was among the many Washington relics of his mansion, Bel Air, Halltown, Harper's Ferry.

Colonel Lewis Washington's treasures have had eventful histories. Of his two pistols of Lafayette, one was stolen in Philadelphia in 1841, while on its way to a charitable exhibition in New York; the other fell into the hands of John Brown's son, and was restored by Hyatt in 1860. A watch seal lost by Wash-

ington on the field of Braddock's defeat was found there amid flattened bullets by Daniel Boone Logan in 1842, and was restored to Colonel Lewis Washington in 1856. In 1827 another of Washington's seals was lost by his father while hunting in Montgomery County, Maryland, where it was found by a farmer (Cleggett) in 1844 and restored. But the career of the sword was not accidental, while much more wonderful.

When John Brown went to conquer the South with twenty-three men he believed that the less he trusted arms of flesh the more Jehovah might be depended on to unsheathe his sword. The only other sword Brown considered worthy to be used by the Almighty was that which Washington was said to have received from Frederick the Great. One of Brown's men (Cook) came as a spy to Bel Air, and was hospitably shown the Washington relics for which he inquired. Brown told Colonel Washington, after taking him prisoner, that he wished to get hold of the sword "because it has been used by two successful generals." The superstition cost him dear. In order to get the sword Brown detached six of his men to go after it — five miles away. He thus lost half a day, and all chance of escape. Seventeen lives were offered as on an altar before this mythical sword.

When the war came on Colonel Lewis Washington confided this sword, with other family treasures, to a poor neighbor, Mr. Odin, indebted to him from boyhood for many kindnesses. Bel Air was vainly searched by Union soldiers for the famous sword. No one thought of searching the humble cabin of Odin.

Odin! Significant name! Mr. Albert Welles, surpassing all the ambitious pedigrees invented for Washington, has boldly derived him from the god Odin. But Odin was preëminently the "god of the sword." Mythologists have identified Odin's sword as the lightning; but from it are descended, by mythological lineage, the supernatural sword of Siegfried, Arthur's "Excalibur," and the equally mythical sword which Frederick the Great sent to Washington. Mythologically these are all one and the same sword. By the fabulous consecration of Washington's name the sword had raised Frederick to honors he nowise merited, had been pictured in Congress as ornamented and costly, had pierced the heart of Brown and was wielded by his "marching" soul; while in reality it was an ordinary piece of American manufacture which a "poor white" Odin protected in his cabin, and which, by its mythical fame, brought Mrs. Washington a larger sum from New York than any actually historical relic in her possession.

Moncure D. Conway.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A "Cheap Money" Lesson from History.

THE desire for "cheap money," under the delusion that plenty of it will make everybody's life easier and his burdens lighter, is very many years old. Nothing is more interesting and instructive in the study of financial history than the almost constant recurrence of the same fallacies and popular crazes in different countries during the past three hundred years or more. The prophets of new panaceas of to-day are simply preaching the half-truths and misleading sophistries of similar prophets in various lands at almost any time since the close of the seventeenth century. They have all started from the same general point; that is, dissatisfaction with established financial methods and the assumption that the moneyed classes, the bankers and capitalists, are the enemies and oppressors of the poorer classes.

There are many illustrations to support these observations which we might cite from history, but none which bears more directly upon certain aspects of our financial experience as a nation than that of the famous Land Bank scheme, put forward in England in the reign of William and Mary, in 1693. It appeared amid a swarm of other financial plans which were broached in the English Parliament when the proposition to establish the Bank of England was under consideration. There were in existence at that time two great public banks renowned throughout Europe, the Bank of St. George at Genoa, and the Bank of Amsterdam. The former had existed for nearly three hundred years, and the latter for more than eighty, and both had demonstrated many times their ability to withstand the severest financial crises. England felt the need of a similar financial bulwark, and its establishment was decreed in 1694, when the act of foundation for the Bank of England was passed by Parliament. While that act was under consideration, one Hugh Chamberlain, who had fitted himself for the solving of financial problems by practising medicine, came forward with a scheme for a Land Bank. The peculiarity of this bank was that its currency was to consist solely of notes issued in unlimited quantities upon landed security. Every person who had real property was to be allowed to hold the land and at the same time receive an issue of paper money to its full value. Thus, says Macaulay in his picturesque account of the scheme, if a man's "estate was worth two thousand pounds, he ought to have his estate and two thousand pounds in paper money." But this was not all. He ought also to be allowed to rate the value of his estate at as many times its annual income as the number of years for which it was pledged. Thus if its income was a thousand dollars, a grant of it for twenty years must be worth \$20,000 in paper money, and that for one hundred years \$100,000. Everybody who opposed this remarkable form of reasoning was denounced as a "usurer." In laying his plan before Parliament, Chamberlain undertook to raise eight thousand pounds upon every freehold estate of one hundred

and fifty pounds a year, which would be brought into his bank without dispossessing the freeholder. The plan was considered in committee and was reported favorably to the House, the committee declaring that it was practicable and would tend to benefit the nation; but the report was never acted upon.

The scheme was revived in 1696, but in a somewhat less ridiculous form. Chamberlain was forced, under protest, to abandon his idea that a lease of land for a term of years was worth many times the fee simple, and to be content with a bank which lent money on landed security to the full value of the land. He offered also to lend the Government, in return for the Land Bank's charter, more than two and a half million pounds at seven per cent. The Bank of England had, in return for its charter, advanced to the Government only one million, at eight per cent. William, being in pressing need of money for his military operations in the Netherlands, welcomed the prospect of such generous aid, and was not disposed to question the source from which it came. The country members were, according to Macaulay, "delighted by the prospect of being able to repair their stables, replenish their cellars, and give portions to their daughters," and at the same time retain possession of their land. A bill was passed authorizing the Government to borrow two million five hundred and sixty-four thousand pounds at seven per cent. If before the 1st of August the subscription for one-half of this loan should have been filled, and one-half of the sum subscribed should have been paid into the exchequer, the subscribers were to become a corporate body under the name of the National Land Bank. As this bank was intended expressly to accommodate country gentlemen, it was forbidden to lend money on any other private security than a mortgage on land, and must lend on such mortgages at least half a million annually, at a rate not to exceed three and a half per cent. if payments were quarterly, or four per cent. if they were half-yearly. The market rate of interest at the time on the best mortgages was full six per cent.

In order to set a good example the king subscribed five thousand pounds just before his departure on his Netherland campaign, and signed a warrant appointing commissioners to receive the names of subscribers. A great meeting was held in behalf of the new bank, rooms were taken in two different parts of London for the receiving of subscriptions, and agents were sent into the country to inform the country gentlemen of the dawn of the new era of prosperity. Three weeks passed after the opening of the subscription books, and it was discovered that only six thousand five hundred pounds, including the king's five thousand, had been subscribed. The 1st of August came, and the whole amount subscribed by the nation in addition to the king's subscription reached only two thousand one hundred pounds. The promoters of the scheme begged the Government for more time, and for a reduction in the amount required to be paid in before

the act of incorporation should be issued; and the Government, being in great stress for funds, conceded that if four hundred thousand pounds were advanced the bank should be incorporated at the next session of Parliament. But concessions were of no avail in stimulating subscriptions. The term of the commission expired, and the offices were closed upon a total collapse of the enterprise.

The causes of this failure are so clear that it is a wonder anybody ever expected a different result. The avowed object of the scheme was to benefit the land owners who wished to borrow money, and to injure the "moneyed men, those worst enemies of the nation." "The fact is," says Professor Thorold Rogers in his luminous account of the affair in his "First Nine Years of the Bank of England," "the landed men hated the moneyed men with a bitterness in which envy, contempt, pride, and religious bigotry were the strongest ingredients. They looked on their growing wealth with envy, on their occupation with scorn, on their birth with disdain, on their creed and discipline with intolerant hate. Now in such a frame of mind such people will believe anything, even such a quack as Chamberlain was—not the first adventurer who has imagined himself a financier." Yet upon these very moneyed men they depended absolutely for the success of their enterprise. As Macaulay says, the "country gentlemen wished well to the scheme; but they wished well to it because they wanted to borrow money on easy terms; and, wanting to borrow, they of course were not able to lend it. The moneyed class alone could supply what was necessary to the existence of the Land Bank; and the Land Bank was avowedly intended to diminish the profits, to destroy the political influences, and to lower the social position of the moneyed class. As the usurers did not choose to take on themselves the expense of putting down usury, the whole plan failed in a manner which, if the aspect of public affairs had been less alarming, would have been exquisitely ridiculous."

There have been within the past year several schemes for the relief and benefit of the farmers of the country which were scarcely more rational than this of the quack of 1693. If any of them were to be embodied in law, it would fail to accomplish the results expected of it, for reasons similar to those which made the failure of the Land Bank scheme so certain. The moneyed class is always in the position to guard itself against the bad effects of disturbing financial legislation, and even to profit by it at the expense of the poorer class. A competent authority upon the subject of farm mortgages declares that ninety per cent. of them are negotiated by systematic lenders, banks, and corporations organized for this express purpose, and that it has been the custom of many of these lenders to make the mortgage debt, both principal and interest, payable in gold. It is believed that fully one-half of all the mortgage indebtedness of the country is in terms expressly payable in gold, though this is more generally the case in urban than in farm loans. If we were to have free silver coinage, and the country were to reach the silver standard, and gold were to rise to one hundred and twenty or thereabouts, mortgagers who are counting upon having their debts reduced by the change would soon discover their error: They would find that they would have to pay one hundred and

twenty dollars in silver for every instalment of one hundred dollars interest in gold. In other words, they, and not the capitalists and money-lenders, would be the losers from this as from every other form of "cheap money."

The Effect of Christian Science and Mind-cure on "the Regular Practice."

THE belief in Christian Science and Mind-cure, so widely prevalent, has not only its grave dangers and ill results, but a more advantageous aspect. In so far as a passive superstition attempts to deal with active causes of disease and death, this mental phenomenon is not to be tolerated. Examples are found in the indictments brought against Christian Scientists in several States in cases where death has resulted from palpable neglect of established methods of combating definitely known dangers. In this aspect of the case time only can bring about a radical cure, aided by a strict enforcement of law. There remains, however, a class of afflictions in which the sufferer is not ailing so much in body as in mind, where the problem of cure lies in the answer to the familiar question as to the best methods of "ministering to a mind diseased." Such suffering is very commonly characterized by great mental pain. By mental pain we mean melancholia, nervous prostration, and the vast range of indefinable suffering which results from the disordered activity of the nervous system. It is given to but few to have their perturbations rise to the dignity of "sweet bells jangled, out of tune." Unrest, sleeplessness, anxiety, irritability, such are the common and lesser pains inevitable to nearly all dwellers under highly civilized conditions. The phrase "out of harmony with one's environment" perhaps expresses this condition as well as any other. A cure can obviously not be accomplished by a transient agent. A stimulant may temporarily bring happiness, a narcotic produce sleep, or a change of scene may, for the time being, divert; but so soon as the recently established condition lapses and the original causes begin to act, the first effect is reproduced. Such suffering is acute in proportion as it is realized. Thus a mother caring for a number of small children bears a thousand ills almost unconsciously which the woman living at ease and with only herself to favor esteems the height of misery.

When analyzed closely, it has been found that pain is disordered nervous action not necessarily dependent upon any permanent structural change. The remedy for such conditions lies primarily in a return to something like the normal condition of human existence; a large number of hours spent in contact with the natural and not the artificial world; a reduction of the wants of life and their gratification to somewhat of the simplicity which marks less complex conditions of civilization, and an adjustment of labor performed and energy exercised by the different parts of the human organism resulting in harmonious action and not in discord—such would be an attempt at a radical cure; but this is rarely possible except to the few.

There remains, however, the marvelous power of mind over body, and what is termed in more exact language the inhibitory or commanding action of mind over matter. In this sense the belief that a pain does not exist when that pain is not dependent upon an alteration in the actual structures of the body, but is de-

pendent upon a temporarily disordered nervous action, may be an efficient cure. An amusing example was recently furnished by the child of a Christianly Scientific mother. In playing with other children this little one received a bump, which created temporarily disordered nervous action. True to her mother's teaching, she refused to cry, asserting that she felt no pain, a statement which her effort at self-control rendered questionable: she certainly inhibited or controlled a manifestation of that pain. In a moment, however, she suggested to her playmate that, as there was not candy enough to go around, the playmate should imagine that she was eating candy, when she would have the sweet taste in her mouth. Here the success of the hypothesis ended, and at once a lack of harmony in the playmate's environment arose which resulted in a protest against the paucity of the supply of sweets.

It is a very old observation that a dominant idea is valuable in controlling the human being, and whether it be in the bearing of pain or in the devotion which leads the Turk to die contentedly before the Russian bullets, belief is a factor that may be turned to great advantage. Indirectly, Christian Science may prove an aid to medical science. The intelligent physician of to-day could receive no greater aid in the scientific practice of his profession than to be emancipated by his patients from the obligation invariably to prescribe a drug. When people are willing to employ physicians to order their lives so that they may live in health, the custom which binds the physician to prescribe something for his patient will be unnecessary. As we have become more civilized this state of affairs is gradually coming into place; but there still lingers the expectation that the doctor's visit means drugs. Christian Science and Faith-cure, more refined than the spiritualistic beliefs which have preceded them, form an interesting study in mental pathology, and mark an advance from the grosser stage of table-tipping and magnetic doctors to a recognition of the fact that among the weapons employed by the scientific physician of to-day an appeal to a determined purpose to overcome pain is worthy of a place beside antiseptics and anodynes and tonics.

Country Roads.

THERE are few signs that the quite persistent agitation of the question of improving the condition of country roads, which has been in progress for many years, has had an appreciable effect upon the dwellers of our country towns. It may be that in a few isolated instances better and more scientific methods of road-building have been adopted, but in the great majority of towns the old method of scraping the dust and compost from the gutters back again upon the roadway from which travel and the storms of heaven had removed it is the sole form of repair which has been put in practice. The roads are continued thus, in about equally bad condition, throughout the year. They are heavy and even miry in the spring and fall, and dusty and muddy by turns throughout the summer. It is the literal truth that the prevailing method of repairing is the same now as in the early colonial days, when any road was considered good enough for all purposes so long as it had not in it rocks or holes of sufficient size to upset a carriage. As a people we should not have lagged so far behind the nations of the Old World in the art of

road-making if we had not passed so soon from the colonial or frontier stage of settlement into the railroad stage of communication. The advent of the railroad not only threw the post-roads, which were the only lines of communication upon which anything like systematic care was exercised, out of use, but by opening up new regions for settlement they dispersed people over a much wider area, and made the general building of good roads impossible. All roads became simply avenues of approach to the railways, and all were treated with equal neglect.

Appeals have been made many times to the rural population to improve their highways for their own economic benefit, the contention being that a well-made road is the best investment which the inhabitants of a town could make, since it would save them its cost many times over in lessening the wear and tear of vehicles, horses, and oxen, and in economizing time. They could carry heavy loads over it at all seasons of the year with much less strain upon animals and vehicles and far more quickly. It has been estimated by excellent authorities that the present slipshod method of road making and repairing, with its system of "working out the taxes," and the delay and wear and tear, cost each household not less than ten dollars a year. This is far more than the cost of schools, and almost as much as all State and Federal taxes combined. It seems to be impossible, however, to make much impression with arguments of this kind. The country people look at the first cost of the proposed improvement, and refuse to look beyond that to the benefits which the investment would bring.

The great increase in the "summer-boarder industry" during recent years ought to exert a powerful influence in the right direction. That industry has become so important in New England that two governors in that region, those of Maine and New Hampshire, called attention to it in their annual messages last January, and suggested plans for its further development. The governor of New Hampshire estimated the amount of money left in the State during the previous year by summer visitors at \$5,000,000. There are many other States in which this would be a reasonable estimate of the revenue from the same source. The editor of a Vermont newspaper went into particulars upon the value of this industry at the close of the season in August last, and in the course of his analysis said that the presence of one thousand city boarders in a rural country was equivalent to the bringing in of \$100,000 in money to be left in exchange for the products of the inhabitants; that the good effects were felt in every farm in the country, supplying close at home a good market for all its products; and that, taken all together, the "summer-boarder industry" leads all others, brings in the most money, and pays the most profit." The same authority went on to say, "But the summer-boarder industry never can be built up if the people go on spoiling the beauty of their roads by cutting away their decorations of shrubs and vines and flowers, which are the very things that the summer boarder comes to see and enjoy." He was dwelling especially upon the esthetic side of the road question, but what he said affords an equally strong argument upon the practical side of it, for there is no surer magnet for the summer boarder than well-made roads which afford pleasant driving at all times.

There is not a rural town within boarding distance of a great city which could not at slight expense assure itself all the city boarders that it could accommodate by the simple process of systematically and intelligently improving and beautifying its roads. If it were to appoint a town committee with power to employ experts, or to obtain expert advice, and to carry out the suggestions thus obtained in road improvement, the mere public advertisement of that proceeding would attract boarders from all directions. The expense would not be great. In nearly every case the gravel or cracked stone necessary for the construction of a serviceable, well-drained road can be obtained within moderate distance. There is, for example, in some parts of Orange County, in New York State, a kind of soft red

sandstone to be found in great abundance, which crushes readily under the wheels and makes a hard, firm road-bed which is never dusty and never muddy, which is yielding to the horses' feet and most agreeable to ride over. Ordinary gravel can be used with almost equally good results. The main thing is to secure something like scientific knowledge in the construction of the road and in the mixture of materials. The vicious idea that anybody can make a road by shoveling dirt into the middle of it from the gutter, or, what is the same thing in a wholesale form, hauling it there by means of a "scraper," must be abandoned at the outset, and not only abandoned but prohibited. Until that is done no reform will be possible.

OPEN LETTERS.

A Play and an Actor.

"FRENCH may be sometimes heard spoken in the Rue de la Paix" of the gay capital of France, says Henry James, and, similarly, it may be said that there may sometimes be seen upon the stage something that looks like nature. I am not of that goodly company of graybeards — though for their opinions I entertain the most profound respect — who contend that the drama is in its decadence, and that the actresses of to-day are not the radiant creatures, nor the actors the brilliant geniuses, who made splendid the glad theaters of two generations ago. Two centuries have nearly slipped by since Colley Cibber cried out against the decadence of the drama and indignantly inveighed against the lewd undraped French dancers and posturers who usurped the then "inconstant stage" of England and drove from it its noblest ornaments. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, in 1702, Steele made public protest, in the prologue to his comedy of "The Funeral," against the supremacy on the stage of matter as opposed to mind; of the ascendancy of the carpenter, the costumer, and the property-man, and the power of the mountebank to banish even Shakspeare from the boards. This protest is worthy of reproduction at this time when the outcry comes, as if it were original, against the carpenter's, machinist's, and upholsterer's drama, so called.

Nature's deserted and dramatic art,
To dazzle now the eye, has left the heart;
Gay lights and dresses, long-extended scenes,
Demons and angels moving in machines;
All that can now or please, or fright the fair,
May be performed without a writer's care,
And is the skill of carpenter, not player.
Old Shakspeare's days could not thus far advance;
But what's his buskin to our ladder dance?
In the mid region a silk youth to stand,
With that unwieldy engine at command!

The drama has always been, from its birth up, apparently, in a state of decay; the living can easily remember when France denied Christian burial to actors, or when England by formal decree made them vagabonds before the law, and every one is familiar with the old nursery rhyme:

Hark, hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town,
Some in rags and some in jags,
And some in velvet gowns.

But every one, possibly, does not know that the "beggars" therein referred to were the strolling players, though of them there was once the afterward great queen of tragedy, Sarah Siddons, whose portrait Sir Joshua Reynolds painted as the "Muse of Tragedy," and who, reverently painting his name upon the hem of her garment, declared that in being permitted to do so he had achieved fame enough. My authority for saying that Mrs. Siddons was one of the nursery doggerel "beggars" is David Garrick, who, in an unpublished letter to Moody, asks, "Do you know anything of a Mrs. Siddons strolling down your way?" Edmund Kean was another of the motley crew of vagabonds who strolled and starved along England's green lanes or icy roads for years together before he stood the triumphant master of the stage on that bitterly cold and stormy night when, dressed in the gabardine of the Jew, he evoked the plaudits that shook the roof of Drury Lane by his incomparable acting, and by which he saved the fortunes of the house.

I do not believe that the old actors were better or greater than the new. I rather think that they were only different from these, and I am not at all assured that the "sing-song" declamation of Mrs. Siddons, of which Hazlitt makes mention, was as effective as the hurtling words of Bernhardt which are flung straight at the hearts of the audience from her tongue with the force of David's sling, with the directness of the stone, and with effect as startling if not as tragical. Garrick was, no doubt, a great actor, but was his power to subdue an audience to his humor greater than Salvini's in tragedy? It would appear, from all that we know of him, that Garrick was a more accomplished comedian than tragedian. Still, I do not believe that he was the superior of Burton, Burke, Warren, or Jefferson.

I know that the "Clémenceau Case," the "Brass Monkey," and other plays of which they are respectively representative, still hold the stage. I also know that the plays for which the former stand justify all the condemnation of the acted drama which ignorance, begot of prejudice, or wisdom, begot of morality, has thundered against it from pulpit and sanctum.

At a time when the undraped spectacle, the vapid burlesque, the tainted comedy, the over-wrought melodrama, seem to be most aggressive in their popularity, and at a time when the remaining great old actors of

classic tragedy and elegant comedy only pause awhile to give to the latest generation of playgoers a touch of their fine quality before making their adieus, there appears an actor of such assured talents, and there is produced upon the American stage a class of plays, that confutes and shames the inconsiderate condemners of the theater. Of this wholesome class is "Captain Swift," which is the pitiful story once more, and nobly retold, of the man of ruined blood working out in the direful tragedy of his own life the old Hebraic curse which visited upon the children the sins of the parent. A still better example of this finer sort of play is that of "The Middleman," which was lately seen at Palmer's Theater on Broadway. One such play, as fitly set upon the stage, as fairly acted in its lesser parts, as nobly acted in its greater ones, would be of itself enough to turn the tide of general condemnation, which, like to the Propontis, flows forever on against the entire drama.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play, which is a picture of modern English life, possesses at least the charm of novelty of treatment, if not of striking originality of conception. Something of the plot we have all seen before, and the characters are not all absolutely unfamiliar. Again and again, with greater or lesser change, has the story of "The Middleman" been retold to rapt audiences; again, and yet many times again, have those who are of it a part strutted and fretted their brief hour upon the stage for our pleasure or our pain; but let it be said, as it must be said in truth, it has all been presented to us with a difference.

The plot of "The Middleman" is so originally wrought out to its fit conclusion as to make it seem wholly new: the characters are so strongly, delicately drawn; they are so sentient, of such human sort, as to make them appear as men and women that we have known in the daily ups and downs of this workaday world of ours.

It is a play with a purpose,—a moral, if you will,—which is, the exaltation of achievement. It shows a man beset by all that saps and weakens manhood, one upon whose ruined life disasters "follow fast and follow faster"; but who, despite them all, because of his invincible devotion to and persistence in one great object, which is a creative one, grows in manliness and strength, and whose endeavor is crowned with triumph. The play is a pæan chanted to the man who *does* something for the world's betterment—to the man who, bearing down all opposition, achieves the purpose for which, in that simple faith which fails not by the way, he has wrought with marvelous courage and patience through entire decades.

But Mr. Jones's play, admirable as it is, would not attract and hold us as it does were it not for the excellent acting of it. Gilbert and Sullivan fused their genius for letters and music with the happy results of "Pinafore" and "The Mikado"; but in "The Middleman" the author and the actor have combined their talent so firmly, deftly, and harmoniously as to produce the effect of a performance as whole as the marble, and one which for its consistency of design and execution can scarcely be too highly commended.

It is only just to the actor, Mr. E. S. Willard, to say that his genius outruns that of the author. The art of the player is of more original, finer, subtler stuff than that of the playwright; it has the power to evoke sen-

timents and passions from the vasty deep of the entranced fancy, of which the author neither schemed nor dreamed; it creates images of wondrous power and beauty, which become forever fixed upon the mind of the spectator sitting at the play.

As it has been herein suggested, Mr. Willard has to do in this drama with materials not too new, only newly made over. He is a stage father as familiar almost as the stage itself. But he appears before his audience in shape so strange, with power to charm the senses so assured, with genius to beguile the feelings so subtle, as to make it appear as if he were the first of stage fathers whose child was wronged, whose home was desolated, whose heart was broken.

Mr. Willard's entrance upon the stage proclaimed his indisputable right to the center of it; it recalled Kean's original entrance before the floats of Drury Lane when as *Shylock* he leaned upon his crutched stick listening to *Bassanio's* offers of security, and of the conclusive verdict rendered to his neighbor by that great authority of his day, Dr. Arnold: "He will do." Mr. Willard's gaunt, wasted figure; his unconsidered garb; his distraught manner; his introspective look; his unconsciousness of the unfitness of himself to his surroundings; his contempt for things material; his absorption in the single idea that possessed his mind, even as did his love for his daughter possess his heart—all made up a picture of such intense interest as to catch and fix in an instant the eye, the ear, the mind, and the heart of his audience.

Greater actors than Mr. Willard his audiences may have seen, but I doubt if for many years they have seen a more original one. He has, as *Cyrus Bledkarn*, whistled down the wind the most cherished traditions of the theater. At the end of the second act, when he hears of the shame and flight of the child that he has loved with a love greater than that of Rachel for her children; when he hears that she is lost to him, to home, to honor, the old wonted curse of the stage father is anticipated, and not vainly. It follows, of course, but it is as no other stage father's curse ever was. The stricken man, standing amid the ruins of his home, with all that made home precious, sweet, and beautiful, rudely shattered, does not pray God to destroy his enemies, but to give to him the power to do it. He cannot trust the consummation of his vengeance even to the divine arm; his own must strike the blow; he himself must wreak the vengeance.

The author's manner of phrasing the mixed supplication and imprecation, fine as it is, is of little power compared with the actor's manner of pronouncing it. He should, by all the law and custom of the acted drama from Thespis to the last melodramatic star, rush madly to the footlights, fall heavily upon his knees, upreach his clasped hands, and, banishing all tones not thunderous, vociferously tear good passion to tatters, splitting the ears of the groundlings and terrifying them with noise.

Mr. Willard does nothing of the kind. He does not approach the footlights; he does not fall upon his knees; he does not vociferate his prayer; but standing erect, in the center of the stage, his thin hands—stained with the clay in which they wrought and in which lies buried the secret for which his mind struggles vainly—outstretched to the farthest limit, he

speaks in a low, measured monotone which is as deep as the nethermost depths of human misery, suffering, and wrong; and, so standing and speaking, he seems as one fit to command from Heaven itself the boon of vengeance for which he supplicates. It has been objected to by some of Mr. Willard's critics that his tone is both too low and too monotonous in this scene; but it is to be considered, we think, by its effect upon the ears, the hearts, of those upon which it falls. I doubt if those who have heard the curse of *Lear* as Booth pronounced it, or of *Richelieu* as Forrest delivered it, were ever more moved by it, though it was sounded in a more heroic key, than were those who heard Mr. Willard's more subdued prayer. No one, I believe, was ever quite certain that *Lear's* or *Richelieu's* curse would have fulfillment, but no one doubted that *Cyrus Blenkarn's* would. The strange figure of "that poor bankrupt there" was clothed with his great wrong in majesty and power so great as to seem to compel the vengeance for which he asked. The man appeared for the moment to the overwrought imagination of the spectator to be himself the awful minister of retributive justice; he seemed to fill the stage, to pervade every part of it. He appeared more than a man, an overpowering image of one on whom sin and sorrow and suffering had laid their hands to dignify, strengthen, and ennoble. He seemed as great as fate itself, and those who heard his supplication knew that it would be answered, that *Cyrus Blenkarn's* enemies would be made even as he prayed they should be, as wax in his hands. It was not the author's words, but the actor's art, that assured to the audience the consummation of his prayer far in advance of its realization.

The great purpose—the moral—of the play is not destroyed, not impaired even, by the man's petition and hope for vengeance upon those who had wrought him such sore hurt. This baser desire of a noble mind was but an episode, a temporary yielding to temptation which vanished when the opportunity to realize it came to *Cyrus Blenkarn*. They who had wrought him ill were subdued, even as he had prayed they should be, to his will; but with all his wrongs and sorrows thick upon him he sat down in the place of wealth and power from which he had displaced them and simply asked, the time having come when he could say, Vengeance is mine, and I will repay, "What would *Mary* do?" He knew what the child that he had so loved, and had for so long mourned as wronged and dead, would do. He knew that, out of her infinite goodness, she would forgive her enemies even as she would be forgiven. So, in tribute to and influenced by his abiding love for her and her power over him still, he also forgave them. He did more. He gave them of his plenty. Then the original great purpose and moral of the play stood unbroken by any lesser, baser one.

At the end of the third act, in the firing-house, when *Cyrus Blenkarn* threw down the wall of the oven and with mad haste and trembling hands, his noble face blanched to the color of the clay, seized the crate of crumbling clay, the actor's look, his low, sharp cry of despair, struck despair to every heart in the theater, and when, a moment later, from among the shattered forms of beauty he plucked the perfect vase, holding with it, in his eager, hungry hands, the recovered secret of the ancient Tatlow pottery, dead and

buried a hundred years, and dead and buried forever except for him, his exaltation, his mighty triumph,—for which he had paid down the price of hope a thousand times defeated, of thought, of labor, of the sacrifice of all the golden years of youth and manhood, and of all the things which others do hold more precious than life itself,—was only more pitiful than his previous desperation. The actor did not rave nor shout because he had discovered the secret of the lost art, the discovery of which would make him rich, famous; that would put his enemies as wax into his hands for him to stamp and mar and crush as his long-delayed and ever-increasing vengeance willed him to do. The moment of his triumph was one of those supreme ones in which the overwrought heart finds no relief in words. As the curtain fell upon this marvelously impressive scene *Cyrus Blenkarn* held close to his heart the precious vase which was vital with an art that his genius of patience and labor had restored to the world. A great joy illumined his face, but he said nothing. There were five recalls of the actor on the evening I first saw this scene presented. But the author as well as the actor contributed to its successful ending. The former had provided the body, and the actor had breathed into it the vitalizing breath of his genius, and it so became one of the most sentimentally human scenes of the modern drama.

To the end of the play of "The Middleman" there was no descent from the high plane on which author and actor began it. But it was the greater power of the actor that brought the curtain down upon the last act so effectively. When the daughter that he had so long thought dishonored and dead stood before him, as one risen from the grave, alive, and the happy wife of the man she loved and who loved and honored her, and who had always done so, *Cyrus Blenkarn* stood awed to silence, fearfully bewildered and to reason lost as do those who see spirits walk. And then to see his face change from fear to doubt, from doubt to assurance that it was his living child he saw, and not the ghost of her, and to hear his exultant cry of joy as he flung his arms about and held her close to his old, scarred breast, was to see and hear something worth remembering forever.

We cannot always have actors on the stage of genius or talent like that of Mr. Willard's, but we can, if audiences so will it, have always plays which, like "The Middleman," elevate, not debase, the stage. "The Clémenceau Case" survives only by the sufferance of audiences, and the lovers of the drama have but to turn their backs upon that play and all of its kind to banish them from before the floats. The theater is one of the greatest of teachers. Why should it not be one of the best?

L. Clarke Davis.

The Discoveries of Pasteur, Koch, and Others.

A BRIEF REVIEW TO DATE.

THE subject of microbes and bacteriology has been often discussed before lay audiences. However abstruse the researches which have opened up the modern field of knowledge in this direction, however subtle the technique by which these researches are controlled and prosecuted, the fundamental facts of the subject are easily explained, because they are easily assimilated to those of everyday observation.

Microbes are plants of microscopic minuteness, consisting each of a single cell so small that many thousands must be placed end to end to traverse the diameter of a pin's head. These plants produce spores, exactly analogous to the seeds of visible plants, like those disseminated in the air, or clinging to solid substances, capable of maintaining their vitality for an indefinite time, and ready to grow and reproduce their kind whenever they can find a suitable soil upon which to implant themselves.

It is in the nature of this suitable soil, in the mode and consequences of the growth and reproduction of microbes, that this class of cryptogamic plants distinguish themselves in the most important way from the ordinary denizens of the woods and fields. Like other plants, microbes require oxygen for their development. But instead of appropriating oxygen from the air, they withdraw it from the molecules of organic matter in which they may find themselves embedded. The organic molecule therefore tumbles to pieces, as a wall falls down when bricks are taken out of the middle of it. In other words, the organic matter is decomposed by the intramolecular respiration of the microbes, and new substances are formed from the rearrangement of such molecules as remain.

It is in this way, as Pasteur proved in 1857, that the yeast plant causes the fermentation of beer and bread and wine. Plunged below the surface of the dough or liquid, thus withdrawn from immediate contact with the air, the yeast withdraws oxygen from the sugar of the barley or grape juice, or from the starch of the flour. Part of the oxygen is absorbed into the substance of the yeast plant, which, thus nourished, buds with inconceivable rapidity. The remaining atoms of oxygen unite with the carbon and hydrogen atoms in different proportions to form alcohol, carbonic acid, and glycerin. Thus the process of fermentation, which, in its entirety, had been known from the dawn of history, and in modern times had been explained by chemical theories, was now for the first time made clear, and shown to be an incident in the life history of a microscopic plant, and dependent upon its nutrition—upon its "intramolecular respiration."

That yeast consisted of microscopic cells was proved in 1680 by Leuwenhoek, the improver of the microscope. That these cells were plants, which breathed and grew by budding, was shown by Cagniard de la Tour in 1836; and in 1837 Schwann discovered numerous organic germs in the air, and associated with processes of fermentation and putrefaction. But it was the brilliant researches of Pasteur that first thoroughly explained the mechanism of the relations between fermentation and the vital processes of micro-organisms. From their date the yeast plant, which first enters history—and most dramatically—as the leaven which the Israelites did *not* have when they escaped out of Egypt, has become immortalized as the type of a class of living beings whose importance seems proportioned to their incredible minuteness and their potency to their invisibility.

The association of these micro-organisms with disease was established almost simultaneously with that of their relations to fermentation, and low and humble was the door which opened to research the magnificent field of inquiry now being everywhere prosecuted with such restless activity. It was on the body of the silk-

worm that the first pathogenic organisms were found—by Bassi—in the disease known as the muscardine. Afterward the potato blight and other vegetable diseases were similarly shown to depend on the invasion of microscopic fungi, entering into a struggle for existence with their hosts. Analogous fungi were found in several skin diseases affecting human beings, and finally, in 1853, Davaine discovered little rod-shaped bodies swarming in the blood of patients suffering from splenic fever. Inoculations of animals with a drop of such blood sufficed to produce the disease in them, and a drop of their blood in turn originated the disease, and so on, until by successive generations the original infecting drop might be considered reduced to the trillionth dilution and beyond. The virulence even increased with each new inoculation. The apparent paradox was only explained by the fact that the rod-shaped organisms—the bacilli, as they were thenceforth called—reproduced themselves like plants sown from seed, so that it was a matter of indifference how large a quantity should be originally used as a source of infection.

This fact is of cardinal importance in the theory of infectious diseases, and in the practice of disinfection and prevention. Upon it depends the whole system of antiseptic treatment which, since the Scotchman Lister first deduced it from the researches of Pasteur, has wrought a revolution in surgery unparalleled in the history of the world. It is not enough to diminish the number of germs in the air or the media brought in contact with living tissues liable to infection. The germs must be absolutely excluded, for the fewest number, if falling upon a propitious soil, are liable to propagate rapidly, and to determine all the consequences which could follow the most massive invasion.

The epoch-making discovery of Davaine was followed by similar discoveries in relation to many diseases long known to be infectious, but whose agent of infection had been hitherto shrouded in mystery. Singularly enough, however, it is for several of the most familiar diseases that the precise infecting microbe yet remains to be discovered.

The micro-organisms associated with infecting diseases differ from the yeast plant by their mode of reproduction, and hence belong to a different botanical class. The yeast plant buds, and hence is called the Spross pilze, or budding fungus. The bacteria consisting of either round cells (*Micrococci*), or rods (*Bacilli*), multiply by scission, each cell dividing into two new individuals. They are hence called the splitting fungi, or Spalt pilze (*Schizomycetes*). Like ordinary visible fungi, these microscopic organisms are destitute of the chlorophyll which enables green plants to fix the oxygen of the air, and therefore they withdraw the oxygen needed for their nutrition from the molecules composing the vegetable or animal tissues upon which they may have become implanted. In so doing they resemble the yeast plant, and an analogy is immediately established between the process of fermentation set up by the yeast in organic fluids and the processes of disease often initiated by bacteria in organized tissues.

The process is not always a disease. Many bacteria develop chiefly or exclusively upon dead tissues, animal or vegetable, like the fungi on decaying trunks of trees, and, like them, could obtain no foothold on a living organism. The decomposition and reduction

to elementary gases of the organic substances daily consigned to the earth depends upon this action of countless swarms of bacteria—action in this case most beneficent, indeed, indispensable. Indeed, if the soil be too poor in bacteria, as sometimes is the case with the sand of the sea-shore, organic matter is insufficiently decomposed, and the intermediate products of putrefaction remain to pollute the water of the vicinity.

Again, the intestines of all animals swarm with bacteria. These are present in the pancreatic juice, and they aid the digestive ferments in breaking up the ingested food and providing for its assimilation.

Thus some among these now dreaded bacteria are useful, many others are harmless. Flügge enumerates 132 species of bacteria (*Schizomycetes*), of which 44 are round cells (*Micrococi*); the remaining 88 are little rods (*Bacilli*); 16 species of the first group, and 36 of the second group, originate specific diseases in either man or the lower animals; leaving 80 species which are entirely harmless. The last either never gain access to the animal organism, or, being admitted, quickly die without reproducing themselves, or may even multiply within the tissues of the body yet occasion no disaster.

It is when disaster occurs that the analogy with the fermentation set up in saccharine fluids by the yeast plant becomes most striking. The process of fermentation—i. e., the growth of the yeast plant—is attended by the formation of alcohol, carbonic acid, and a little glycerin. The process of growth of the parasitic bacteria is attended by the formation of numerous organic substances (33 have been described), among which one class possesses well-defined poisonous properties, and resembles in many respects such poisonous vegetable alkaloids as conicin, atropin, woorara, or even morphine. These latter substances have been called ptomaines. Their discovery is one of the most recent and remarkable in bacteriology, for it tends to establish for the first time a plausible theory of the mode of action of pathogenic bacteria. This action could not be satisfactorily explained by the mere presence of bacteria in the body of a patient ill with a given disease; because it often happened that the bacteria seemed to remain localized in one given tissue, yet, nevertheless, the entire organism was poisoned. This is especially the case with diphtheria. The fact seemed inexplicable so long as the microbes were supposed to affect only those tissues with which they came immediately in contact. It is now explained by the supposition that the injurious action is more indirect. The decomposition of living tissue caused by the growth of the bacteria in it is relatively trifling in amount and importance. It is the poison which is formed incidentally during the bacterial growth which is to be dreaded. This first kills the tissue immediately below that in which the bacteria are growing; then, being absorbed, tends to overwhelm the heart and nervous centers. Fresh supplies of poison are constantly being generated at the foci of infection; and this constitutes the characteristic peculiarity of bacterial diseases, and distinguishes the effects of their organic poison from that of the venom of rattlesnakes, which acts once for all at a given dose, and without possibility of reproduction.

The case with which the foregoing statement can be

made and read conceals the enormous difficulty of the researches by which these facts have been demonstrated. Three problems presented themselves—how to recognize the different species of bacteria, identify them, and distinguish them from one another; how to prove their causal relation to specific diseases; how to contrive means to antagonize their injurious action. The method which has led or is leading towards the solution of these problems is profoundly simple in its conception and wonderfully fertile in its results. The bacteria are cultivated in suitable media, as ordinary plants are cultivated in suitable soils. The colonies or masses of microbes thus obtained are visible to the naked eye, and much more readily differentiated than are the microscopic cells from which they originate. The culture of any suspected microbe, therefore, is now always used as a means of identification. By following the complete history of the plant from its invisible origin to the death of the visible masses which have been generated under the eye of the observer, it becomes possible to discover what circumstances favor, what antagonize, the growth.

This culture method is due to Pasteur. He sowed micro-organisms in alkaline fluids, whose exact composition he delicately varied until the most favorable conditions were obtained. A minute drop from such a fluid, though representing the trillionth dilution of the original substance, would swarm with bacteria reproduced from the original stock, and inoculated under the skin of animals would produce the same symptoms as had resulted from the original infection.

It was therefore by the results of experimental inoculation that the fluid cultures enabled the observer to identify any species of bacteria. An immense stride was made, however, by the substitution of solid substances upon which to cultivate bacteria. This was Koch's first great achievement. He sowed the bacteria first on boiled potatoes, then on gelatin solidified in cakes or in test tubes. So far has this kind of horticulture now advanced that the exact taste of different species of bacteria may be suited by mixing different substances with the nutritive gelatin, among which some form of beef tea seems to be best adapted to these carnivorous herbaceae.

The first micro-organisms discovered were rendered visible in fluids merely by being exposed to very high powers of the microscope (1500 diameters). But as the research continued, and bacteria were sought not only in fluids but in tissues, another device was necessary in order to make them distinguishable. It became necessary to color the specimen, and to find, moreover, some method by which the bacteria could be stained a different color from that of the tissue in which it was embedded. The second great achievement of Koch, after the invention of the gelatin cultures, was the discovery of a stain which did actually succeed in drawing out of its hitherto unfathomable obscurity the tubercle bacillus.

This great discovery was made in 1882, and immediately set observers all over the world to work upon experiments of criticism or control.

The German discovery of a specific agent of infection in tubercular disease had been prepared for by researches made in France in 1866, in which Villemin demonstrated that tuberculosis was an infectious disease, identical in general character with the acute con-

tagious diseases, but differing from them principally in the slowness of its march. It was also known that a constitutional predisposition on the part of the living organism was far more necessary to enable the tubercle bacillus to obtain a foothold in it than seemed to be the case for the agents of such diseases as scarlatina, diphtheria, etc.; also, that direct infection from patient to patient was immensely less liable to occur. These facts of clinical observation all find their rational interpretation in the history of the tubercle bacillus, as it has now been unfolded—a secret history more momentous than that found in the memoirs of a thousand Talleyrands, for in such histories literally lie the issues of life and death.

It has been demonstrated by the numerous observers who have followed the guidance of Koch that the tubercle bacillus is present in all the little tumors known as tubercles, which may invade any organ of the body, and are the basis of the lung lesions in consumption. The bacilli are also present in the expectoration of consumptive patients, and the exact nature of a doubtful cough may thus often be diagnosed. The bacilli may be cultivated in masses on gelatin plates, and fragments from these again planted and cultivated, and so on in an indefinite number of successive generations; and inoculations made from minutest fragments of the latest, inoculated into animals, will determine characteristic tubercular disease.

Thus the demonstration is complete that tubercle is caused by the bacillus finding soil favorable to its growth in the tissues of certain peculiarly predisposed persons. The delicacy of the nutritive conditions required for this dangerous invisible organism may be inferred from the fact that the tissues of so many persons will not nourish it, but rather prove deadly to its development.

The ancient problem of Samson seems to have been repeated for the tubercle bacillus. From it alone could be wrenched the discovery of the means by which its strength could be antagonized. It had long been known that certain cheesy masses which had been familiar in the lungs of consumptive patients consisted of lung tissue completely destroyed, and reduced to a structureless pulp. It was now inferred, by comparison with the necrotic tissue found around foci of bacteria in acute diseases, that this tissue was destroyed by the direct agency of the bacillus growing in it. Aided by the new discoveries in regard to the production of ptomaines during the growth of bacteria, it was inferred that the destruction of tissue was due, not to the micro-organism itself, but to the poison formed innocently during its growth, as the alcohol is formed incidentally during the growth of the yeast plant. Now when the tissue died, the bacillus embedded in it soon died also, as the coral insect dies in the mausoleum it has built for itself. The problem given could therefore be stated in this form: To find something which will either directly kill the bacillus, or so destroy the tissue in which it is embedded as to arrest its development.

Until the present moment scientific expectation has chiefly been directed along the first line of thought. It has long been known that the products formed during the growth or respiration of bacteria always suffice, when accumulated in sufficient quantity, to annihilate their existence—precisely as a certain accumulation of

carbonic acid gas in the air suffices to kill the animals exhaling it.

Just before the announcement of the most recent and famous discovery of Koch, Dr. Trudeau, of Saranac Lake, carried out a remarkable series of experiments to test the effect of inoculations with fluids in which tubercle bacilli had been growing, and which therefore might be presumed to be saturated with the products of their growth. These experiments were guided by the great doctrine of vaccination, which was the starting point of Pasteur's researches on hydrophobia. The attempt was made, not to cure tubercular disease in animals already affected, but by the inoculation of an attenuated tubercular virus to render them impervious to subsequent inoculations with tubercle. This is the mysterious method by which immunity against small-pox is secured by vaccination, and by which Pasteur seems to have secured immunity against the development of hydrophobia by inoculation with attenuated specimens of rabic poison. Dr. Trudeau's experiments had all negative results, but they are nevertheless extremely interesting.

It is by slightly varying both the method and its intention that Koch's extraordinary results have been obtained. He has made a glycerin extract of a cultivated mass of tubercle bacilli,—precisely how has not yet been told,—and presumes to have thus obtained in a concentrated form the poisonous substance whose incessant production enables the living bacillus to destroy the tissue around itself. Injection of this substance into the body of a patient, although at a distance from the seat of the disease, thus intensifies and accelerates the destructive, the necrosing, process going on spontaneously under the influence of the disease. The poison is carried to the tissues whose vitality is already undermined, and destroys them so rapidly that they immediately begin to slough away from the surrounding parts and to be absorbed. It is the absorption of this dead tissue into the circulation that is apparently the cause of the fever which is so constantly produced as a result of the lymph injections. By the uprooting of the soil on which they were growing like a destructive mold the bacilli are also uprooted and thrown into the circulation. It is perfectly natural, therefore, that, as has been reported, bacilli should be found in the blood of patients undergoing the treatment. It is not impossible that in some cases they may thus be carried to tissues and organs hitherto uninfected, and re-implant themselves. The immense probability is, however, that the bacilli die in the torrent of oxygenated blood. The researches of Nuttall and other German observers, which have been repeated by Dr. Prudden in New York, have shown that the blood of living animals possesses extraordinary germicidal properties, at all events for many forms of bacilli. Tuberculosis is not a form of blood poisoning; the bacilli creep underground as it were, through the lymphatics, the sewers of the animal economy. Hence, as Dr. Quimby has pointed out in an interesting paper, the specific treatment of tuberculosis by the Koch lymph requires to be reinforced by all hitherto known methods for invigorating the patient, and, especially in pulmonary disease, for stimulating the lymphatic circulation of the lungs.

NEW YORK.

Mary Putnam Jacobi.

"The Builders of the First Monitor" Again.

HAVING no interest or desire except to have the truth fairly told about the first *Monitor*, I should thank Mr. George H. Robinson for his courteous "corrections," in *THE CENTURY* for last November, of certain statements of mine, made in a previous number, if I were able to reconcile the corrections with established dates and facts.

Mr. Robinson says that on "a certain Friday early in September, 1861," Mr. C. S. Bushnell left Hartford for Washington with the plan of the *Monitor*; that it was shown to President Lincoln on "the following Monday"; that it was presented to the Naval Board for the first time "the next day, Tuesday"; and that it was accepted "three days later." According to this the whole transaction at Washington occupied less than a week.

Now the Friday "early in September" could not have been later than the first Friday in the month, which was the 6th. The following Tuesday was the 10th; and "three days later" would, according to Mr. Robinson, fix the 13th as the final date of the acceptance of the plan. But the record shows that on the 16th of September the Naval Board made a report

in which they say that Ericsson's floating battery is "novel" in plan; that they are "apprehensive that her properties for sea are not such as a sea-going vessel should possess"; but as she might be used in still water they recommend that "an experiment be made with one battery of this description with a guarantee and forfeiture in case of failure in any of the properties and points of the vessel as proposed."

It was in pursuance of this report, as I understand the matter, that the preliminary memorandum or agreement for the construction of the *Monitor* was made with Winslow, Griswold, and Bushnell.

It is to be noted that on the 16th of September the Naval Board was in doubt in regard to the seaworthiness of the proposed floating battery. It was to resolve this doubt that Ericsson was induced to go to Washington. He went thither, as his biographer, Colonel Church, says, on the 21st of September. His demonstration of the sea-going qualities of his novel craft was clear and convincing, and the contract for the first *Monitor* was thereupon made with him and his associates. The contract bears date of October 4, 1861.

The difficulty in fitting Mr. Robinson's statement to these dates is apparent.

C. C. Benedict.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

"Literary Clog-Dancing."

I WROTE not long ago to an unknown young correspondent, who had a longing for seeing himself in verse, but was not hopelessly infatuated with the idea that he was born a "poet." "When you write in prose," I said, "you say what you *mean*. When you write in verse you say what you *must*." I was thinking more especially of *rhymed* verse. Rhythm alone is a tether, and not a very long one. But rhymes are iron fetters; it is dragging a chain and ball to march under their incumbrance; it is a clog-dance you are figuring in when you execute your metrical *pas seul*. . . . You want to say something about the heavenly bodies, and you have a beautiful line ending with the word stars. . . . You cannot make any use of cars, I will suppose; you have no occasion to talk about scars; "the red planet Mars" has been used already; Dibdin has said enough about the gallant tars; what is there left for you but bars? So you give up your trains of thought, capitulate to necessity, and manage to lug in some kind of allusion, in place or out of place, which will allow you to make use of bars. Can there be imagined a more certain process for breaking up all continuity of thought, for taking out all the vigor, all the virility, which belongs to natural prose as the vehicle of strong, graceful, spontaneous thought, than this miserable subjugation of intellect to the clink of well or ill matched syllables?

Dr. O. W. Holmes, in "The Atlantic."

O GENIAL Doctor, long the friend
Of poet and of poetling,
Try, try not thus to make an end
Of all young birds that sing,
Or, at the very least, be fair—
Stop not at cars, scars, tars, and bars
While bidding headstrong youth beware
Of rhyming of the stars.

Methinks there is suggestiveness
In the omitted rhyme of spars;
I know not much, but I might "guess"
About the hero Lars.
For serious rhyming, 't would not do
To utilize the local "pars,"
But surely something neat and new
Might be evolved from Mars.

Wars only famous bards may take
When they are rhyming of the stars,
But haply something one might make
Of fervid heat that chars;
And, being skillful, one might twist
A line that finishes with jars—
For never, even in a mist,
"Collide" the wandering stars.

And what of each discarded rhyme?
Were there not ancient days, when cars
Had nought to do with steam and time,
And sometimes "hitched" to stars?
And what of all the heroes who
To Odin showed their wounds and scars?
And why may not a chosen few
Say something more of tars?

I need not name the bard whose rune
Once rhymed the "nebulous bars" with stars;
He knows not that time's flight so soon
His gentle memory mars,—
Or, knowing, cares not,—but his voice,
If he were with us yet, would ring
The while he said, "Be glad, rejoice
That Youth and Love will sing!"

For us, who are old, the chimney-nook,
The level lines of quiet prose;
The first fair pages of the book
Rhyme easily for those
Who, with the dawn-light in their faces,
Tread blithely on the "upward slope."
Forbid them not, from their glad places,
To sing us songs of hope.

Margaret Janvier.

The Riding-School.

THE riding-school is very good,
All my heart desires;
My horse is of the purest blood,
Quite what a maid requires.
My habit fits exceeding well,
My hat has feathers long;

What it is I cannot tell,
But there is something wrong.
I've silver spurs upon my heels,
My gloves are Suedes of tan;
The costume to the men appeals
(I wear it when I can).

I see the others ride about,
Without the least ado,
And am convinced beyond a doubt
That I can do so too.
When I attempt to mount my steed
Ingloriously I fall.
He rushes on in headlong speed
And soon 's beyond recall.

A secret I must first confess,
That he who rides may read —
I want to be a poetess,
And Pegasus is my steed.

Josephine Bemis-Fuller Gill.

One of the Palls.

I WERE a pall to the burryin',
Joe 's finally out o' the way;
Nothin' special ailin' o' him,
Just ol' age and gin'r'l decay.
Hopeto the Lord 'at I 'll never be
Ol' an' decrepit an' useless as he.
Cuss to his fambly the last five year,—
Monstrous expensive with keep so dear,—
'Sides all the fuss an' worryin'.
Terribul trial to get so old—
Cur'as a man 'll continny to hold
On to his life w'en it 's easy to see
His chances for livin', though dreffully slim,
Are better 'n his fambly are lottin' for him.
Joe 'uz 'at kind o' hanger on—
Had n't no sense o' the time to quit;
Stunted descreeshun an' stall-fed grit
Helped him unbuckle many a cinch
Whar sensible men 'u'd 'a' died in the pinch.
Kind o' tickled to hev him gone;
Bested for once an' laid away,
Got him down whar he 's boun' to stay;
I were a pall to his burryin'.

Knowned him for more 'n sixty year back;
Used to be summud older 'an him;
Fought him one night toa huskin' bee,

Licked him in manner uncommon complete;
Every one said 't 'uz a beautiful fight.
Joe he wa'n't satisfied with it that way,
Kep' dingin' along an' w'en he got through
The wust-lookin' critter 'at ever you see
Were stretched on a bed rigged up in the hay—
They carted me home the follerin' day.
Got me a sweetheart purty an' trim—
Told me 'at I 's "a heap lik'er 'n Joe";
Mitted him twict, Joe kep' on the track,
Follered her round ary place she 'u'd go.
Offered to lick him. Says she, "It 's a treat;
Le' 's watch an' fin' out what the poorcritter 'I do."
Watched him, believin' the thing 'uz all right—
That identical gal is Joe's widder to-night.
Run to be jestice, then Joe he run too;
Knowned I 'uz pop'lar, an' he had n't a friend,
So thar wa'n't no use o' my hurryin'.
The 'lection come off, we counted the votes,
I had n't enough—Joe had 'em to lend.
Now all the way through I been takin' notes
O' his disagreeable way,
An' I 'm tickled, a-thinkin' to-day
He 's bested for good in the end;
Got him down whar he 's boun' to stay;
I were a pall to his burryin'.

Deane Robinson.

"Castagne Italiane."

SHE was a very pretty girl;
Her eyes were blue, her figure trim,
And that was all the reason why
The audience was not like it—slim.

But we had seen her in the train,
And so a lot of us went down
To hear the "Concert, interspersed
With readings, by Sophronia Brown."

She stepped upon the little stage,
She smiled, she bowed, and then began:
"At Paris it was, at the opera there—"
One groan we gave, then turned and ran.

And far into the night we heard,
As we raced down the village street,
The vestry organ pealing loud
While the stones clattered 'neath our feet—
"Non ti scordar di me—
Non ti Sc-o-o-r-r-r-da-r-r-r di me-e-e!"

Henrietta Stuart.

Quatrains, Bookish, Wise and Otherwise.

ON SOME MODERN NOVELS.

I FREQUENTLY have thought in reading o'er these
books,
By authors somewhat young and mentally unripe,
How great a pity 't was that these were not *de luxe*—
With margins of such width there was no room for
type.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL NOVELIST TO HIS SON.

MY friends all say you look like me, my boy,
Which gratifies your father's one ambition;
His very being overflows with joy
To think he 's got beyond a first edition.

A REMINDER.

"Shrunk to an epitaph."—*Wyndham Towers.*

IN speaking thus, dear Aldrich, you have erred.
These tributes to the dead are oft so grand
That spirits who 'd deserved them, disinterred
Must e'en live once again and much expand.

John Kendrick Bangs.

Pit Weeds.

If in my garden I let grow,
O thrifty critic, some few weeds,
Cry me not down that I do so,
But say: His nature hath such needs.
A spirit half-reclaimed,
One-half is yet untamed,
And stands at bay —
Say this, and I the word will not gainsay.

Or, seeing in my garden aught
(I fear but little) to approve,
A strain of pity in your thought,
Thus cry: The weeds he doth not love:
The spirit doth avail,
But the weak hands they fail
And face this day —
Say this, and I the word will not gainsay.

But, noting still how proudly I
In the late autumn fill my bowl
With blossoms of a glorious dye
For some faint, hunger-ridden soul,
Then say: These be fit weeds,
Since on them one soul feeds;
Let them have way —
Say this, and I the word will not gainsay.

James Herbert Morse.

Green Mountain Philosophy.

SOCIETY is often more concerned about the way a man enters and leaves a room than about his fitness for being admitted to the room at all.

MANY so-called wits are merely men who have good memories.

To ignore the dangerous arguments of an opponent would be as foolish as for a counterfeiter to omit from his die the clause prescribing the penalty for his act.

THE man who refuses to live in the country because there is "so little going on" there, has inside his own head a place where there is still less going on.

ONE element of shrewdness is, to realize that the man you are dealing with may be more shrewd than yourself.

IN misinterpreting a man's motives you sometimes reveal to him the bent of your own mind.

DISAPPOINTMENT makes many penitents.

WHEN people thank God they are not as other men are, the other men often thank God for it too.

BIRDS of prey have no song.

To deprive one's self of the things which it would be economy to possess is one of the hardest necessities of poverty.

Arthur F. Rice.

Dora's Eyes.

Two images those lights once caught
Of stars, which though for ages taught
To sport in rivulet or lake,
Or sea or ocean, by mistake
Dived down into the dewy deeps
Of Dora's eyes. And still she keeps
Them prisoners, caught fast, I think,
A-napping, by a sudden wink
That snapped the cords—the mystic tie
That bound the vagrants to the sky.

Irving S. Underhill.

A Revised Fable.

You may say, "The grapes are sour,"
Smiling add, "They're hanging high,"
And it is not in my power
Those assertions to deny.

But I'd like to turn the tables,
And display the other side;
For I sometimes think old fables
Show extremely narrow pride.

And the fox—poor, ancient creature!
Has been most misunderstood,
For he surely had one feature
Which we all consider good.

When we lose a hope, most cherished,
Who of us does not feel sad?
But the fox, when his had perished,
Made the most of what he had.

Caroline Evans.

"W'en de Silk on de Ros'n Ears Turn."

Dis darky's heart am merry in de meltin' summer-
time,
En down mer face er-streamin' am de sweat en dusty
grime

W'en de silk on de ros'n ears turn.
I flings mer mouf wide opun en I fetches fo'er song,
Dat meks de rows 'pear shorter as I hoes de hull day
long,
'Mongst de wavin' blades en tossels en de weeds er-
smellin' strong—
W'en de silk on de ros'n ears turn.

De rustlin' blades dat 's swayin' in de breezes ob de
mo'n,
En de bees dat 's er-buzzin' in de tossels ob de co'n,
W'en de silk on de ros'n ears turn,
Meks er mighty purty music, dis darky tinks, fer sho,
En keeps de sperrits libely as I wrassles wid de hoe,
F'om one een ter de yudder ob de long en sunny
row —
W'en de silk on de ros'n ears turn;

I sniffs de smell ob freshly turned up yearth beneaf de
hoe,
I gits er whiff er may pops dat 's er-twinin' in de
row,
W'en de silk on de ros'n ears turn;
I scents de sweet-pea blossom dat 's er-climbin' up so
fas'—
Mer nose hit am er-smellin' ob de withered clumps ob
grass
Dat I done chop en fling one side as down de row I
pass —
W'en de silk on de ros'n ears turn.

I 'm er-tinkin' 'bout de juicy co'n dis darky gwine ter
eat,
De hom'ny en de co'n-meal pone dat 's mighty hard
ter beat,—
W'en de silk on de ros'n ears turn.
I ain't fergittin' nuther 'bout de shuckin' time bime-
bye,
De dram dis darky 'lows he 'll git dat meks him feel
so spry,
De red ear en de yaller gal dat 's monst'us pert en
shy —
W'en de silk on de ros'n ears turn.

Edward A. Oldham.

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Mrs. Comegys and Miss Bell's English, French and German Boarding School for Young Ladies re-opens Sept. 20, 1890. Students prepared for College. Ample grounds for outdoor exercise.

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Walnut Lane School, Formerly Madame Clement's—Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies. 34th year opens Sept. 24. Academical and college preparatory courses.
Mrs. T. B. RICHARDS, Prin. Miss S. L. TRACY, A. M., Assoc. Prin.



VERY successful tableau-entertainment was recently given in New York, the subjects being taken from illustrations in the current magazines. The idea is a simple one, and if the subjects are well chosen it can be made very interesting.

The Century Co., publishers of this magazine, has prepared a list of suitable pictures with suggestions for any one who wishes to get up the entertainment. It will be sent free on request to any address.

READERS of George Kennan's Siberian articles will be glad to know that his book on Siberia is to be published during the coming autumn by The Century Co. It will contain the revised text of his CENTURY articles, with many important original documents never before published, manuscripts prepared for Mr. Kennan by exiles, secret reports, and a mass of proofs and citations from reports of the Russian Prison Administration and from Siberian newspapers.

IT is said that the amount of money paid to American artists by the sale of their pictures at all the yearly exhibitions in this country, including the National Academy, the Water Color Society's exhibit, that of the Society of American Artists, etc., is not as great as the amount paid out yearly for the art work in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE and *St. Nicholas*.

PICTURE-MAKING for magazines and books used to be considered a "pot-boiler" by great artists, but in the revolution in illustrating which has taken place in our day and which may be said to have been brought about by the work of The Century Co. more than by any other single agency, the best men are glad to contribute their best work for the multiplication by the hundred thousand which the great magazines and illustrated papers are able to give them.

In the March CENTURY is seen the work of thirteen artists and twenty-four engravers. Among the latter are several "honor men" of the Paris Exposition. Among the artists, Remington, who illustrates the paper

PENNSYLVANIA, Erie.

Erie Academy. Founded 1817. Endowed, Incorporated. Fine building and grounds. Three courses. Very advanced supplementary course. Superior associations, home comforts and individual tuition. Students admitted at any time without detriment. Two hours from Buffalo or Cleveland, three from Pittsburgh; one night from New-York, Philadelphia, Chicago or Detroit. \$400 per annum, and pro rata.

Prof. THEODORE F. LEIGHTON (Yale), Principal.

on Indian Fighting, has just returned from following Gen. Miles's troops on the plains. Harry Fenn, who contributes most of the landscapes in the California articles, was sent over the route; W. H. Shelton, who pictures the war-prisoner scenes, has been himself a captain of cavalry and a prisoner of war.

Other illustrators include Will H. Low, a National Academician, Otto H. Bacher, the well-known etcher, C. A. Vanderhoof, Professor of Illustration in the Metropolitan Art Schools, Professor E. L. Major, in charge of the life classes in the Boston Art Club, George De F. Brush, N. A., painter of the Aztec Sculptor, etc., with E. W. Kemble, A. Brennan, W. Taber, and the younger men, Malcolm Fraser and Victor Perard.

AMONG the well-known churches adopting LAUDES DOMINI for their hymn and tune book within the last few weeks are the new Judson Memorial of New-York, the Harvard Church of Brookline, Mass., the Fifth Presbyterian and Forty-first Presbyterian of Chicago, the First Presbyterian of Philadelphia and the Wakefield Presbyterian of Germantown, the First Congregational of Sacramento, and the First Baptist of San Francisco. This book has become the standard.

The Century Co. will send to any address for a two-cent stamp a handsome little pamphlet with illustrations of forty prominent American churches. It is an admirable handbook of church architecture, and at the same time an advertisement of LAUDES DOMINI.

THE new Sunday-school book, LAUDES DOMINI FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL, now in its 85th thousand, is going into some of the best schools in the country. The First Congregational and First Presbyterian of Detroit have just taken it, the large school of the Eliot Church in Newton, Mass., the Madison Avenue Reformed Church (Dr. Kittredge), the 118th Street Methodist and other New-York schools, the Central Presbyterian of Orange, N. J., etc.

THE Century Co., 33 East 17th St., is glad to send all information regarding its three great subscription books, The Century Dictionary, The Lincoln History, and Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, to all inquirers.

FOOD PRODUCTS

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.



W. Baker & Co.'s BREAKFAST COCOA,

From which the excess of oil has been removed,

Is Absolutely Pure, and it is Soluble.

NO CHEMICALS

are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot, or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, **EASILY DIGESTED**, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

BURNETT'S GARDEN HELIOTROPE.



This exquisite perfume is true to its name, and the low price of this article makes it a necessity to those who love the flower. Also

Perfume of Wood Violet.
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FOR SALE AT RETAIL AT FOLLOWING PRICES:

Small Size, Gold Plated Sprinkler Top,	.35
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Eight " " " "	\$1.25
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For sale generally in New York City, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, and all LARGE CITIES AND TOWNS, by dealers in fine perfumery. If your druggist does not keep it, send 12 cents and we will send a good sized sample of any of the above perfumes by mail, securely packed, postpaid, to any address by



Twenty-seven years ago last June IMPERIAL GRANUM was recommended to us, by one of the leading physicians of Cincinnati, for a child whose life had been despaired of. We believe it saved the child's life, and it has been one of the articles necessary to have in the house ever since that time. But it is not alone for children. It is equally efficacious for the invalid and aged. We have recommended it in very many cases, and have found it to assimilate and nourish when nothing else could be retained. It has steadily increased in popularity during all these years, and is to-day commended in the highest terms by leading physicians all over the world. There is probably no article on the market which receives so much care and attention in every detail of manufacture. — *The Christian at Work, New-York, August 21, 1890.* **SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.**

Shipping Depot, JOHN CARLE & SONS, New-York.

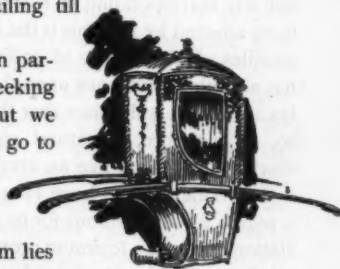


A SPA IN THE VEST POCKET.

WE grow simpler as the world grows older, and pageants attract us less. My lady going down to take the waters at Bath in coach-and-four, with a little army of outriders, or swinging up to the public rooms in sedan, with running linkboys illuminating the way, seems but a picturesque, eighteenth-century masquerade to us. King George's magnificent frolic at Carlsbad, where he took seven thousand retainers and drowned out his ball-room with mineral waters, is in our eyes the most wasteful folly of a foolish age. True, my lady might have need of her outriders on the road, for Jack Sheppard was then abroad, and the linkboys were in part necessary in the dark, unpaved streets of Bath, where sloughs stood and footpads lay in wait, but we think little of an age where the lack of united effort made individual expense so vast. The ailing magnate went in search of health with a little army; the poor kept on ailing till they died.

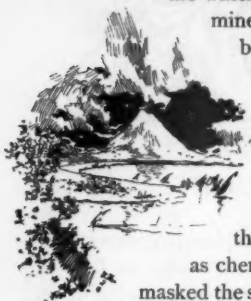
We go to Soden, and Carlsbad, and Saratoga in parlor-cars to-day, but that is a part of our pleasure-seeking side. Some of us of necessity stay at home; but we do not stay at home to die, because we could not go to the mountain, as would have happened a century or two ago. The mountain comes to us in our day, and we have wrought the miracle Mahomet could not work. The man who knows that health for him lies at the bottom of the mineral spring, does not need to cross oceans; he sits at home and takes the essence of the mineral waters at his ease.

Mineral springs have been long known. Walls of Roman works are found at all of the European baths most in favor. They were health resorts when Roman legions were necessary to protect them from the wild hordes of Goths that ranged all the country outside the walled towns, though the most celebrated springs of the Roman Empire were the hot sulphur springs of Baïæ on the Gulf of Naples. The Romans also made use of the springs of Tiberias, still visited by people from all parts of Asia Minor, and Herod sought relief at the springs of Callirrhœ. Philostratus says that the Greek soldiers wounded at the battle on the Caicus were healed by the waters of Agamemnon's spring near Smyrna. In ancient Greece the priests, especially those of Æsculapius, placed their sanctuaries near them, as at the alkaline springs of Nauphis, and the gas springs of Dodona. Such places had not only baths, hospitals, and medical schools, but theaters and other places of amusement, and were thus the counterparts of our



modern spas, which have long been the centers of social activity and pleasure as well as health resorts. Treatment was purely by baths in those old days. That

the waters might be drunk, much less bottled or compounded into mineral pastilles to be carried into foreign lands for the up-building of the health of thousands unable to reach the springs themselves, was not dreamed of. It was but to the baths that sufferers looked for relief; so the Romans made army stations at the wells in the countries they lorded over, and the Greeks transferred to their springs the elaborate social machinery that was the main characteristic of their race. In centuries, to the remedy of the bath was added the remedy of the drinking of the waters,



as chemistry became more and more an exact science and unmasked the secret genii of health that dwelt in mineral springs. From drinking in excessive quantities people came to understand that the best results were obtained by moderation. Then some genius found that the health-giving properties of the springs could be placed in bottles, and carried to the patient, and at last the final triumph was reached, when the sufferers from disease learned that the highest type of the healing fountain was a mere lozenge, that might be carried in the vest pocket, to be dissolved in the mouth at any time, to be his certain relief and cure, the restorer of health. Such are the Soden mineral pastilles.

The ideal remedy is the remedy that performs its work and effects its cure without any corresponding or reactionary irritation to the organs of the body affected by it. This is the chief point of excellence in the Soden pastilles. The chloride of sodium, which is their main ingredient, has a soothing influence upon the organs coming under its influence, because it is a substance that the nature of man craves, and being so, is, therefore, a natural remedy, and not a rebellious agent, driving out disease like an army laying waste a city.



The Soden waters have long been known; indeed, Soden lies in a region for ages famous for its mineral waters. There the Romans built an army station and sent a legion to protect its springs. Wiesbaden lies near at hand, and all the mountains about gush with health-giving springs.



The town lies in the Taunus mountains but a few minutes' ride by rail from Frankfort-on-the-Main. It is in a beautiful region between the Main and the Lahn, sloping down towards the Rhine across hills set with castles, and made green by many vineyards. It is but a short walk from Cronberg, where the Empress Frederick has bought a castle, and intends to pass the summer months. It lies on a slope of the Taunus, facing south, with hills on the north and the east that completely shut it in. By nature it is well fitted for a winter resort for invalids, for only warm winds from the west and south blow

over it, across pleasant woodland and pleasant vineyards. During the nine months of the year from September until May the mean temperature does not rise above

42° Fahrenheit. But near to Frankfort and Wiesbaden as it is, few of the many thousands who pass through those cities visit Soden. Dutchmen and Russians hold Soden in high esteem as a health resort, but to other foreigners it seems strangely unknown. The walks about the town are charming. The great Feldberg, the highest mountain in the Taunus range, and the high Altkönig, lie near to climb, with pleasant summits looking out over beautiful scenes. Königstein, a small town in one of the mountain passes close above Soden, is one of the "air cures" which Germans fancy so much, and, at Falkenstein, near by, is a hospital for consumptives. Below Falkenstein lies Cronberg, where is the Empress Frederick's castle, and between Cronberg and Soden is Kronthal, where there are springs of chalybeate water, and where a sparkling table water called Appoloninis is bottled. All through this region, indeed, are scattered beautiful villages and valuable mineral springs, and though all are easily accessible to fashionable Homburg they are inexpensive dwelling-places. Yet, attractive as the region is, it is the excellence of its mineral waters that has made Soden famous. The springs are saline springs, somewhat similar to those at Saratoga, and chloride of sodium is the chief ingredient. They are twenty-four in number, though the most valuable ones are seven, and these vary much in temperature, and in the quantity of salt, of sulphur, and of iron contained in them. Some are greatly charged with carbonic acid gas and sparkle in the glass. People suffering from irritation in the mucous membrane of the throat or stomach find almost immediately the relief they seek. Indeed, to those having delicate chests Soden waters are invaluable. One of the marked features of Soden is the great number of physicians one finds there suffering with obstinate coughs. What a physician drinks as a remedy for too frequent coughing ought to be looked upon with great favor by the lay public who also suffer in that unhappy way. The patients of Soden arrive tortured by coughing, and irritation of the chest, and unable to digest their food, but, we are assured, go away with restored power of assimilating their food, and without the dreaded cough. The chief therapeutic action of these saline waters is for dyspepsia, scrofula, anæmia, and as a special for throat troubles and phthisis. What Soden and its mineral waters may do for sufferers from these dread diseases, the science of chemistry has gained for the simple Soden

mineral pastilles, so that the man with the fatal tendency towards coughing, or irritation of the throat, or huskiness and weakness of the voice, or any catarrhal attacks, has but to dissolve in his mouth three or four of these pastilles to find immediate relief. He may, for all practical purposes, stay at home and carry, figuratively speaking, Soden and all its mineral springs in his vest pocket, for the simple pastille has been so skillfully compounded from two of Soden's most famous springs that all the health-restoring qualities of their waters have found a home in the small lozenges. For singers, ministers,

and all public speakers they are invaluable, as they act as excellent mucus solvents, relieve the throat of huskiness, remove irritation in the vocal chords,



and strengthen and clarify the voice. Sir Morell Mackenzie, the famous physician of the late heroic Emperor Frederick, says that he has watched the effects of the Soden mineral pastilles for a long time and regards them as extremely valuable in obstinate catarrhal affections of the throat.



And they do good in nearly all cases of relaxation of the mucous membrane. He considers the pastilles a most convenient method of using the waters, and produce both a local and general good effect. He adds that they are especially beneficial in catarrhal diseases of the air passages, and are of great service to singers and public speakers. All that the mineral waters of Soden will do, its pastilles will perform. For those who are susceptible to colds or hoarseness or slight catarrhal attacks, a single pastille dissolved in the mouth will act as a preventive; irritation of the larynx and severe catarrh of the lungs will, of course, require several taken in succession to obtain relief. Medical authorities of eminence concede the curative properties of these pastilles in chronic catarrh of the organs of respiration. For the varied troubles of dyspepsia, disorganized digestion, scrofula, and rheumatism, the pastilles are also beyond value.



Prof. Koch recommended the Soden Mineral Pastilles. Dr. Koch said: "A cough for which I tried many other remedies, which had not the slightest effect, soon became better and has now entirely disappeared."

The genuine imported pastilles have the testimonial and signature of Sir Morell Mackenzie around each box, and can be had at every reliable drug store for 50 cents, or will be mailed (postage paid) upon receipt of price.

Soden Mineral Spring Agency, 6 Barclay Street, New-York.





SOME NOTES ON THE ADULTERATION OF FOOD.



AN interesting paper on the adulteration of food, read before the AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION a few years ago, it was stated that the only way in which this great and growing evil could be effectually checked was by communicating to the people in every possible way "the most ample and exact information as to the manner in which foods are adulterated, the kinds of food usually tampered with, and the evil effects arising therefrom." The aim of those who use adulterations is to artfully conceal their dishonest work, and it requires in most instances the best expert skill to detect the foreign or deleterious substances. It is useless to pass laws on the subject unless the people are fully roused to the importance of having the laws executed.

Adulterations may be roughly divided into two classes:

1. Those which are simply fraudulent, but not necessarily injurious to health—the use of some cheap but wholesome ingredient with the pure article for the purpose of underselling and increasing profits, as for instance the admixture of water with milk, of peas and carrots with coffee, meal with mustard, and wheat flour with pepper.

2. Those which are injurious to health—the use of drugs or chemicals for the purpose of changing the appearance or character of the pure article, as for instance, the admixture of potash, ammonia, and acids with cocoa to give apparent smoothness and strength to imperfect and inferior preparations; the use of alum and other deleterious substances to raise and whiten bread.

In his "Familiar Letters on Chemistry,"

Mar. '91.

Baron Liebig states that the bakers of Belgium discovered some years ago how to produce from damaged flour a bread which appeared to be made from the finest and best wheat flour; and they did it by adding to the dough sulphate of copper, a poison.

It is a curious fact that in the country from which chemically treated cocoa is now being exported, namely, Holland, the adulteration of coffee with chicory was first practised. The adulteration took so well in England that subsequently a patent was taken out for a machine which moulded chicory in the shape of the coffee-berry. But that was a comparatively harmless adulteration.

The late Dr. Edmund Parkes, professor of military hygiene, and one of the highest English authorities on the subject of the adulteration of food, stated that he found the cocoa sold in England very commonly mixed with cereal grain, starches, arrowroot, sago, or potato starch, and that even brick-dust and peroxide of iron were sometimes used.

In Dr. Hassall's well-known work on "Food and its Adulterations," it is stated that out of sixty-eight samples of cocoa examined, thirty-nine contained earthy coloring matter, such as redde, Venetian red, and umber.

A writer in the "Hospital Gazette" of London (Aug. 23, 1890), says: "We do not regard all adulterations as equally heinous. When, however, potent chemicals are systematically added, what words can sufficiently convey our indignation! . . . Cocoa of the most excellent quality and of absolute purity is now to be obtained at very reasonable prices; and no purchaser need be at any loss to get an article to which the severest tests can be applied, and which will come out triumphantly from the ordeal. We were, nevertheless, positively startled, not long since, to receive a pamphlet, bearing on its front page

the names of some distinguished chemists, and addressed to the medical profession, vaunting some foreign manufactured cocoas which were distinctly stated to contain a considerable addition of alkaline salts. Surely even lay readers do not need to be reminded that soda and potash cannot be taken with impunity day after day." And an English physician, in a communication to the October (1890) number of "Hygiene," states that of late years the country (England) has been "flooded with foreign cocoas contaminated with an admixture of alkali." The object of the contamination, he says, is this: "Cocoa does not give an infusion or decoction, but mixed with water is practically a soup; it is suspended, not dissolved. Now, the addition of an alkali gives rise to a soap, in plain English, much as when common soap, a compound of oil and alkalis, is mixed with water; but this alkalinized cocoa has an appearance of strength which it does not possess, and the consumer hastily assumes that he is getting far more for his money and being supplied with a much better article. . . . The recent great improvements in the preparation of cocoa, by removing the superabundant oil, have so much increased the digestibility of this nutritious beverage that the last excuse for the addition of alkalies and starch is gone, and the presence of the former, besides being deleterious, cannot answer any purpose except giving an appearance of fictitious strength to the resulting infusion, or soup."

In an article on "Cocoa and Chocolate," in the October number of the same magazine, Dr. Crespi says: "The attempt to prepare cocoa in a soluble form has tempted some foreign firms to add alkaline salts freely. These salts cannot be recommended to healthy subjects as regular articles of food."

The Birmingham (England) "Medical Review" for October, 1890, contains an article on "Food and its Adulterations," in which it is stated that "quite apart from any question as to the injury resulting to the human system from taking these salts, it would be only right that the medical profession should resolutely discountenance the use of any and all secret preparations confessedly adulterations, and adulterations, too, of a sort not justified by any of the exigencies of the circumstances. . . . Cocoa is only to be recommended as a beverage when it is as pure as possible."

Quite recently a valuable little work on chocolate and cocoa was published in Germany. It describes, with characteristic German thoroughness, the cacao-tree, the properties of its fruit, and the various modern methods of preparing the food product for the market. In treating of "the manufacture of cocoas deprived of a portion of their oil and rendered more soluble," the writer says: "This branch of the manufacture has recently undergone a great development. Hygiene appears to demand a product which, with a diminution in the amount of oil, should be further distinguished from ordinary chocolate by its readily dissolving in water, milk, etc., thereby being much more easily appropriated by the human system. The removal of a portion of the oil ought to make it more readily assimilated by the digestive system. Starch, cellulose, and the albuminoids are of difficult solubility, and must be converted into such a form as to be readily soluble in water. This would render them easy of absorption, and increase their efficiency. In practice this end has been sought in several ways." . . . The alkaline or chemical process "depends on the fact that the roasted cocoa is treated with carbonate of soda, magnesia, potash, or bicarbonate of soda. . . . The cocoa of those manufacturers who employ the alkaline method is sometimes subjected to a perfectly barbarous treatment in order to secure solution by means of the alkali. For instance, the roasted cocoa-beans are boiled with an aqueous alkaline solution; the product is then dried, deprived of its oil, and afterwards ground. Or the crushed cocoa is roasted, deprived of its oil, powdered, and boiled with water containing an alkali. Both methods of treatment are in the highest degree destructive to those bodies which are essential constituents of cocoa. It is especially the cacao-red which is attacked, and with it disappears also the aroma."

It should be added that in the manufacture of large quantities by the alkaline or chemical method it is difficult, if not impossible, to so regulate the heat in drying the cocoa after the chemicals are added (the material being then in a very sensitive state) as to prevent the oil from being scorched; and it is well known that burned oil or fat is wholly indigestible.

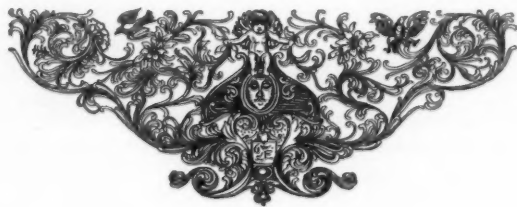
The deleterious effects of the chemicals used in such process have been referred to in general terms; something more definite and precise on that point will be of interest.

In reply to the inquiry, What is the effect on the system, especially on the gastric mucous membrane, of small quantities of dilute alkaline liquids taken frequently and regularly (for example, for breakfast), one of the leading physicians in Boston says: "I would say that while some persons and certain conditions of the system might bear without injury dilute alkaline liquids taken at not frequent intervals, yet the great majority of persons and those with a sensitive stomach could not bear the daily use of such liquids without serious injury. It would produce gastritis, or inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach, of varying degree, according to the frequency and amount taken and the susceptibility of the person. This would be accompanied with many of the symptoms of dyspepsia, and if carried to any considerable extent, with troublesome eruption of the skin, and not infrequently with serious disturbance of the functions of the kidneys. I certainly think its long continuance would be dangerous."

Dr. Sidney Ringer, Professor of Medicine at University College, London, and Physician to the College Hospital, perhaps the greatest

English authority on the action of drugs, states in his "Handbook of Therapeutics" that "the sustained administration of alkalies and their carbonates renders the blood, it is said, poorer in solids and in red corpuscles, and impairs the nutrition of the body." Of ammonia, carbonate of ammonia, and spirits of ammonia, he says: "These preparations have many properties in common with the alkaline, potash, and soda group. They possess a strong alkaline reaction, are freely soluble in water, have a high diffusion-power, and dissolve the animal textures. . . . If administered too long, they excite catarrh of the stomach and intestines."

All of WALTER BAKER & Co.'s Cocoa Preparations are guaranteed *absolutely free from all chemicals*. These preparations have stood the test of public approval for *more than one hundred years*, and are the acknowledged standard of purity and excellence. The house of WALTER BAKER & Co. has always taken a decided stand against any and all chemically treated cocoas, and they believe that the large and increasing demand for their goods has proved that the consumer appreciates this decision.



[*Established 1780.*]



"LA BELLE CHOCOLATIÈRE": W. BAKER & CO.'S Registered Trade-Mark.

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BEING authorised by Messrs. PEARS to purchase at any and all times and of any dealers samples of their Soap (thus ensuring such samples being of exactly the same quality as is supplied to the general public), and to submit same to the strictest chemical analysis, I am enabled to guarantee its invariable purity.

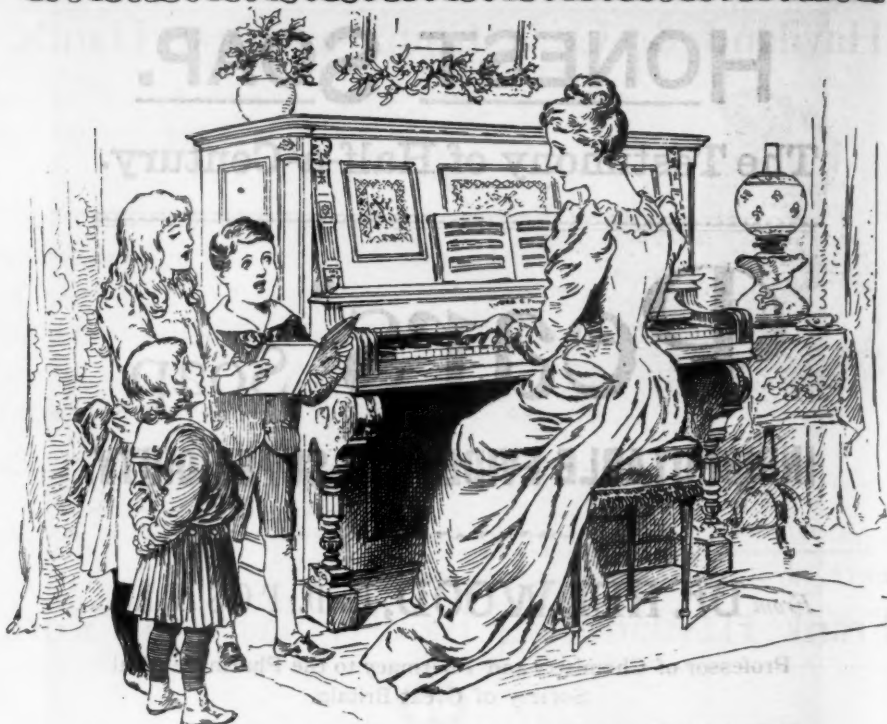
My analytical and practical experience of PEARS' SOAP now extends over a lengthened period—**NEARLY FIFTY YEARS**—during which time—

 *I have never come across another
Toilet Soap which so closely realises
my ideal of perfection.*

its purity is such that it may be used with perfect confidence upon the tenderest and most sensitive skin—

even that of a New Born Babe."

PIANO FORTES 22



UNITED by a strong chord which cannot become UNTIED.

DON'T MAKE THAT COMMON MISTAKE that "anything with a keyboard will do for children!" Give your children the encouragement of the very best. If you desire to cultivate a really musical taste you must have a really musical instrument, and an old tin pan is not "good enough!"

CHILDREN'S PRACTICE WILL NOT SPOIL OUR PIANOS, for our *Soft Stop* saves the wear as well as the din and bang of finger exercises, preserving the full, rich, voluminous tones which you want to draw upon in those occasional hours when the family crave not noise but music.

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL, piano to be returned at our expense for railway freights both ways if unsatisfactory on trial in your home. Distance makes no difference, 1 mile or 2000 miles are no more than a city block in Boston. Old pianos taken in exchange and terms of payment to suit your reasonable convenience. Write for free catalogue and letter of information.

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Whether it is the artistic outline of each piece, the beautiful combinations of color, or the fineness of the ware itself, or all these things combined, it is certainly true that the purchaser of Haviland China is sure to be satisfied.

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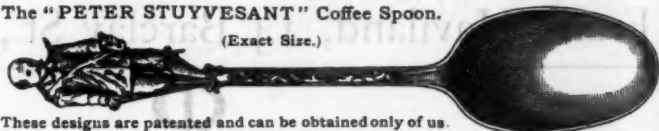
In the "Rip Van Winkle" Tea Spoon, "Rip," awakening from his twenty years' sleep, is startlingly realistic, the figure, hat, and gun coming out in bold relief.

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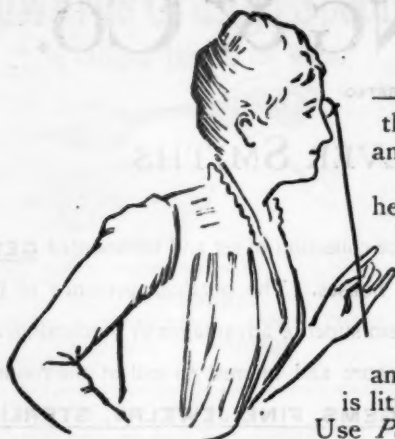
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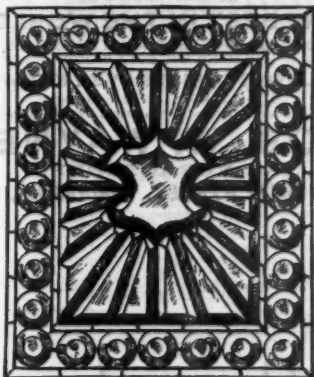
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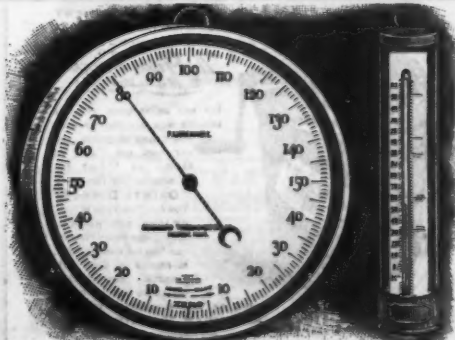
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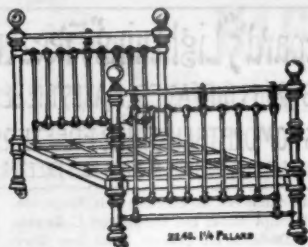
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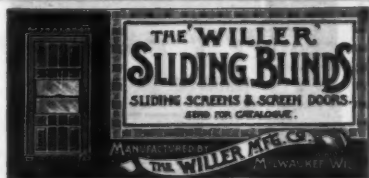
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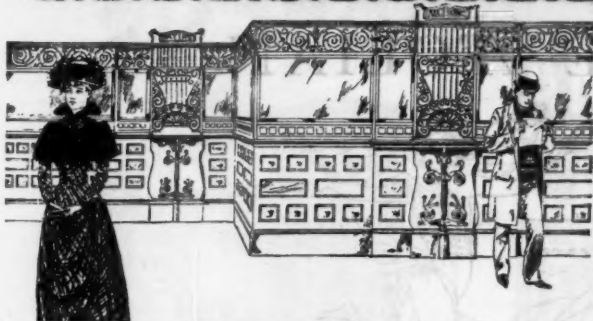
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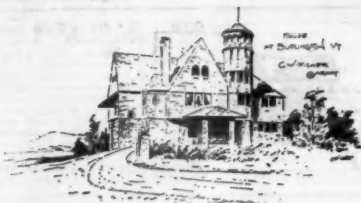
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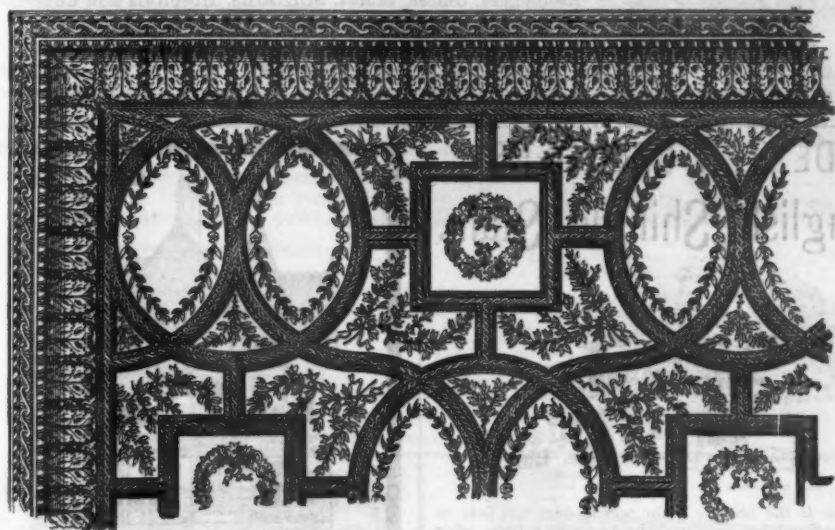
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Fig. 28.

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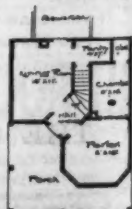
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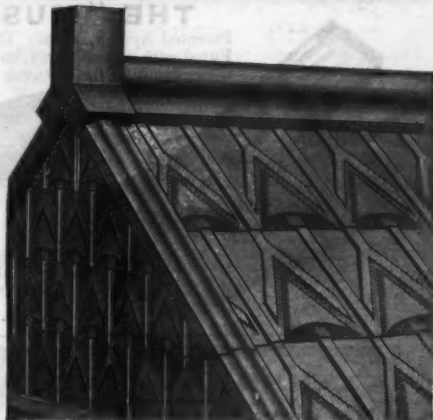
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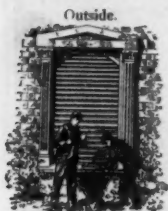
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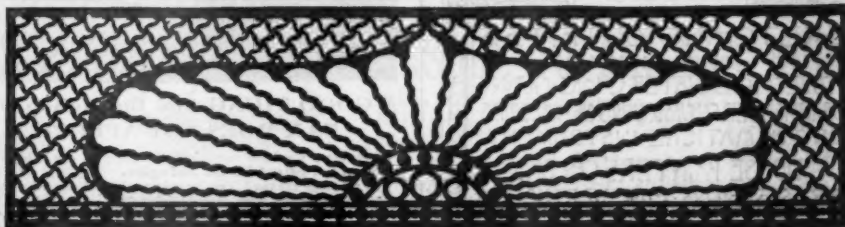
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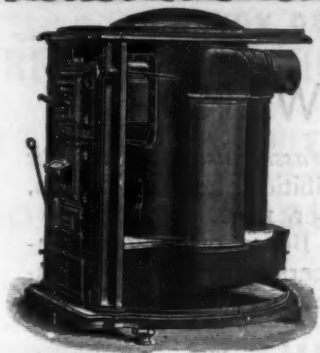


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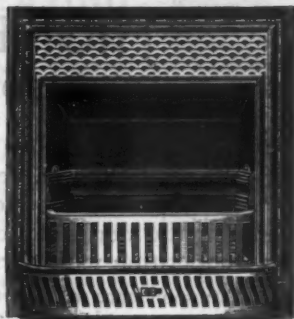
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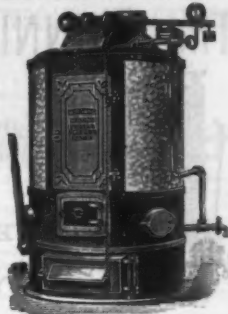
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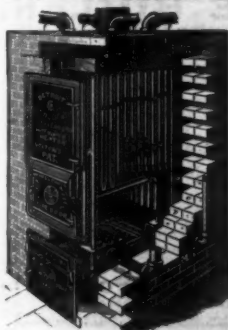
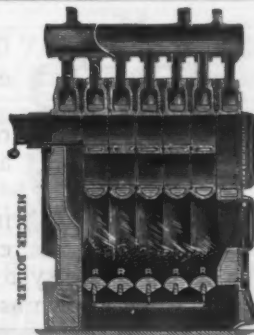
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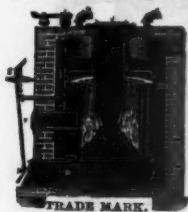
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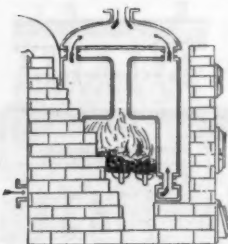
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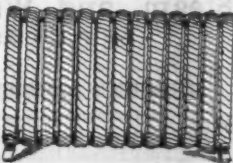


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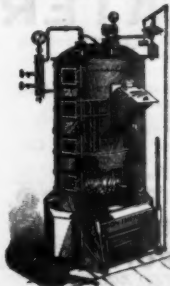
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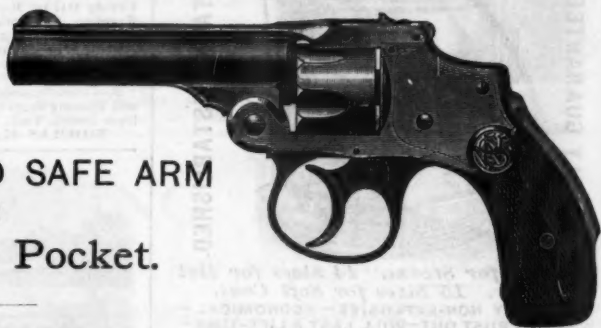
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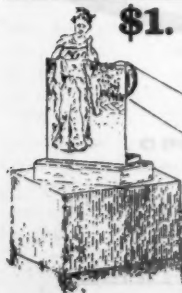
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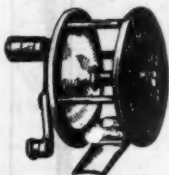
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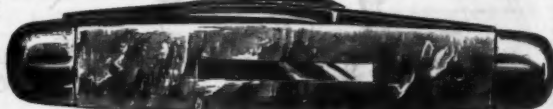
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PRIZE PANSY SEEDS, special selection, that will grow flowers of perfect form and large size.

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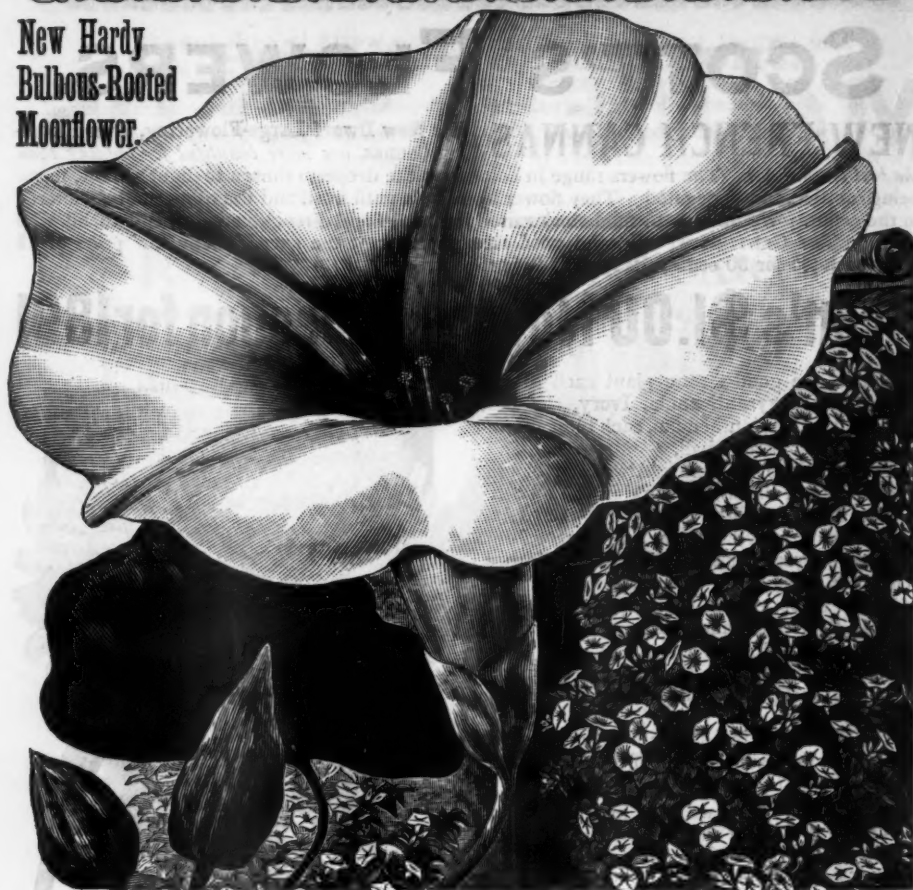


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19th and Catherine Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

SEEDS AND PLANTS 58

New Hardy Bulbous-Rooted Moonflower.



Of all the Moonflower tribe this is the grandest and best, for it is in bloom during the day as well as at night. It produces great bulbous roots which are perfectly hardy out of doors, and when once planted are good for a life-time without further care or trouble. It will climb every Summer to the top of a house, producing a lovely mass of luxuriant vine and foliage, and showing at all times hundreds and even thousands of great snow-white flowers six inches across—much larger and finer than the common Moonflower, and which at night stand out like full moons among the dense green leaves, and during the day the mass of vine and flowers is an object of the grandest beauty. As a vine for covering Screens, Porches, Summer-houses, old Trees, Fences, sides of houses, etc., nothing is so valuable or showy. While other Moonflowers are tender and hard to grow this is as hardy and robust as can be, and will stand without injury any Winter from Maine to California. If you cannot succeed with other Moonflowers you surely can with this. Large bulbs, 25 cents each; 5 for \$1.00, by mail, post-paid.

THE GREAT SPIDER LILY. An elegant large bulb of the Amaryllis family which commences to bloom soon after it is potted, sending up great spikes of lovely, large pure white blossoms of exquisite fragrance and unsurpassed beauty. It is one of the oddest, sweetest and loveliest flowers grown. Large bulbs which will soon bloom, 25c. each, 3 for 50c. post-paid.

THE TRUE MANETTIA VINE. The most magnificent flowering vine in cultivation, and is loaded with bloom every day in the year. Its charming beauty is unsurpassed. We have the true perpetual blooming variety. Price of fine plants, already budded and blooming, 30 cents each, 2 for 50 cents, post-paid.

SEEDS, BULBS, PLANTS, Extra Choice, by Mail Post-paid.

12 Extra choice mixed Gladioli, flowering bulbs	25c.	5 Grand Lilies, 5 sorts, including Auratum	50c.
6 New Double Pearl Tuberoses,	25c.	5 " Cacti, different sorts named	50c.
5 Rare Chrysanthemums, 5 sorts named	50c.	20 Bulbs and 10 pkts. Flower Seeds, all different	50c.

SPECIAL OFFER. The above liberal offers are made to introduce our superior goods. We will send, post-paid, everything notably, our great Japanese Wincherry, Floral Park Plums, Butterfly Orchid, Star Phloxes, Water Plants, New Roses, Dahlias, Gladioli, Chrysanthemums, etc. Also the greatest collection of rare Cacti and Flowering Shrubs. This elegant and expensive Catalogue will be sent for only **TEN CENTS**, which is only a part of its cost to us, or if you order anything here offered and ask for a Catalogue it will be sent **FREE**. Address

OUR BLUE CATALOGUE (a superb work of art in blue) of **FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS, BULBS, PLANTS, AND RARE FRUITS**, is the finest ever issued. 128 pages, hundreds of elegant engravings, Stipple Lithograph Covers, and 3 large colored plates. We offer the finest novelties in Flowers, Vegetables, and Fruits; notably, our great Japanese Wincherry, Floral Park Plums, Butterfly Orchid, Star Phloxes, Water Plants, New Roses, Dahlias, Gladioli, Chrysanthemums, etc. Also the greatest collection of rare Cacti and Flowering Shrubs. This elegant and expensive Catalogue will be sent for only **TEN CENTS**, which is only a part of its cost to us, or if you order anything here offered and ask for a Catalogue it will be sent **FREE**. Address

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, Queens Co., N. Y.

The largest mail order business in the world is now done in

MAULE'S SEEDS

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, in every county in the U. S., they are equally popular; so much so, that they have been supplied direct to customers at more than 33,000 Post Offices.



Our Catalogue for 1891 is pronounced absolutely the best seed and plant book issued; printed in good legible type, on good paper, it excites the admiration of all. 664 varieties of Vegetables, Flowers, Flowering Plants, Small Fruits, Fruit and Nut-bearing trees, etc., are beautifully illustrated—as many as 38 of them being in colors. This catalogue is mailed free to all who ordered in 1890; but as the postage on the book alone is five cents, we must ask all others who are not customers, desiring a copy, to send us twenty-five cents in stamps for it; and in addition to sending our catalogue, we will also mail you, without extra charge, a packet of the wonderful **BUSH LIMA BEANS**, the most valuable vegetable novelty introduced in years; and a packet of the **NEW MARGUERITE CARNATION**, the floral wonder of 1891. These two packets of seeds are worth 25 cents; so it virtually means the same thing as mailing our catalogue free to all who answer this advertisement.

A FEW SPECIAL OFFERS.

That the reputation of Maule's Seeds, Plants, and Bulbs may become even more widespread than at present, we call attention to the following choice and exceedingly low-priced offers, which (taking quality into consideration) **ARE SIMPLY UNPRECEDENTED**. We hope every reader of **THE CENTURY** will avail themselves of this opportunity of securing these choice selections of Plants, Bulbs, and Seeds, at so trifling an expenditure. **7 beautiful Monthly Roses**, all named sorts and labeled, 50 cents, post-paid. **5 choice hardy Hybrid Roses**, all named, 50 cents, post-paid. **6 rare Chrysanthemums**, all named sorts, 50 cents, post-paid. **TEN packets of Flower Seeds**, extra choice annuals, 50 cents, post-paid. **5 handsome Flowering Shrubs**, choice named sorts, 50 cents, post-paid. **12 Gladioli**, a grand mixture, all colors, 25 cents, post-paid. **6 Tuberoses**, Excelsior Dwarf Pearl or Tall Double, 25 cents, post-paid. **5 Giant Summer-Flowering Cape Hyacinths**, 25 cents, post-paid. **FOUR Distinct New Dahlias**, all named, 50 cents, post-paid.

We will send everything offered above, together with a packet each of the New Marguerite Carnation and Wonderful Bush Lima Beans, and a copy of our 1891 catalogue, free by mail on receipt of \$3.00. **EIGHT** of the best Nut-bearing Trees, only \$2.50, by mail, post-paid, **HALF-DOZEN** each **6 BEST Strawberries**, \$1.00, post-paid. **THREE Pear** or **SIX Peach**, or **FOUR Apple Trees**, for only \$1.00, by mail, post-paid. Five choice named Cacti, 50 cents, post-paid. 20 packets of choice **VEGETABLE SEEDS** making a complete garden for a small family, \$1.00, post-paid. **ON RECEIPT OF \$10.00 EVERYTHING NAMED ABOVE**, with a copy of Greiner's new book, "How to Make the Garden Pay," 272 pages, cloth bound, the best and latest work on gardening, sells at all book stores for \$2.00. Remit by Bank Draft, Post-Office or Express Order. If not in any of these ways, register your letter at our expense. Stamps taken. Address all orders to

WM. HENRY MAULE, 1711 Filbert Street,

Box 1296.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Garden of Hardy Flowers.



THE owner or projector of a fine suburban place can find no greater inspiration and help than our book, *A Few Flowers Worthy of General Culture* (eighth edition, enlarged and improved, now ready.) Its precepts are practical—based upon results, not theories. It indicates the methods and materials that make the finest gardens—gardens which have a permanent and ever increasing beauty. Typographically the book is all the printer's art can make it. It is profusely illustrated with actual garden scenes drawn by W. Hamilton Gibson, Alfred Parsons, and others. The price, 25 cents, is a nominal one, and is refunded to customers.

We do Landscape Gardening—do it for people of exacting taste, and satisfactorily. We refer to customers throughout the United States and Canada. We make the plans, with estimates, furnish the stock necessary, and superintend the work. We do any one or all of these things, superlatively as to results, moderately as to cost.

In our Nursery Department we are acknowledged headquarters for everything that is best in *Hardy Plants*, *Rare Trees* and *Shrubs*, *Rhododendrons*, *Hardy Azaleas*, *Japanese Maples*, *Roses*, *Lilies*, *Tuberous-rooted Begonias* and *Choice Evergreens*. These are priced and described in our catalogue, which is sent to customers, and with the book described above. We publish no free catalogue.

B. A. ELLIOTT COMPANY,

PITTSBURGH, PA.



SEEDS AND PLANTS

WE WANT A NAME FOR THIS NEW TOMATO

UNTIL a suitable name is suggested, we shall call this Tomato No. 400. Read the terms of competition below.

AND WILL PAY

\$250.00

FOR IT

The No. "400" is the largest and heaviest Tomato known. In fact it is so solid as to be almost seedless. Color rich, dark, crimson.

The cut shows fruit one half natural size.

The average weight of this Tomato is nearly 2 lbs. each.

We will pay \$250.00 for the best name suggested for this grand new Tomato. Purchasers are entitled to send in a name for each and every packet they buy. The names can be sent in any time before October 1st, 1891, and will be considered by a capable and disinterested committee of three, who shall award the prize. Full directions and conditions for entering the names for competition will be given on every packet of seed. Price of New Tomato No. "400," 25 cts. per packet, free by mail. With every order for a single packet or more, we will also send without charge a copy of our magnificent New Catalogue of "EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN" for 1891, the value alone of which is 25 cents, on condition that you will say in what paper you saw this advertisement.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 GORTLAND ST. NEW YORK

SEEDS! SEEDS!

My Annual Priced Catalogue is now ready, and will be mailed free to all applicants. It contains all the leading and most popular sorts of

Vegetable, Farm and Flower Seeds, besides all the desirable novelties of last season, and nearly everything else in my line of business.

ALFRED BRIDGEMAN,

37 EAST 10TH STREET, NEW-YORK CITY.



GREAT TRIAL OFFERS.

The new Bay-Blooming Moonflower or Mammoth Hymalaya Glory, from Brazil, is the grandest of all vines; climbs 50 feet; leaves a foot across; large rose-colored flowers from July to Oct. The new Summer Pansetta or Fire-on-the-Mountain, from Mexico, is an elegant annual foliage plant; three feet tall; leaves blotched and variegated with fiery scarlet. Both of the above and my Seed Catalog sent postpaid, until April 1, for 5 better stamps (10c.). Will send 15 packets, all choicest new crop seeds, for \$2.00. (amounting to \$1.50 at retail), 50 to 500 seeds in each, viz.: 50 vars. large German Fancy Pansies, mixed; 10 vars. *Scabellings*; 25 vars. Double Asters; 42 vars. elegant new Fringed Star Pinks; 50 vars. Japan Pinks; superb new Double Fringed Poppy Fairy Blush; new Double Leopard Asters, as beautifully spotted as the Leopard; new Giant White Bonanza Conchidopsis; Double Portulaca; New Dwarf Sweet Alyssum, Little Gem; Chrysanthemums; Double Galliardia. **GOODSELL'S FLOWER FARM, Fairy Park, Dwight P. O. MASS.**

USE FERRY'S SEEDS

BECAUSE THEY ARE THE BEST.

D. M. FERRY & Co's Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced

SEED ANNUAL

For 1891 will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last season's customers. It is better than ever.

Every person using *Garden, Flower or Field Seeds*, should send for it. Address

D. M. FERRY & CO.
DETROIT, MICH.
Largest Seedsmen in the world

New Rare and Beautiful Plants.

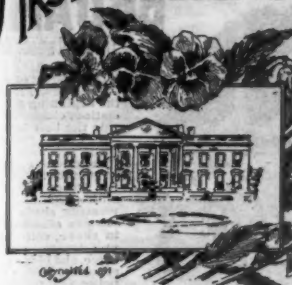
A Large Collection of Hot-house and Green-house Plants, carefully grown, at Low Rates. **ORCHIDS**, a very extensive stock, East Indian, Mexican, Central and South American, etc. **Hardy Perennials**, Peonies, Phloxes, Roses, Clematis, etc. New and Standard Fruits, Rare and Beautiful Trees, Shrubs, Evergreens, Vines, etc.

Catalogues on application.

JOHN SAUL, Washington, D. C.

SEEDS AND PLANTS 63

MRS. HARRISON'S "WHITE HOUSE" PANSIES



EXECUTIVE MANSION.
WASHINGTON.

March 31, 1890.

Mr. Faxon,
Dear Sir:

The beautiful Pansies which you sent arrived yesterday in good condition. I am exceedingly fond of Pansies, and never tire of looking at them and admiring the beautiful colors and different shades. These you sent gave me much pleasure in admiring the size and color as I helped to place them in water.

I will be very much complimented to have them named after myself. Again thanking you for these you sent,

I am truly,
Andrew J. Harris

11 PER PACKAGE

FREE TO YOU.

is my offer; read it carefully.

Send me ten cents in silver, to pay postage and packing, and I will mail you a package each of my Royal Mixed Asters (twenty-five distinct colors); Faxon's Boston Mixture Sweet Peas (containing all the best sorts, both new and old); Champion Tall Mixed Nasturtiums (finest mixture ever offered); and, **provided you mention The Century Magazine**, a coupon, good for one package of

MRS. HARRISON'S "WHITE HOUSE" PANSIES,

(The price of which alone is \$1.00.)

Upon receipt of your first order, as fully explained in my New Illustrated Seed Catalogue, which will also be sent to you, this coupon will be redeemed. **SEND NOW**; this offer will not be made again. Address,

M. B. FAXON, Seedsman, 21 & 22 South Market Street, Boston, Mass.

\$500 FOR A TOMATO.

This Prize Tomato is the largest ever offered. The engraving shows one plant grown by O. R. Foster, Florence, Mass., height is 11 ft. 5 in. and completely loaded with large, smooth, bright red tomatoes. Hundreds of my customers have had equal results. The quality is excellent; after you once test it you will grow no others. Two plants if well cared for will produce all Tomatoes one family can use. If started early, fruit ripens from July 4th until frost. Single Tomatoes have grown 6 inches in diameter and weight nearly 3 lbs., and as hard all through as a hard boiled egg, with only a few seeds in a Tomato, and entirely free from rot. This mammoth strain can only be obtained from me. I want to get a tomato weighing 3 lbs., and will pay \$500 cash to any person producing it. Plant some, you may get the 3 lb. Tomato—grow rapidly and are very ornamental for garden or lawn.

SURE HEAD CABBAGE

Is all head and sure to head, very uniform in size, firm and fine in texture, excellent in quality and a good keeper. Single heads have weighed over 64 lbs.

EARLY SNOWBALL TURNIP

Is the earliest in the world, easy grown, good size, excellent quality. Will be far ahead of your neighbors.

I will send a packet each of Prize Turnip with my catalogue of bargains, for only 25 cents.

Every person sending silver for above collection and addresses of 3 persons who buy seeds, will receive free a packet Silver Ball Lettuce, finest variety ever grown, and a fifty cent certificate for seeds, your choice: from my catalogue, free. Address

F. B. MILLS,

Rose Hill, Onon. County, New-York.



DREER'S Seeds, Plants AND Bulbs ARE THE BEST.

DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR for 1891 is now ready, full of useful information on all Gardening topics. Full edition mailed for 6 cts. postage; abridged edition free to CENTURY readers.

HENRY A. DREER, 714 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

SEEDS AND PLANTS 64

GERANIUM "BRUANT"



The Giant among Geraniums.

This magnificent Geranium is the product of Mr. Bruant of Poitiers, France, and is the beginning of a new and distinct class. We consider this the best bedding geranium of all varieties. The plant redounds in vigor; foliage strong, striking and of perfect habit. Color of the flower is a bright vermilion red of the most pleasing shade. The flowers are absolutely perfect in shape, color and make-up; trusses exceptionally large, and borne in immense spherical balls, often measuring eight inches in diameter. It makes a compact, dense growth, and has all the qualities that go to make the perfect bedder that it is. Fine also in pots. The flower of this Geranium is a happy consummation of what it should be to bloom freely and to be the most effective in appearance. It is of the semi-double type (the most striking of all) only the double form takes place near the base of the petals, allowing them free development, and at the same time showing the semi-double type. It embodies all the advantages of both types, the perfect development and free blooming qualities of the single, the fullness and beauty of the doubles without their

great fault of having the florets damp and drop off and become unsightly when planted outside. I have grown an immense stock of this variety. Try a dozen or more of this beautiful Geranium in a bed or clump, and it will delight you the summer through, with its handsome foliage and pleasing color. Price, 25 Cents; 3 for 50 Cents; 8 for \$1.00 or 12 for \$1.95.

FOR 75 CENTS I WILL SEND FREE BY MAIL,

12 Ever-blooming Roses, or 12 Double Flowering Geraniums, or 12 Single Flowering Geraniums, or 6 each Single and Double Geraniums, or 12 Choice Chrysanthemums, or 12 Coleus, or 12 Basket or Vase Plants, or 12 Assorted Flowering Plants, or 55 packets beautiful Flower Seeds, or 20 packets of choice Vegetable Seeds. **CATALOGUE OF SEEDS AND PLANTS MAILED FREE.**

CHARLES A. REESER, INNISFALLEN GREENHOUSES, SPRINGFIELD, O.

READER If you love **RARE FLOWERS**, choicest only, address **ELLIS BROS.**, Keene, N. H. It will astonish and please. **FREE.**

PATENTS

THOMAS P. SIMPSON, Washington, D. C. No attorney's fee until Patent obtained. Write for "Inventor's Guide."



WHY ARE SOME PEOPLE ALWAYS LATE?—They never look ahead nor think. People have been known to wait till planting season, run to the grocery for their seeds, and then repent over it for 12 months, rather than stop and think what they will want for the garden. If it is Flower or Vegetable Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, or anything in this line, **MAKE NO MISTAKE** this year, but send 10 cents for **VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE**, deduct the 10 cents from first order, it costs nothing. This Pioneer catalogue contains 3 colored plates, \$500 in cash premiums to those sending club orders. \$1000 cash prizes at one of the State Fairs. Grand offer, chance for all. Made in different shape from ever before; 100 pages 8 1/4 x 10 1/4 inches. **JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N. Y.**



ROOZEN'S BULBS, Etc. FOR SPRING PLANTING.

Gladioli, Dahlias, Begonias, Irises, Lilies, Tuberoses, Etc., Etc.

The most extensive Catalogue of the above and all new and rare Bulbs and Plants is published by the famous growers,

ANT. ROOZEN & SON, OVERVEEN (near Haarlem), HOLLAND. (Established 1832.)

Catalogue upon application. Mention **THE CENTURY**. Address our sole American representative,

P. O. Box 2494.

J. TER KUILE, 33 Broadway, N. Y.



**Hardy
& Ever
Blooming.**

A Royal Rose

*Mrs de Graw. **

Everybody wants a **Hardy, over-blooming** Rose, and we now offer the grandest of this class. From early summer until frost it can be depended on to produce flowers of large size and exquisite fragrance in lavish abundance. In color, it is a rich, glossy pink. It is such a strong grower that it is almost impregnable against attacks of insects. For gardens or cemetery plots it has no equal.

Price, 25 cents each; five for \$1.00; twelve for \$2.00.

With every order for a single plant or more, will be sent, gratis, our superb catalogue of "Everything for the Garden" for 1891 (the price alone of which is 25 cents), together with our new "Essay on Garden Culture of the Rose," on condition that you will say in what paper you saw this advertisement.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. ^{35 & 37} ^{CORTLAND ST.} **NEW YORK**

Parsons & Sons Co

LIMITED.

Kissena Nurseries, Flushing, N. Y.

offer

Rhododendrons

of American grown hardy sorts.

Hardy Azaleas.

For other rare and old plants see Catalogue.

\$100

In Premiums will be given on our Champion Sweet Corn. The earliest large corn in the World. Send for Circular. **PRICE & REED,**

Seedsmen,
ALBANY, N. Y.

16 ROSES FOR \$1.00

16 Splendid Everblooming Roses for \$1.00, or 16 choice double or single Geraniums for \$1.00, or 16 fine Fuchsias for \$1.00, or 20 choice Panicles for \$1.00, or 20 fine Verbenas for \$1.00, or 20 Chrysanthemums for \$1.00, and a rare premium plant in every collection. Sent postage paid to any part of the United States, and safe arrival guaranteed. For description of hundreds of other choice plants and vines, send 4c. stamps for handsome, illustrated catalogue. **COTTAGE ROSE GARDEN, Columbus, O.**

LOTUS NELUMBIO SPECIOSUM,

and Varieties. Also,

WATER LILIES,

All Colors. Send for Catalogue.

BENJ. GREY,

Malden, Mass.

FREE

Sample Dr. X. STONE'S BRONCHIAL WAFERS.
Best Remedy for Throat and Lungs. AGENTS
Wanted. **STONE MEDICINE CO.** Quincy, Ill.



and 34 PACKETS of NEW and STANDARD VEGETABLE SEEDS, BEET, RADISH, CUCUMBER, &c., mailed free, on receipt of \$1.00. Thirty-two (32) packets, enough for a large garden, \$1.00, post-paid.

OUR GREAT PANSY COLLECTION: Ten packets choicest varieties, 40c. **PEARL COLLECTION OF FLOWER SEEDS:**—Eleven pkts. popular vars., 25c. **RUBY COLLECTION FLOWER SEEDS:**—Sixteen packets rare varieties, including "POPPY FAUST," 50c. Collection Ten named Gladioli, 50c. Complete collection Summer-Flowering Bulbs, 25 for 50c. All above Grand Collections mailed free, on receipt of price—cash or stamps. Our Handsome Catalogue free to all.

HG FAUST & Co
SEED GROWERS
64 & 66 N. FRONT ST. N.Y.C.

SEEDS AND PLANTS 66



BULBS FOR SUMMER FLOWERS.

Magnificent plants for Summer bedding, equaling the Geranium in quantity of bloom, and far exceeding them in variety of color and form and texture of the flowers. Prices—Single, all colors mixed, 20c. each, \$1 per dozen, post paid. Single in separate colors: *Bronze Yellow, Crimson, Orange Scarlet, Pink, Rose, Scarlet, White and Yellow*, 25c. each, \$2.50 per dozen, post paid. Double Flowering Varieties, mixed colors, 40c. each, \$4.00 per dozen, post paid. Our 50c. Bulb Collection will be sent free by mail and contains 1 Hardy Day Blooming Moon Flower; 2 Beautiful *Pyralis*—1 Red, 1 White, 1 Yellow, will produce a mass of beautiful bloom all summer; 3 *Amaryllis* *Alapasco*. These "Fairy Lilies" are gems of rare beauty; 3 Beautiful *Gladiolus*, 1 light, 1 yellow, 1 red; 2 Dwarf Double Pearl Tuberoses—in all, 11 Beautiful Flowering Bulbs for 50 cts. by mail, post paid. For \$1.00 we will include with the above 2 Rare Blackberry Lilies, flowers a rich, golden spotted crimson and followed by berries resembling a blackberry; 1 *Montpetit* *Crocus*—very early, flower spikes 10 inches long, resembling a miniature gladiolus; 3 *Hyacinthus* *Candicans*, perfectly hardy pure white pendulous flowers; 2 *Milla Biflora*, fragrant white star-shaped flowers with yellow centers; 3 *Oxalis*, white and pink. In all 24 Beautiful Flowering Bulbs, \$1.00 post paid. Our Beautiful Seed Catalogue will be sent with all orders when requested.

TUBEROUS ROOTED BEGONIAS.

Magnificent plants for Summer bedding, equaling the Geranium in quantity of bloom, and far exceeding them in variety of color and form and texture of the flowers. Prices—Single, all colors mixed, 20c. each, \$1 per dozen, post paid. Single in separate colors: *Bronze Yellow, Crimson, Orange Scarlet, Pink, Rose, Scarlet, White and Yellow*, 25c. each, \$2.50 per dozen, post paid. Double Flowering Varieties, mixed colors, 40c. each, \$4.00 per dozen, post paid. Our 50c. Bulb Collection will be sent free by mail and contains 1 Hardy Day Blooming Moon Flower; 2 Beautiful *Pyralis*—1 Red, 1 White, 1 Yellow, will produce a mass of beautiful bloom all summer; 3 *Amaryllis* *Alapasco*. These "Fairy Lilies" are gems of rare beauty; 3 Beautiful *Gladiolus*, 1 light, 1 yellow, 1 red; 2 Dwarf Double Pearl Tuberoses—in all, 11 Beautiful Flowering Bulbs for 50 cts. by mail, post paid. For \$1.00 we will include with the above 2 Rare Blackberry Lilies, flowers a rich, golden spotted crimson and followed by berries resembling a blackberry; 1 *Montpetit* *Crocus*—very early, flower spikes 10 inches long, resembling a miniature gladiolus; 3 *Hyacinthus* *Candicans*, perfectly hardy pure white pendulous flowers; 2 *Milla Biflora*, fragrant white star-shaped flowers with yellow centers; 3 *Oxalis*, white and pink. In all 24 Beautiful Flowering Bulbs, \$1.00 post paid. Our Beautiful Seed Catalogue will be sent with all orders when requested.



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THE QUEEN OF NIGHT is decidedly the grandest plant in existence. It bears deliciously fragrant flowers measuring 12 to 18 inches across, which open at sunset. Wherever it blooms it creates the greatest sensation and crowds flock to see it. It is, moreover, a rapid grower, a profuse bloomer, and requires absolutely no care. We have the genuine variety, the only one with fragrant flowers, and can send **STRONG, WELL ESTABLISHED PLANTS OVER ONE FOOT HIGH**, free by mail, for 30 cents; larger up to \$10. We are headquarters for Cactus and other curious plants—two varieties. **NEW BOOK ON CACTI**, 120 pages, fully illustrated, for 10c. postage (costs 25c.). Illustrated catalogue free. Lowest prices.

A. BLANC & CO., CACTUS SPECIALISTS,
314 N. 11th Street, Philadelphia.

A large **RAINBOW CACTUS** for 30c., blooming size.
10 Curious CACTI, Fine Bloomers, for \$1.00.

TREES For SPRING PLANTING.

The largest and most complete stock in U.S. of **FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, Shrubs, Peonies, ROSES, Hardy Plants, Grape Vines, SMALL FRUITS, &c.** Illustrated and descriptive priced Catalogue; also wholesale price list for the trade, **FREE**. **ELLWANGER & BARRY**, MOUNT HOPE NURSERIES, Rochester, N.Y. Established over 50 Years. (Mention this paper.)

REID'S TREES, VINES, Small Fruits, FRUITS, SEEDS, Crates, Baskets
Everything for the Fruit Grower!
Prices Low. Estimates Free.
You save one half by seeing our list.
NEW FRUITS a specialty. **E. W. Reid Co.**
Illustrated Catalogue Free. BRIDGEPORT, OHIO.

OVER 1,000 TREES!
VARIETIES of BOTH FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL, **SHRUBS, VINES, ROSES, &c.**
Send stamp for full Descriptive Catalogues, Illustrated. Address **W. S. LITTLE, Commercial Nurseries, ROCHESTER, N.Y.**

NOT TREES

Send 10c. stamp for full Descriptive Catalogues, Illustrated. Address **W. S. LITTLE, Commercial Nurseries, ROCHESTER, N.Y.**
Like whole root trees; see "Fruit and Fruit Trees." **Am. Garden says:** Novel and useful. Discusses methods, stocks, whole roots, piece roots, commercial orchards to the point. **Practical Farmer:** Deserves careful study. **Am. Agr.:** Gives points for practical treatment. **Farmer's Cult:** The title is too modest; does not show its real value. It is chock full of just the information one wants. **Farm and Home:** Whole root vs. piece root trees, will not down. **Stark Bros.** have had the fairness to print both sides. **Geo. A. Street, Pres't Am. Agr. Nurseries:** No one is doing more for our true interest than Stark Bros. **Cal. Fruit Grower:** Surprising low figures on first-class stock. Nearly 600 salesmen in retail dept.; more good places for good men; superb outfit free. Wholesale list prices Trees (whole root and piece root). **Roots, root grafts—everything.** No larger stock in U.S. No better No cheaper. **STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.**

—NEW—
ROSES **OUR NEW BOOK OF FLORAL GEMS** **—NEW— GERANIUMS**
IS NOW READY.
Original Illustrations. **FREE** to all who send for it.
Address **McGREGOR BROS., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.**

SEEDS AND PLANTS 67

SEEDS

ROSES

Seeds, Plants, Shrubs, Vines,
Fruit & Ornamental Trees, Etc.

CATALOGUE FREE.

Over 150 pages illustrating and describing one of the largest and best assorted stocks of Seeds, Trees and Plants in the U. S. Best value for the money in our Tested Novelties and Special Low Priced Collections.

37 YEARS. 25 GREENHOUSES. 700 ACRES.

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO.,
Painesville, Ohio.



A BOOK TO HELP WITH FLOWERS

If you want **ROSES, FLOWERS** or **SEEDS** of any kind, write **Our New Guide**, **FREE**. It will help for you select the best things **New or Old**. Correct prices, careful service, whether you buy much, or little, or nothing, is immaterial. If you are interested in Flowers we want you to have our Book, and understand our methods of business. If not interested don't send for it, it is intended for those who plant things.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.
WEST GROVE, PENNA.

THE EGYPTIAN LOTUS,

or the Sacred Lotus of India, China, and Japan, is
HARDY IN THE UNITED STATES.

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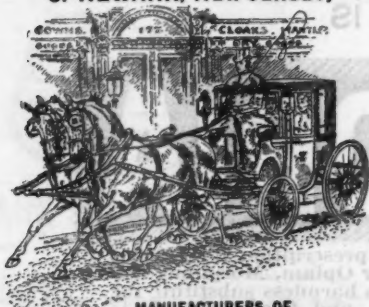


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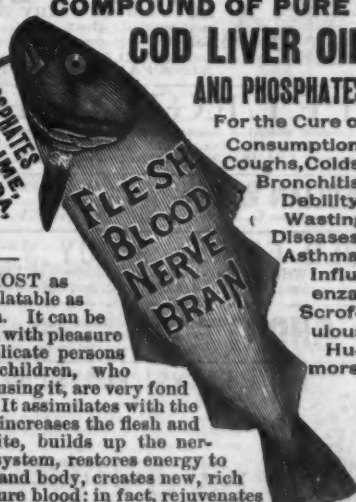
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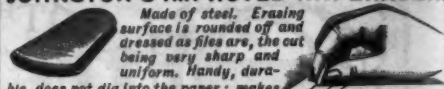
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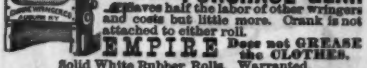
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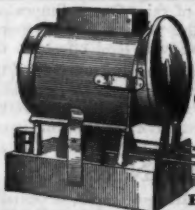
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EVERYBODY'S HAND-BOOK OF ELECTRICITY, by Edw. Trevert. 50 illustrations. 120 pages. All about Electric Bells, Batteries, Dynamos, Motors, Railways, Welding, etc. Postpaid 25 cents.

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INDELIBLE INK.

For marking on Linen with a common pen. Established over 50 years. Sold by all Druggists and Stationers in the U. S. If your dealer does not keep it, send 25c. for a bottle, post-paid, to **A. L. Williston, Mfr. Northampton, Mass.**



STATIONARY WASH TUBS
-WASH BOARDS & SOAP
-CUPS MOUNTED IN TUBS

• STEWART •
• CERAMIC CO. •
312 PEARL ST.
COR PECK SLIP
• NEW-YORK •

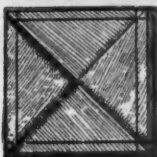
SOLID WHITE CROCKERY

• VERY STRONG •
CANNOT ABSORB LEAK & DECAY
• NO SEAMS TO OPEN •
NO LABOR TO KEEP CLEAN
THOUSANDS IN USE
OVER 15 YEARS OF THE MARKET



BUTLER'S PANTRY, KITCHEN
SLIP & CORNER SINKS

MISCELLANEOUS



PATENT NOVELTY FOLDING COIN PURSE.

More popular than ever. Prices reduced. Most roomy and least bulky purse made. Cannot lose small change and has no frame or catch to break or wear the pocket. Ask your dealer for it, or I will mail you one post-paid, in black, red or brown morocco, on receipt of 40 cents, or full calf, 75 cents, or of genuine seal, 85 cents.

Makes a very acceptable present.

JAMES S. TOPHAM, Sole Manufacturer,
1231 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

The trade supplied. Write for prices.



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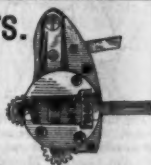
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Over forty thousand American Watches (men's sizes) have been altered to stem winders by means of Abbott's Patent Stem Winding Attachments. Leave watch with your Jeweler or send direct to

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Best English Grain Stock, bellows tongue, perfectly waterproof, very durable. Hand nailed, double sole and tap, \$5.00. Hand sewed, double sole, calf-lined, seamless back, \$7.00. By mail or express, prepaid, 50c. extra.
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Measure work of all kinds. Send stamp for catalogue.



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THE EASIEST RUNNING BICYCLE IN THE WORLD.

Speed, Comfort and Safety.
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FOR CHAPPED HANDS AND FACE. Tones, Smooths, Softens, Whitens and Strengthens the Skin. After shaving, WASH!!! try it. Price, 25c. All Drug-stores, or **THE HAYELL-HOFF CO., CLEVELAND, O.**



SHORTHAND. Celebrated Perlin System; no shading; no Position. Trial Lesson and circulars free. Write, **PERLIN SHORTHAND INSTITUTE, Detroit, Mich.**

PLAYS. Latest, Best, with Hints for Making-up, Acting, &c. New Catalogue for stamp. **C. F. TOWNSEND, Weedsport, N. Y.**

COLTON'S SELECT FLAVORS

PERFECTLY PURE Extracts of Choicest Fruits. **THE BEST.** Unequalled Strength for All. Thousands of Gross Sold. Winning Friends Everywhere. **EVERY FAMILY** Should Know Their Delicious Flavors.

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DEAFNESS RELIEVED

When caused by Fevers, Colds, Measles, Gatherings, &c., by the use of the **Invisible Sound Discs.** Worn months without removal, and cause no pain.

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THE leader is a game well known to boys—also a good game for advertisers to play when following a good leader. The **BOSTON HERALD** has more of the leading houses of America for patrons than any other New England paper. They are good leaders—follow them.

BRICK MACHINERY & TILE MACHINERY

CAPACITY 10,000 TO 100,000 PER DAY

8 DIFFERENT KINDS
BRICK MACHINES
with Automatic Cutting Tables

PUG MILLS,
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THE LATEST
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SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Address **THE FREY, SHECKLER COMPANY, BUCYRUS, OHIO, U. S. A.**

FOR THE TOILET

77

It may be interesting to many to know that the wonderful popularity of Kirk's Juvenile Toilet Soap has run its sales to the enormous amount of 9,762,427 per annum in-
dicating that most popular Soap in the All those who are ac- say now that it is re com- fort in pation, which inf- tators will notice t nearly aduced to take so plea bath or toilet a son why they o y should not go ould be aston to which this ing, and all is to while ad- con- adver- to be taining incre and it surely purcha e many hold it n rit it pos- sesses stre that will far exceed t the largest that such may for all. It is sold everywhere, ta. If it cannot be obtained at you store send 25 cents in stamps to the manufacturers Jas. S. Kirk & Co., Chicago, Ill., and a cake will be sent by return mail. They manufacture Shandon Bella, the only perfume.

KIRK'S JUVENILE THE ONLY TOILET SOAP

Bailey's



Pat. No. 301,311, others pending.

Foot-Holds.

*Away with rubbers! Dainty boots they cover
Out of sight, and get a pair of Bailey's
Foot-Holds, WATER-TIGHT.*

BAILEY'S PATENT FOOT-HOLDS are made with a flexible rubber tubing vulcanized on the inside of the rubber, which hugs close to the shank of the boot, preventing water, snow or mud from passing it. Ladies', 50 cents per pair. Gents', 75 cents per pair. For sale by all dealers, or sent prepaid, upon receipt of price. In ordering, give size and width of boot you wear.

C. J. BAILEY & CO. Manufacturers,

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Zonweiss

FOR THE

TEETH.

A LUXURY.

The only known preparation that combines qualities of perfect cleansing, agreeableness of taste, and absolutely harmless. Druggists sell it.

Mrs. General Logan's Dentist (Dr. E. Carroll, of Washington, D. C.), says:—"I have had ZONWEISS analyzed. Can recommend it as safe to use, and as the most refined, pure and perfect dentifrice I have ever seen."

Zonweiss has only been on the market for two years, and on its merits has superseded all other teeth preparations among the select fashionable people. Its intrinsic merits are so pronounced that once tried it is always used. It is the only article that has stood the test of chemical analysis by the Dental Colleges.

BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

NEW PERFUMES

ASK FOR

WOODWORTH'S BLUE LILIES

and

SPANISH LILAC,

OF EXQUISITE DELICACY & REMARKABLE
PERMANENCE ~ YOUR FAVORITES AT
ONCE BECAUSE THEY ARE SO LASTING

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

WRITE TO US ENCLOSED 25c IN STAMPS AND
RECEIVE ONE HALF OUNCE BOTTLE

C. B. WOODWORTH & SONS, Rochester, N.Y.

Spring Humors

Spring Humors, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, whether of the skin, scalp, or blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, are now speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the **Cuticura Remedies** when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. The almost miraculous cures daily effected by them prove this. No statement is made regarding them not warranted by the strongest evidence. They are, in truth, the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. They are absolutely pure, and agreeable to the most sensitive, and may be used on the youngest infant and most delicate invalid with gratifying and unfailing success. **CUTICURA**, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays the most intense itching, burning and inflammation, permits rest and sleep, soothes and heals raw and irritated surfaces, clears the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, and restores the hair. **CUTICURA SOAP**, the only Medicated Toilet Soap, is indispensable in cleansing diseased surfaces, and for purifying and beautifying the skin. **CUTICURA RESOLVENT**, the new Blood and Skin Purifier, and greatest of Humor Remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities, and thus removes the cause. Entirely vegetable, safe, palatable and unfailing, it appeals to mothers and children as incomparably the purest and best of all blood medicines. Hence, the **Cuticura Remedies** cure every humor of the Spring, from the simplest facial blemishes to the worst case of scrofula, and daily effect more great cures of skin, scalp and blood humors than all other skin and blood remedies before the public. Are not these great remedies worthy of at least a single trial? Sale greater than the combined sales of all other blood and skin remedies.



“HOW TO CURE DISEASES OF THE SKIN AND BLOOD” mailed free to any address, 64 pages, 300 Diseases, 50 Illustrations, 100 Testimonials. A book of priceless value to every sufferer.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Price: **CUTICURA**, 50 cts.; **CUTICURA SOAP**, 25 cts.; **CUTICURA RESOLVENT**, \$1.00. Prepared by **POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON.**

Pimply, Blotchy Skin,

Red, rough, and oily skin and hands, painful finger-ends, with shapeless nails, are prevented and cured by **Cuticura Soap**, incomparably the greatest of skin purifiers and beautifiers, while rivaling in delicacy and surpassing in purity the most expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. The only medicated toilet soap and the only preventive and cure of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads, rough, red, and oily skin, and simple humors of infants and children. Sale greater than the combined sale of all other skin soaps. Sold everywhere.

FOR THE TOILET

79

ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM ALL INJURIOUS SUBSTANCES

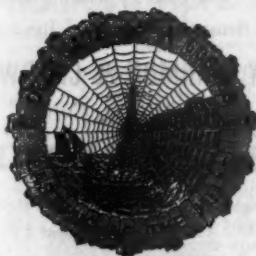
EMERY & CO. ADWELL, MASS. MANUFACTURERS OF THE FOLLOWING:

HOYT'S GERMAN COLOGNE

RUBIFOAM
FOR THE TEETH
DELICIOUSLY FLAVORED
A PERFECT LIQUID DENTIFRICE

SAMPLE VIAL OF RUBIFOAM, MAILED FREE TO ANY ADDRESS

PERFUMES MADE FROM FLOWERS IN THE Land of Flowers.



See that
this
Trade-Mark
is on
the bottle.

All Druggists. Send us 20 cents in stamps and we will send you a sample of
ORIENTAL ROSE, AND 11 OTHER SPECIALTIES.

Address,

Doussan French Perfumery Co.
46 Chartres Street, New Orleans, La.

THE
PROPHYLACTIC TOOTH BRUSH
A SCIENTIFIC TOOTH-BRUSH.

By means of the tapered END of the Centurion's BRUSH the CURVED BRISTLES reach the deepest part of the mouth and are so arranged as to thoroughly cleanse the teeth and gums.

STROGOLY ENDORSED by the best Dentists
THEY ARE INDISPENSIBLE TO THE MOUTH

PREVENT DISEASE of the Teeth by using
PROPHYLACTIC TOOTH BRUSH
ADULT'S AND CHILD'S SIZES
Made by the FLORENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
FLORENCE, MASS.

BEWARE EVERY SUBSTITUTE, AND WHEN BUYING A TOOTH BRUSH DEMAND THE PROPHYLACTIC.

THREE TEXTURES OF BRISTLES. 25 CENTS BY MAIL.

P DON'T WAIT FOR **BALDNESS.**
REVENT IT!

Dermatologists tell us that: "The chief requirement of the hair is cleanliness—thorough shampooing for women once a fortnight, and for men once a week," and that "The best agents for the purpose are 'good,' 'pure,' 'mild,' 'antiseptic' soap and water." **ALL THESE INDICATIONS ARE FOUND IN**

Packer's Tar Soap

And more too. It is extensively prescribed and used in treatment of Dandruff and Baldness. 25 Cents. All Druggists. Sample, 1/4 cake, 10c., stamps. **THE PACKER MFG. CO. 100 Fulton St. N. Y.**

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FERRIS' GOOD SENSE

Corset
Waists



AVOID IMITATIONS.



GIVES
SATISFACTION.

Ring Buckle
at Hip.
Supports Skirts
and Stockings.

Tape-fastened
Buttons.

Cord-edge
Button Holes.

Best
Material, SHAPE, Workmanship.
FERRIS BROS. Manufacturers and Patentees
341 Broadway, New York.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING RETAILERS.
MARSHALL FIELD & CO., CHICAGO,
Wholesale Western Agents.

EQUIPOISE WAIST FOR LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

Stylish, Comfortable, Hygienic.

THE CORSET SUBSTITUTE,

made upon true hygienic principles, with full graceful figure advantage of the fashionably modeled corset. A perfect support from the shoulders, distributing the clothing-strain and weight.

THREE
GARMENTS
IN ONE.

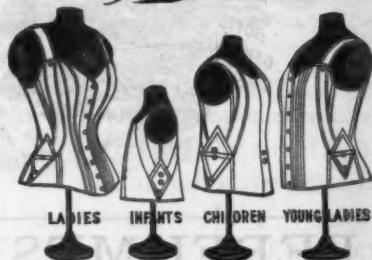
Corset, waist and cover. Genuine whalebone. Bone pockets, allowing the removal of bones without ripping. In many styles and sizes.

Illustrated catalogue mailed free to any address by the manufacturers,

GEORGE FROST & CO. 31 Bedford St. Boston.



The Double V Waist



A Very Satisfactory Garment.

WHY? Because it Supports Stockings and Underclothes from the SHOULDERS, and has no stiff cords; fits with perfect ease and freedom. For sale by leading dealers.

Send for Illustrated Price List.

THE FOY, HARMON & CHADWICK CO.
New Haven, Conn.

ABOUT GLOVES.

The annoyance of having gloves ripping is not necessary. Hutchinson's Gloves do not the best made. does not have stamp to the er for the book "About Gloves." It will interest you.



ESTABLISHED 1862.
JOHN C. HUTCHINSON, Johnstown, N. Y.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES OVERCOME by Peck's Pat. INVISIBLE Tubular Ear Cushion in all cases where the auditory nerves are not paralyzed. Successful in many cases pronounced incurable. Comfortable, self-adjusting. Sold only by F. HISCOP, 853 Broadway, New York. Call or write for book of proofs FREE.



Send for
Catalogue
and
Price List.



CORSETS,
WAISTS
and
BRACES



AGENTS
WANTED.



BELARTE CORSET CO.
149 West 23d Street, New York.

"Old Bleach"

Is the trade mark of a manufacturer of Linens well known for superior excellence and durability.

We have always carried a full assortment of these beautiful goods, consisting of Damask, Diaper and Huckaback Fringed and Hemstitched Towels; Huckaback, Diaper and other fancy weaves in Towelings by the yard; Nursery Diapers, Embroidery Linens, etc. Orders by mail carefully and promptly executed.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,

See "Old Bleach" advertisement
on the outside cover.

Broadway and 11th St., New-York.

H. C. F.
Koch & Co.

IMPORTERS
AND
RETAILERS

6th Ave. and 20th St., N. Y.

Will Remove April 1, 1891,

To their magnificent **FIRE-PROOF BUILDING**
(Occupying over 2 1/4 acres of floor space) in

West 125th Street

Between Lenox and 7th Avenues.

With increased facilities and a larger assortment of Goods, we can guarantee more prompt and better service than ever before. Also

300 DOLLARS in PREMIUMS

will be offered to purchasers through **H. C. F. KOCH & CO.'S Illustrated FASHION CATALOGUE.**

A guide of how to buy

Dry Goods from New-York
and have them delivered **free of charge**—when the order amounts to a specified sum—at **prices guaranteed lower** than from any other house in the U. S.

Published March 9th, '91, and mailed **free** upon application; listing and illustrating, with over 2000 lithographs and woodcuts, everything needed for Ladies', Gents', and Children's wear and adornment; Housekeeping Goods, etc.

In writing please mention **THE CENTURY.**

Le Boutillier Bros.

14TH ST., NEW-YORK.

DRESS GOODS AND CLOTHS.

48-inch Scotch Cheviots, all wool, worth \$1.25	\$0.75
40-inch Spanish Tile Checks (novelty), worth \$1.25 ..	1.00
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New designs in Figured India Silks, worth 68c39
New designs in Figured China Silks, worth 60c50
27-inch Figured China Silks (extra wide)79
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NEW WASH FABRICS.

New French Challes, our own importation50
Scotch Ginghams, novelties in plaids, stripes, and borders, also Broché effects25
French Sateens, just arrived, latest Paris patterns ..	.33
French Sateen Rayé and Broché, in stripes and figures40
Mousseline de l'Inde, the new fabric, sheer and fine ..	.30
Fine Zephyr Ginghams, plaids and stripes17
Fine Domestic Ginghams, plaids and stripes10
35-inch Breton Cloths, light and dark, choice designs ..	.18
Korah Moiré Cloth, light weight (just out), elegant patterns37 1/2
Outing Cloths, new styles12 1/2

New catalogue, now in press, mailed free on application.

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PRIDE OF THE WEST BLEACHED MUSLIN.

Unequaled in quality, and free from all chemicals injurious to the fabric. Manufactured with great care for ladies' undergarments, gentlemen's shirts and general household use. In purchasing muslin, insist upon having this brand, and in selecting garments see that they are made of **PRIDE OF THE WEST**. This brand is for sale by all leading wholesale and retail dry-goods dealers in the United States, in 36-inch width, also for pillow-cases in 41 and 45 inch widths.

The "Gold" Full Dress Shirts are made of Pride of the West.





BLANKET WRAPS

FOR LOUNGING, • FOR THE SICK ROOM,
FOR THE NURSERY, • FOR THE BATH,
• FOR STEAMER TRAVELING, •
FOR THE RAILWAY CARRIAGE, FOR YACHTING.
For Men, Women, Children and the Baby, \$2.75 to \$35, with Hood and Girdle complete.

Samples and full instructions sent on application.

NOYES BROS. 426 Washington St. Boston, Mass. U. S. A.

WEAR "KAHLER" SHOE

The celebrated
"KAHLER" COMFORT SHOE
can be obtained ONLY at our store
Nos. 813 & 815 BROADWAY, N. Y.

I.
Instead of shaping the foot to fit the shoe, the shoe is made to fit the foot.

II.
Allowance is thus made for the foot to retain its natural shape.



III.
These shoes are made of the best leather only, and by the best workmen.

IV.
Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, and other maladies of the feet are avoided or remedied.

The Trade-Mark—likeness of Dr. Kahler—is stamped on the sole of each Kahler Shoe.

NONE OTHERS GENUINE.

Send for the free treatise, "Dress and Care of the Feet," with directions how to obtain an accurate fit. All ailments of the feet scientifically and successfully treated.

P. KAHLER & SONS.

Flynt Waist, or True Corset.



Pat. Jan. 6, 1874.
Pat. Feb. 15, 1876.

No. 1 represents a high-necked garment. No. 2 a low-necked one, which admits of being high in the back and low front. No. 3 is to illustrate our mode of adjusting the "Flynt Hose Support" each side of the hip; also, the most correct way to apply the waistbands for the drawers, under and outside petticoats and dress skirts. No. 4 shows the Flynt Extension and Nursing Waist, appreciated by mothers. No. 5, the Misses' Waist, with Hose Supports attached. No. 6, how we dress very little people. No. 7 illustrates how the warp threads of the fabric cross at right angles in the back, thereby insuring in every waist the most successful Shoulder

Brace ever constructed.

It is universally indorsed by eminent physicians as the most Scientific Waist or Corset known.

THE FLYNT WAIST

is the only garment manufactured where the material of which it is made is **shrunk** before cut, the only one which in its natural construction contains a

SHOULDER BRACE

which supports the bust from the shoulders, and (so essential to large girls or women) thereby overcomes the objectionable abdominal development. The Flynt Waist, fitting superbly, permits that most desirable grace of motion possible only with perfect respiration gained by freedom from compression.

For singers, actresses, teachers, or pupils of elocution or physical exercise, for equestrians or invalids, for every girl or woman, the Flynt Waist is unequalled.

Thousands of ladies, whom we have fitted by mail satisfactorily, are constantly blessing its inventor.

Our "Manual," containing 48 pages of reading-matter relating to the subject of Hygienic Modes of Under-dressing, Sent Free to any physician or lady, on application to

Mrs. O. P. FLYNT, 319 Columbus Ave. Boston, Mass.

Columbus Avenue cars pass the house from all depots.

CLEANFAST



BLACK STOCKINGS

THAT WILL NOT CROCK. ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Unsurpassed wearing quality, with a finish like silk. None genuine without our Trade-Mark on each pair. Complete assortment for men, women and children. Darning Cotton of our dye. Send for price-list.

THE CLEANFAST HOSIERY CO.

927 Broadway and 2 West 14th Street, New-York.
20 Temple Place, Boston. 107 State Street, Chicago.
519 Olive Street, St. Louis. 57 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland.

WEARING APPAREL 83

EDWIN C. BURT & CO.

Manufacturers and Exporters of

**Fine Boots, Shoes and Slippers
For LADIES AND CHILDREN.**

These goods are acknowledged to be the **BEST MADE, BEST VALUE,** and **BEST WEARING SHOES** manufactured in the World.



**Popular,
Stylish,
Durable,
Elegant.**

Spanish Opera Toe.

See that every pair is stamped

EDWIN C. BURT



Sole Stamp.

on Lining and Sole of each shoe as shown in trade-marks. Made in all widths of Lasts, every style of shoe, sole, toe, or heel required.



Lining Stamp.

Ask Your Dealers for Them.

If they will not furnish you, write to us for information where they can be had.

EDWIN C. BURT & CO. New-York, U. S. A.

Hodgman's

*** Mackintoshes**

Being unequalled for

Quality, Fit and Finish,

have become recognized
as the

"Standard of Excellence"

throughout the United States.

Send for samples and prices to

Hodgman Rubber Comp'y,

MANUFACTURERS,

459 & 461 Broadway cor. Grand Street,

21 W. 23d St., adjoining Fifth Ave. Hotel,

27 Maiden Lane, cor. Nassau Street,

32 School Street, Boston.

NEW-YORK.

Cluett's

COLLARS AND CUFFS

FOR GENTLEMEN.

CLUETT, COON & CO.

MANUFACTURERS.

CLUETT, COON & CO.

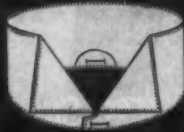


**Cluett's
WINNIPEG**



WIDTH FRONT 2 1/2 IN
WIDTH BACK 1 3/4 IN

**Cluett's
NESOTA**



HEIGHT IN FRONT
2 5/8 IN

CLUETT, COON & CO'S

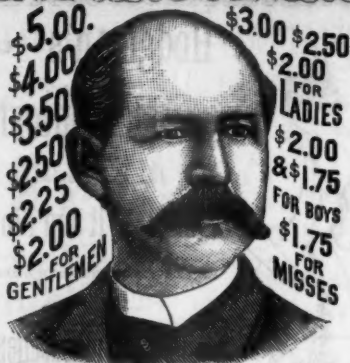
**TRADE
Monarch
MARK.**

SHIRTS.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

WITH INCREASING POPULARITY.

SHOES ETC. 84



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

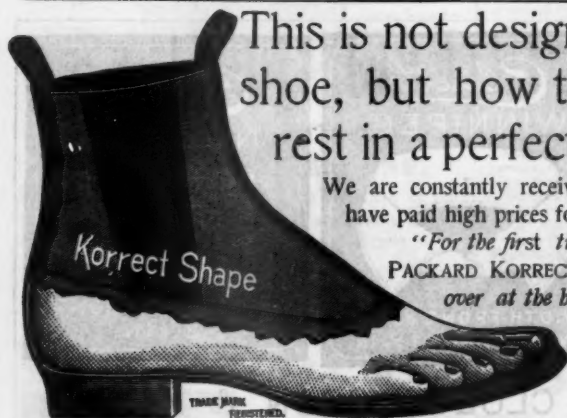
- \$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, an elegant and stylish dress shoe which commends itself.
 - \$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt. A fine calf shoe unequalled for style and durability.
 - \$3.50 Goodyear Welt is the standard dress shoe, at a popular price.
 - \$3.50 Policeman's shoe is especially adapted for railroad men, farmers, etc.
 - All made in Congress, Button and Lace.
 - \$3.00 for Ladies, is the only hand-sewed shoe sold at this popular price.
 - \$2.50 Dongola shoe for Ladies, is a new departure and promises to become very popular.
 - \$2.00 shoe for Ladies, and \$1.75 for Misses still retain their excellence for style, etc.
- All goods warranted and stamped with name on bottom. If advertised local agent cannot supply you, send direct to factory enclosing advertised price or a postal for order blanks. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

THE SICK ROOM



Should be perfectly quiet. No noisy, squeaky shoes. No loud thumping up the stairs. A nurse may become spirit-like in her movements. How? By wearing the Alfred Dolge Felt Shoes or Slippers. They are exactly right for the sick-room. Equally good for the servants, whose steps so often distract. The mistress, also, finds them invaluable. Easy, comfortable, durable. Ask for them, and be sure you get the genuine Alfred Dolge. Illustrated circulars of the sole agents,

DANIEL GREEN & CO., 122 East 13th St., N.Y.



This is not designed to show a torn shoe, but how the toes and foot rest in a perfect fitting shoe.

We are constantly receiving commendations from those who have paid high prices for custom work, such as this:—

"For the first time in my life I have in the 'BURT & PACKARD KORREKT SHAPE' a shoe that does not run over at the heel; and though it is really a smaller and more stylish shoe than I have been wearing, it required absolutely no breaking in; and except for the pressure around the ankle I should

not know that I had a shoe on." The lasts for the "Korrek Shape" are made in our own factory, and are the result of 30 years' experience in supplying the best trade of the country.

The trade mark above is on the sole, and the small stamp below is on the heel of every pair. These goods are made in all styles and in Four Grades. Write us if you are not perfectly satisfied with the kind of shoes you are now wearing. Accept no substitute, as all delivery charges are prepaid on our orders. Send for illustrated catalogue.

Our new line of TENNIS GOODS, for Ladies as well as Gents, are original in design and without doubt superior to any Tennis Goods ever before made.

PACKARD & FIELD, (Successors to Burt & Packard), BROCKTON, MASS.



NEWSPAPERS & PERIODICALS 85

THE GREAT RECORD

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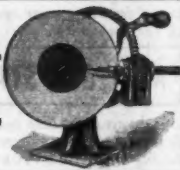
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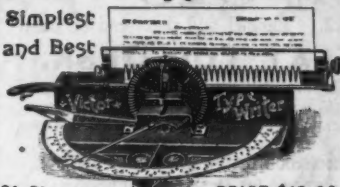
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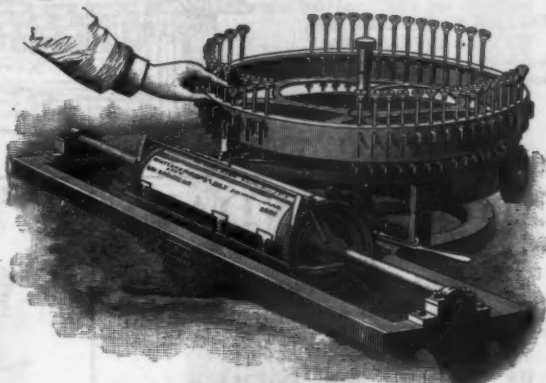
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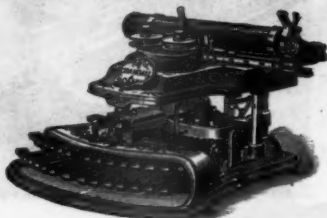
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It is ready for use, needs but warming, and has one point only in common with our 17 other varieties, the care with which it is prepared.

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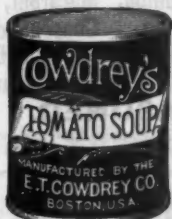
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Macaroni,	Vermicelli,	Soup and Bouilli,
Vegetable,	Beef,	Pea,
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Buy one can of "KORNLET," which is the goodness all extracted from tender sweet corn, and follow the recipe for griddle cakes. John will like them. If you do not find KORNLET at your grocer's, send 25 cents and a can will be forwarded to you by

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Its value in Bright's Disease.**

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and Honorary Fellow of the Medical Society of Virginia.**

"I have been a frequent visitor to the celebrated Hot Water Resorts, and also at the BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS. Close observation of the action of the different Waters has satisfied me that among sufferers from Gout, Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatism, and diseases generally dependent upon a Uric Acid Diathesis, a much larger percentage are relieved by the Buffalo Lithia Water than by any of the Hot Waters. Experience has shown this water to be a powerful agent for the removal of Vesical Calculi. It has proved equally efficient in effecting the solution and preventing the deposition of the Phosphatic and the Uric Acid Sediment.

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“FTER the treaty of Vienna,” says Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, in his biography of Talleyrand, “Talleyrand declared that his health required the waters of Carlsbad, observing that a diplomatist’s first duty after a congress was to take care of his liver.” This sentence, besides expressing the wit of the great statesman, also shows his belief in the virtue of the Carlsbad mineral waters, which are unsurpassed for the cure of all diseases of the liver, kidneys, and bladder, catarrh of the stomach, diabetes, rheumatism, gout, chronic constipation, and other diseases requiring a mild laxative, diuretic, or blood-purifying remedy. Imported direct from Carlsbad by Eisner & Mendelson Co., 6 Barclay Street, N. Y. Pamphlets sent free upon application.

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NASHUA, N. H., Jan. 10, 1891.

Manager BOSTON HERALD:

We take pleasure in giving you the results of some test advertisements.

Dec. 27, half page N. Y. Evening Telegram brought 141 calls for pamphlets in one week.

Dec. 28, half page New York Sunday World brought 806 calls for pamphlets in one week.

Dec. 28, half page The Boston Sunday Globe brought 642 calls for pamphlets in one week.

Dec. 25, half page **BOSTON HERALD** brought **1853** calls for pamphlets in one week.

541 letters from New York and West could not be traced.

We trust you will not raise the rates, but if you do you won't drive us out.

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C. S. Collins, M. D., Manager.

Out of 3442 replies received from the four papers—New York World, New York Telegram, Boston Globe and Boston Herald—**1853** answers came from the Boston Herald.

For Rates inquire of us.

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AND CONVINCE THE MOST INCREDULOUS.**

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And all kinds of books for entertainments. Catalogue free.
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SEVENTH YEAR. For "Itinerary," address
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Chicago's past is the prediction of Duluth's future.
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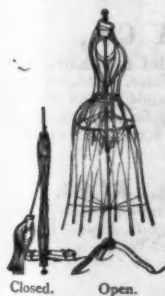
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SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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The New English Eau de Toilette.

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TOILET WATER.

—OF—
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who have now the honor of offering this **incomparable toilet requisite**, for the first time, to the American public. This delightful Toilet-Water, so highly appreciated by their fashionable Bond St. clientèle, and so much lauded by all who have used it, ranks as a fine perfume of most refreshing and lasting fragrance, and needs only to be once tried to be appreciated. It will prove a luxury and delight in every home.

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You can learn enough about it to protect yourself, from the primer we send to everybody.

It is also worth your while to know what care to give good varnish to keep it fresh, like new—the primer tells.

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VOL. XLI.

22 of March
MARCH, 1891.

No. 5.

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE



THE CENTURY CO. UNION SQUARE NEW YORK
T. FISHER UNWIN. PATERNOSTER'S & LONDON

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